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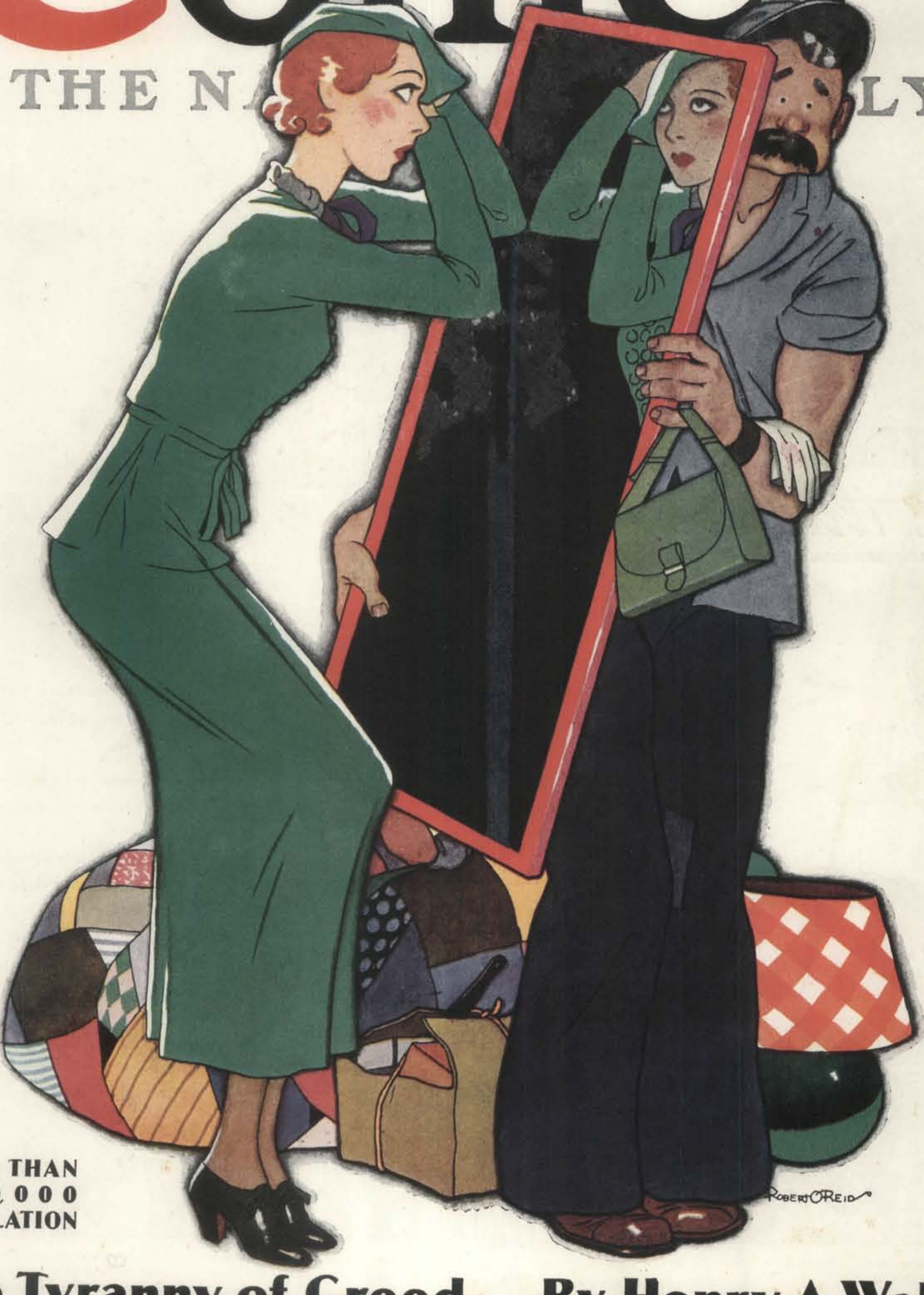

MORE THAN
2,300,000
CIRCULATION

The Tyranny of Greed By Henry A Wallace

Sec

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CT. 6, 1934

When you hear the Siren and Bell

... think of

TEXACO FIRE-CHIEF

"EMERGENCY" ACTION IN EVERY DROP!

"It's the finest gasoline we've ever sold!"

TUESDAY evening—the Siren and Bell! The mad fun of Texaco *Fire-Chief* Ed Wynn—the delighted chuckles of Graham McNamee and the spirited music of the *Fire-Chief* Band . . .

TEXACO IS ON THE AIR AGAIN!

Millions have laughed—millions will laugh again.

★ ★ ★

We are happy to renew this popular radio presentation—because you have shown your appreciation of our efforts to entertain you.

You have bought more Texaco Fire-Chief *Gasoline than ever before in the history of The Texas Company . . .*

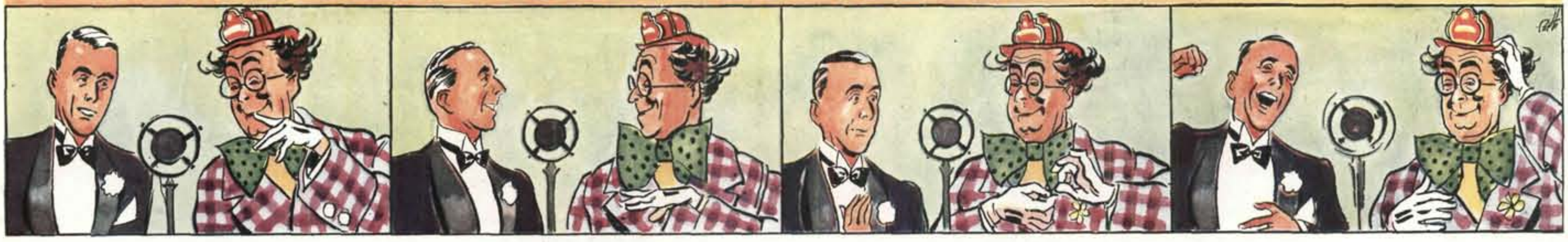
Tune in your radio again each Tuesday night and when you hear the Siren and Bell, think of Texaco *Fire-Chief* Gasoline.

"THE FINEST GASOLINE WE'VE EVER MADE"

THE TEXAS COMPANY • *Texaco Petroleum Products*

TEXACO FIRE-CHIEF-ED WYNN

TUESDAY NIGHTS
COAST TO COAST, NBC



Graham: "Let me tell you something about the power of Texaco *Fire-Chief* Gasoline."
Chief: "You haven't changed a bit, Graham."

Graham: "It really is a *great* gasoline, Chief!"
Chief: "Oh! don't misunderstand me, Graham. I'm not against it . . . I know it's wonderful."

Graham: "Why, Chief! . . . do you mean to tell me you've been using *Fire-Chief* Gasoline?"
Chief: "Oh my no, Graham . . . but my uncle did . . ."

Chief: "Last Sunday my uncle's car stopped near the foot of a big, steep hill . . . and, Graham! . . . he only *promised* it some *Fire-Chief* and it shot right up to the top!"

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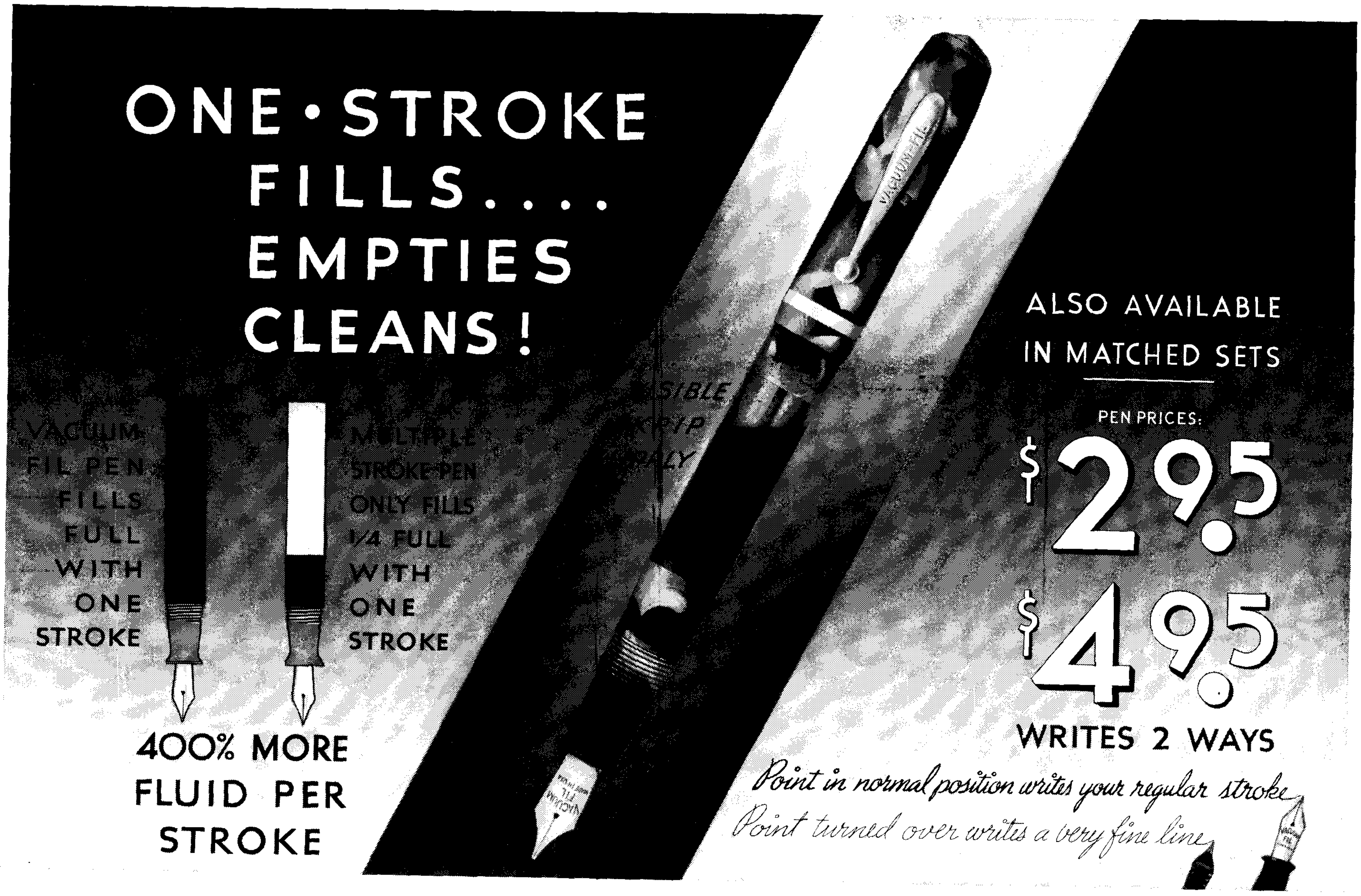
ONE-STROKE VACUUM-FIL PEN



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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

ALMOST everyone who knew Len Haworth hated him, and he was known by almost everyone in New York. It was something of a shock to Sim Sturdevant, therefore, when Trenna Plaice, the lovely actress whom he loved, announced that she was going to marry Haworth. It was something of a shock to Trenna when Lisa Bellwood of Park Avenue called up to say that *she* was going to marry Haworth.

And it was even more of a shock when the police arrived to announce that Haworth wasn't going to marry anyone, having just been murdered. Thus, with a fine racing start, Arthur Somers Roche's new serial, "Shadow of Doubt," sets a pace that will keep you breathless to the last installment.

TAKE a country, take ours for example, and pump a billion dollars into it, handing it out where it will do the most good, giving it away to the needy—and what happens? A year ago one man's guess was as good as another's. Now we have the answer.

Walter Davenport in a circuit of the country has been watching the workings of Relief. He has seen small-time racketeers preying on the recipients, he has seen men indignantly refusing jobs and men and women complacently imposing on Uncle Sam. Above all, he has heard the politicians. This year Relief is a word to conjure with, a word to ride into office. To put it bluntly: "Votes for Victuals."

THERE were only two things that Roderick Kingsley desired of his adopted son: championship football and an understanding of his place, where Nancy Kingsley was concerned. So Brandt Hutchinson, like any good hired man, did his best to please, while Nancy waited for him to find himself. David Garth gives you an exceedingly human angle on the "Bought Player" question in "The Boy Who Sold Himself," the best football story you've ever read.

THERE was no man who knew the twisting ravines of Loudoun County, Virginia, so well as the guerrilla warrior, Mosby. His name alone made Union soldiers shiver. And yet on the night when the general's bride fell into his hands she found a friend. MacKinlay Kantor, the author of "Armed Escort," tells their story.

QUENTIN REYNOLDS introduces you to Lou Little, famous football coach, from whom you will hear in later issues. Jacland Marmur, Katharine Roberts, Ray Tucker, E. Phillips Oppenheim and others make the issue irresistible. We just thought we'd warn you.

This Week

●

October 6, 1934

Cover by Robert O. Reid

HENRY A. WALLACE
The Tyranny of Greed. The Secretary of Agriculture talks about the long-range ideals of the New Deal Page 7

KYLE CRICHTON
The Ladies Are Speechless. And, therefore, perfect models. Page 9

PAUL JONES
Smoke Eater. A false alarm with a purpose. Page 10

RAY TUCKER
Out of Print. Your Uncle Sam, the world's greatest publisher. Page 12

GEORGE S. BROOKS
Irish Rules. Be sure you're good; then be chesty. Page 13

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN
The Luck of Seaman Linn. St. Patrick looks out for his own, in the Navy. Page 14

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM
The Man Who Saved the World, Part VIII. Fawley faces the music. Page 16

HAROLD LAMB
The Golden Empress. A queen in Constantinople and a rover of the seas. Page 18

KATHLEEN NORRIS
Woman in Love, Conclusion. With everyone happy. Page 20

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Cow Pasture Pool. A golf course that's much more than a golf course. Page 21

SHEPARD BARCLAY
Don't Miss a Trick. Help for ailing bridge scores. Page 22

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. In short, facts. Page 26

EDITORIAL
The Lines Are Visible. Page 58

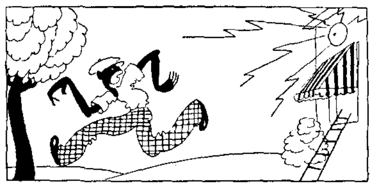
●

Any Week

"NOW they've done it," cries Mr. Jean Broderick of Tucson, Arizona. "Not satisfied to stick to the birds and flowers, the bosses in the CCC camps have gone and taught hundreds of the boys to read and write and if that won't make our congressmen sore on the Roosevelt Administration, nothing will. I spoke to one congressman about it and he calls it downright double-crossing."

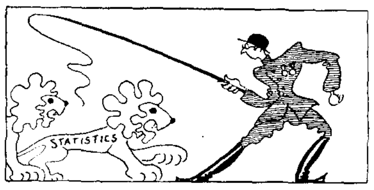
AND while we weren't watching, Mr. Charles D. Bonsted of Syracuse, N. Y., went completely literal on us. He read Theresa Hyde Phillips' "A Nice, Quiet Place," wherein Miss Shaw, the nurse, speaks "in a gray-haired voice." We thought that was pretty swell descriptive stuff but Mr. Bonsted writes: "Mrs. Phillips' nurse cannot have a gray-haired voice. Such phrases in publications bring tears to the eyes of students in Dr. Burges Johnson's class at Syracuse, where aspirant writers are regularly drawn and quartered for similar crimes."

DR. JOHNSON of Syracuse University has his theories and we, alas, have ours. Similarly, Mr. Gordon Ford of Minneapolis, Minnesota, and a banker he called on differed. Mr. Ford told the banker his name, his address, some of his aspirations and of his immediate desire to borrow a thousand dollars. But the banker asked him whether he would be able to get the signatures of three successful business men on his note and whether, in addition, he would be able to put up immediately negotiable collateral. Whereat Mr. Ford reached for his hat. "The name," said Mr. Ford to the banker, "is Gordon, sir, not Henry."



EVEN more shocking was the experience of Lige, a colored boy who works for Mrs. L. E. Sheaffer of Cabot, Arkansas. It had become known to Lige that the banks were *lending money to folks who wished* to modernize their homes. After a thorough inspection of his abode, Lige calculated that nothing short of twenty dollars could possibly bring his house smack up to date. Therefore, he called at the bank. In a few moments Lige emerged on the dead run, stopping only when he had arrived at the Sheaffer front porch. "Ah goes up to the window," explained Lige, "and asks the cap'n fo' the loan of twenty dollahs and bam, Miz Sheaffer, the dad-blame burglar alarm goes off."

WHEN we find ourselves badly tangled up in banking procedure and kindred subjects we run, badly scared, to John T. Flynn, who writes that sort of stuff for us and who is, you are about to discover, the subject of this week's biography. Mr. Flynn's middle name is Thomas, an unusual one. His mother, he says, got it out of a romantic novel. Mr. Flynn has a great many brains, having been born in Bladensburg, Maryland, becoming very shortly thereafter a daily journalist in Washington. He became such an insatiable hunter of facts that he was retained by a committee to investigate the sweat-shops of New York, so setting down what he learned in a series of pamphlets that there was quite a lot of talk about corrective legislation. Subsequently he occupied editorial posts in New England and New York. He trains statistics as Clyde Beatty does lions—making them do things that amaze the beholder. One of Mr. Flynn's talents is for getting angry when contradicted. He is quite handsome in a completely individual way. Further: "Hobby: Racing for the America's Cup—the one that cheers." He is the author, as you probably don't know, of "God's Gold: The Story of Rockefeller and His Times," and "Security Speculation, Its Economic Effects," and he was adviser to Mr. Ferdinand Pecora during the Senate Banking Investigation and the subsequent writing of the new banking and stock exchange legislation. Quite a lad.



MR. CARROLL GRAY of Boothbay, Maine, is twenty-two years old and would like to see his name in print. We know exactly how he feels. At his age we had that desire so bad that we hate to think of what we wouldn't have stopped at. And Mr. Gray says such nice things that we can't refuse him.

"I WONDER," muses Mr. Howard Wells of Highland, Indiana, "if Thomas Jefferson got hell for making the Louisiana Purchase. You know, they couldn't find anything in the Constitution about it. And I wonder what the Alexander Hamilton party—the American Liberty League of that day—called Tom, who, I gather, is the political god of the anti-New Deal Democrats. Guess."

A DANGEROUS radical?

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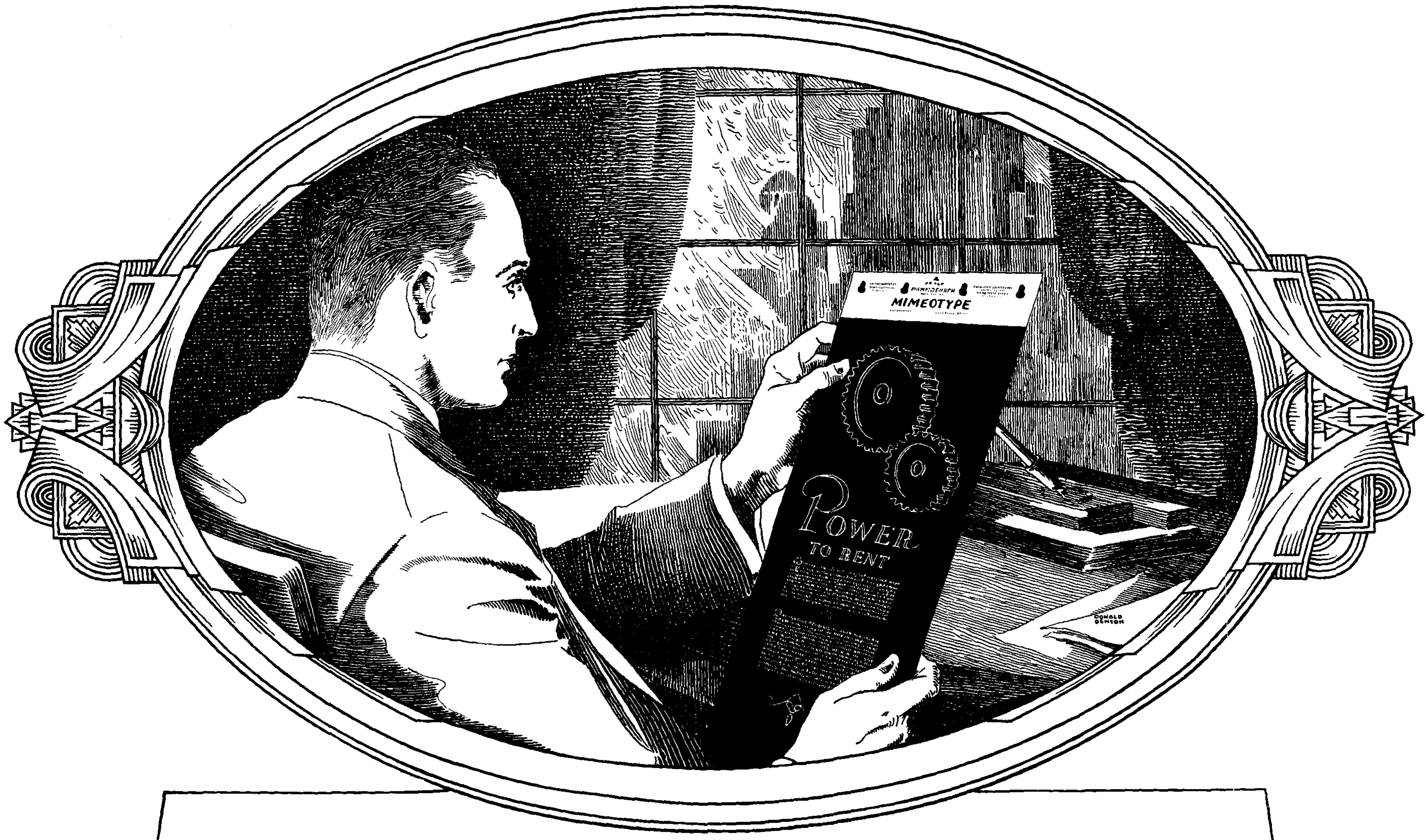

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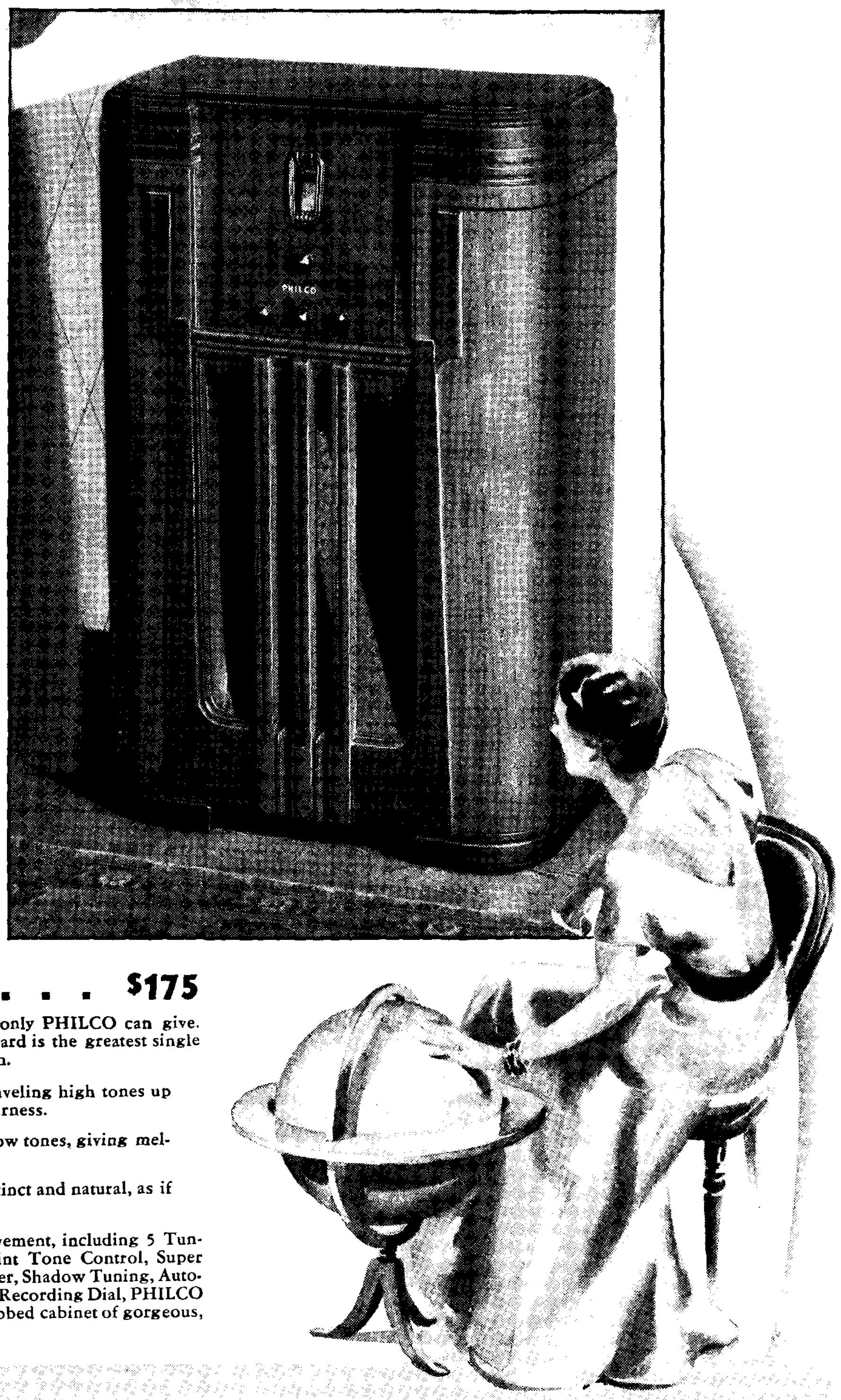

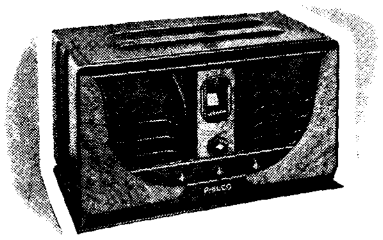

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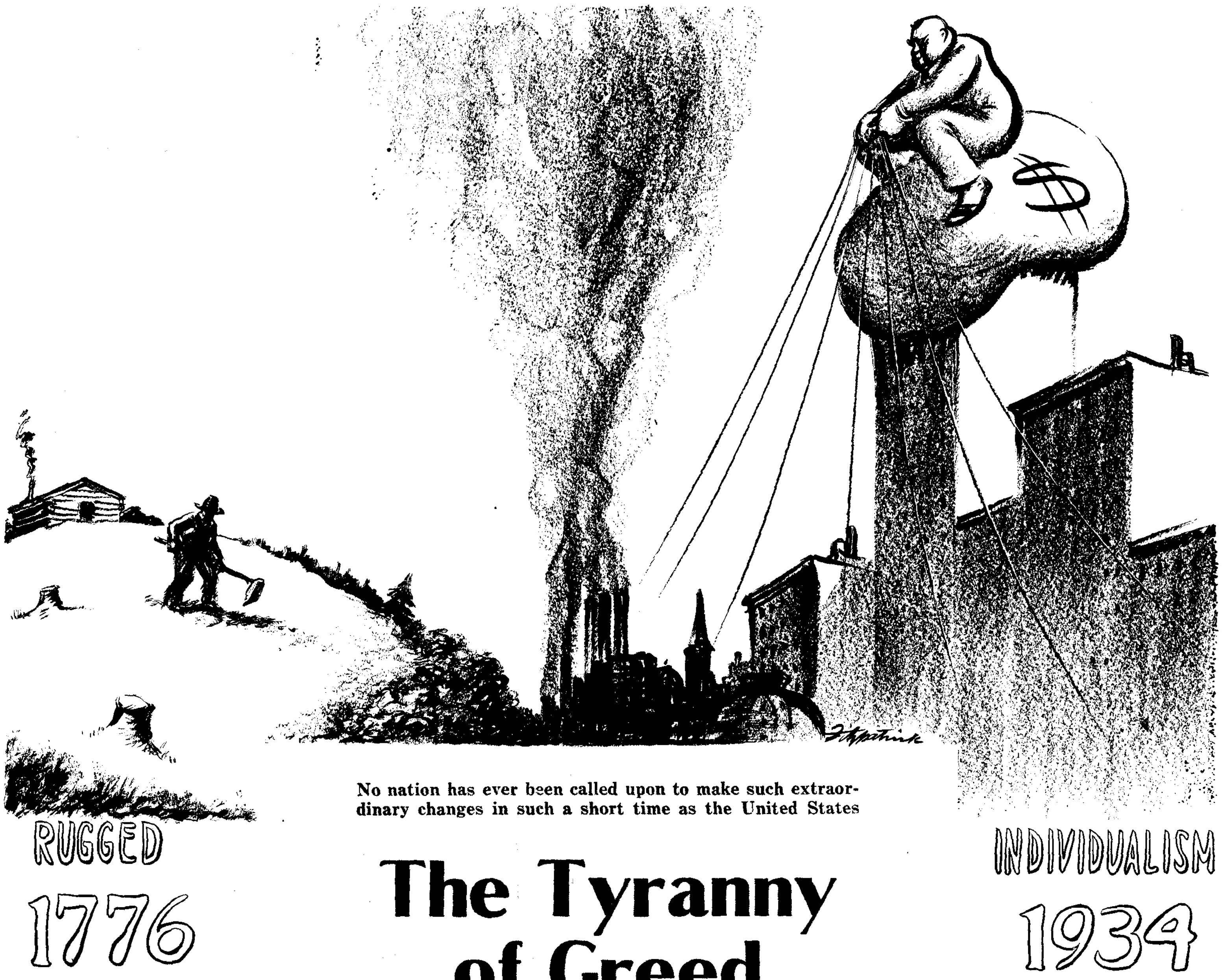
Collier's The National Weekly for October 6, 1934



No nation has ever been called upon to make such extraordinary changes in such a short time as the United States

The Tyranny of Greed

By Henry A. Wallace

Secretary of Agriculture

Secretary Wallace says, "There is nothing new about these ideas of government." But in this article, which comprises parts of his forthcoming book, New Frontiers, the Secretary of Agriculture expresses a political philosophy that will mark the dividing line between liberal and conservative voters

WHEN Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence and evolved his theories of government, eighty per cent of the people were farmers and produced in their own communities eighty per cent of what they consumed. The people sold little and bought little. Business enterprises were small.

New York was much farther from Virginia in those days than the United States is from England today. When the different nations of the world were loose aggregations of communities, it was easy to reach the conclusion that the central government should be weak, that the outlying communities should be as independent as possible, that the power of taxation should be used sparingly, and that tariffs should be levied chiefly for the purpose either of protecting infant industries or raising the money necessary to pay the interest on debts owed to foreign nations.

Inventions, wars, growth of population and the development of great corporate enterprises change the situation so that each new generation has a different problem. If the rules are not changed fast enough and in the right direction, the game eventually breaks up in a riot.

The need for changed rules in the United States has never been so great as since 1920. It was one of the marvels of the world that this country was able to sit in fat complacency with hands folded, doing little to meet a changed world from 1921 to 1932. By 1920 most thoughtful people realized that four forces would be acting over a period of at least a generation calling for changes. These four forces are:

1. The end of westward expansion, the gradual reduction in great population increase, and the necessity for meeting unemployment problems in a more conscious way. There is no longer cheap land on which we can thoughtlessly place the unemployed.

2. The rising tide of scientific investigation, inventions, and methods of mass production. This brings about sudden, unexpected technological loss of employment, loss of investment and general confusion.

3. The post-war reversal in credit balances between the United States and other nations. Eventually this makes necessary either a reduction in United States exports or an increase in United States imports.

4. The steadily increasing concentration of industrial activity into a few great corporations, destroying the effectiveness of old-fashioned free play.

The pioneer path of the American people came to an abrupt end in 1914. To keen students the necessity for changing rules to conform to a new age was apparent by 1920. The psychology of the American people is still not greatly different from what it was in 1914, and this is not surprising. All peoples change slowly in their traditional attitudes, and no nation has ever been called upon to make such extraordinary changes in such a short time as the United States. It is not at all surprising that those wealthy and powerful groups in control in 1914, and still in control in 1932, should do their best to make the American people think their rules should be continued today.

The big business men of the United States who live in the great trading and financial centers like New York and Chicago are continually talking about the dangers of governmental interference with business. The smaller business men of the United States in their chambers of commerce and noonday luncheon clubs continually say that there should be "less government in business and more business in government."

Individualism is Still Safe

As a matter of fact, certain businesses have always been up to their necks in government. This is especially true of the central core of the banking business and of those businesses which from a world-competitive point of view are so inefficient that they would die without tariff protection.

The old-timers hold up their hands in horror at the thought of government regulation or ownership of business. It is a truism that any startling new development is usually the result of the extraordinary insight and hard work of some one man and of those who have been set on fire by his example. It is to be hoped, of course, that the government will never do anything to discourage the ardor or the insight of those individuals who, we trust, will in the future as they have in the past carry the banner of inventive American business genius.

Private control of government in the United States began with Alexander Hamilton and has continued. Hamilton sincerely believed that the wealth and power of the United States should be strongly centralized in the hands of an aristocratic few. As the first Secretary of the Treasury he bent every effort to tie the strong, influential, wealthy people in each community to the new government. By using the power of the government, he made it possible to redeem certain debts and bonds at par. This made most of the wealthy individuals feel greatly indebted to the central government. The Hamiltonian theory was adopted by the Republican party after the Civil War, and expanded. More and more the big banking houses assumed as a matter of course that they and the government were essentially as one on monetary and financial policies.

If the full truth were ever known about the way governmental influence has been used by great corporations, public indignation would know no bounds. Nearly every President who has had anything to do with tariff revisions has been impressed by the way in which great businesses rally round in the hope of securing governmental favors through the tariff in order to help them promote monopolies. The legalized thievery of the tariff is probably working more harm to the people of the United States than all other forms of robbery put together.

Those smaller men who sit at home attending quietly to their own business and who never come near Washington, either personally or through the secretary of their association, do not realize the extent to which our situation has always been one of private control of government. Larger business men and the paid secretaries are continually trying to change the rules. Hundreds of them are on the job every day whether Congress is in session or not. They are just as active when the Democrats are in power as when the Republicans are in. Perhaps a majority of them are not seeking unfair advantage. Many are merely trying to protect themselves in order that someone else does not get there first.

When the codes were fixed up under NRA, business men came to Washington by the thousands, most of them hoping to get codes fixed so that their competitors would not have an advantage. Many of them hoped to get hold of governmental power in order to put their competitors out of business. They wanted the government to help them fix prices and control production.

The New Function of Government

Of course, business men are not alone in this. In recent years farm organizations and labor organizations have also been doing their best to get hold of governmental power for their own purposes. As these interests begin to fight one another more and more, it will become apparent that the old order is played out. A new one with new rules must be arranged.

If we are not to go in for Communism or Fascism, it is most essential that government learn to look upon itself as a partner with business, labor, agriculture and consumers. For the sake of campaign funds governments have all too often handed out jobs and passed out favors.

It is time for business to stop speaking scornfully of government in business and then go running to it in private to see what it can get out of the government. Will Rogers noted this phenomenon in one of his newspaper contributions a few months ago when he said:

"See where the United States Chamber of Commerce is gathered in Washington. It's the caviar of big business. Last time they met I happened to be in Washington and was the guest of Jesse Jones (head of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation) at their dinner. Now the whole constitution, by-laws and secret ritual of that orchid club is to 'keep the government out of business.' Well, that's all right, for every organization must have a purpose, but here was the joke: they introduced all the big financiers, the head of this, that and the other. As each stood up, Jesse would write on the back of the menu card just what he had loaned him from the RFC (I got that menu card yet). Yes, they said: 'Keep the government out of business.'"

The situation is so serious that government and business must learn to live together in a sensible way. In working out the terms of this partnership, it is important that not only the big business men who have always made their voices heard in Washington be consulted, but that the small business men, laboring men, farmers and consumers also be in on the deal.

The object is a continually moving but balanced state.

European purchasing power for our surplus is shattered. We still have great adjustments to make before we can safely face that fact. Men of all classes realize the need of readjustment. Many leaders in government recognize it. But unfortunately we still have in government and among business men many who are most interested in the short-time turns of the profit wheel.

Some of these men know how to trim their sails so suddenly that they can profit just as well during a depression as during a time of boom. They are ghouls fattening on human disaster. Many of them keep their wealth fluid so that they can shift it rapidly from country to country. In time of inflation they pass their wealth rapidly into commodities. They may have no lobbyists in Washington but they keep in close touch with governmental policies so they can shift their wealth to the best advantage. They talk about lower income taxes, less government in business and less governmental bureaucracy, but they have no fundamental interest in the long-time prosperity of the country.

One of the greatest handicaps to a smoothly functioning, intelligent democracy is the almost universal belief in personal devils. Most Americans until recently have had a belief in the innate wickedness of nearly all countries outside the United States. The French, British, Japanese, Germans, Russians and Italians have all been pictured as devils at one time or another.

Farmers have long had many personal devils. Forty years ago their favorite devil was the railroads. But the Railroad devil which seemed so tremendous and threatening to the farmers up till 1922 finally shrunk to rather small size in 1930, in spite of the fact that since 1930 railroad freight rates have been proportionately more burdensome than at any time during the past thirty-five years.

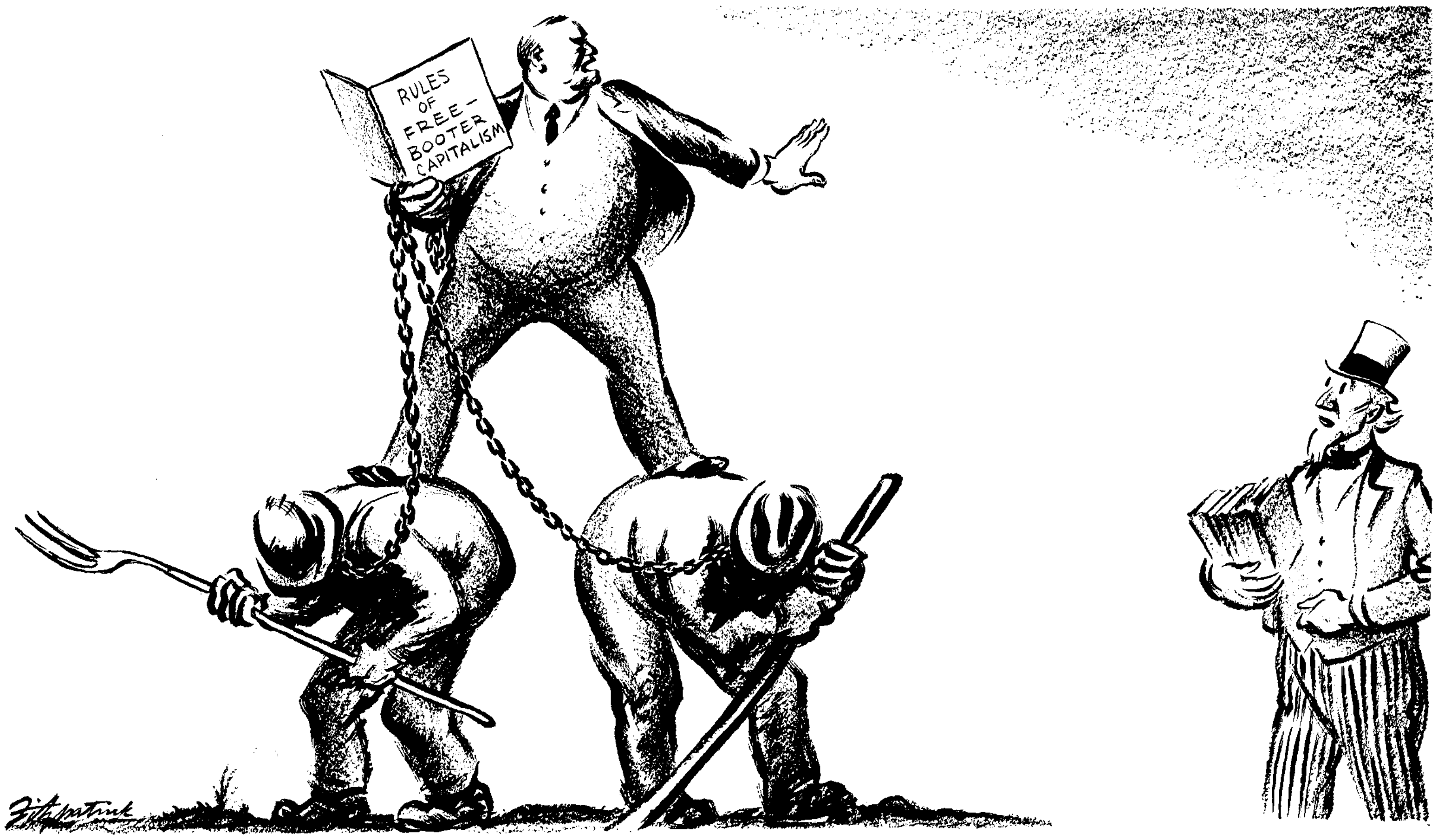
At one time the railroads seemed to be the focal point of monopoly control. Both agricultural and financial interests recognized this. There were continuous political battles from 1890 to 1920 between groups, representing either the railroad or anti-railroad point of view. The people in the central parts of the country had very strong feelings about the way in which railroad rates had been modified to build certain great centers of population. When in the twenties trucks, autos and hard roads definitely broke any possibility of absolute transportation monopoly by the railroads, the farm folks continued for some time to kick the old devil even though he was sick and half dead.

A Choice Collection of Devils

More continuously interesting to farm people is the Wall Street devil, with its presumed control of the money power. It has been assumed that the speculators of Wall Street have spent much of their time behind closed doors conniving to skin the farmer and small business man. The Chicago Board of Trade devil has customarily been supposed to be a brother of the Wall Street devil, working in cahoots with him.

The Wall Street devil got sick in 1930. In 1933 and 1934 the federal government tied him down, cut off his horns and branded him so he could no longer exercise his money power in the old-fashioned way. The Board of Trade devil had a halter put on him in 1922 in the Grain Futures Act, but when an effort was made to cut his horns off by passing a more definite law in 1934 a legislator who apparently did not wish

(Continued on page 38)



All governments which have advanced beyond the pioneer stage find it necessary to promulgate rules in lieu of free competition

COSTUMES, FASHION ORIGINATORS GUILD OF AMERICA

Some of the manikins done by Lester Gaba, who goes in for Realism in a crowd-collecting way

The Ladies are Speechless

But not dumb. They know how to wear clothes with a waggish swagger or whatever it takes to melt your sales resistance. They can stand on their own feet and look like real ladies. Meet the Gaba girls, who are rapidly throwing the old-time store window dummies out of the window

By Kyle Crichton

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY FREDERICK BRADLEY

PERSONALLY, I've never made a habit of looking in department store windows. In the first place, my wife does the buying for the family and besides I blush very easily. The reason I looked in the window in Cleveland was that a lot of other people were looking and I am not one to be independent. What kept me looking was that the manikin right up in front reminded me of a girl I had seen somewhere before. I wasn't so dumb that I didn't know it was a wax figure (as a matter of fact, it was a clay model), but I wouldn't have been surprised if the lady in the window had started waving to me in a burst of friendship.

Even when I discovered that all the excitement was about the new Lester Gaba manikins, I was not entirely reconciled. I could admit that Mr. Gaba had fashioned some very admirable ladies, who not only had looks but could wear their clothes, but my mind kept reverting to the old cigar store Indian. I have never quite recovered from the exile of those sturdy old figures with the hatchets and as a general thing I have a hard time being pleasant to the ladies who stand in department store windows and leer out at me with that modern expression of dumbness which is supposed to represent sophistication. If Mr. Gaba needs a compliment, which is very unlikely in view of the success he is having with his creations, I can assure him that I feel kindly toward his dames.

There is probably a history of show-window manikins but I am still trying to understand why they fought the Spanish-American War and have no spare time for extra-mural research. All I know is that when I was a boy the Bon Ton had some beautiful display models. The details are no longer clear in my mind but it seems to me tnat the model had a bust but no head and her lower portions were made up of wire and looked something like a mouse trap suffering from elephantiasis. The wire contraption bugged out in the middle like an old-fashioned stove but the garments of Milady were draped on them with what I recall to have been superb effect.

Following them came the wax figures. The wax figures may not have been your idea of art but they were a vast improvement. Even if they didn't look exactly like human beings, they at least looked like human beings who had died and forgotten to lie down. They were invariably in a state of high fever with a hectic flush but you could garb them in your latest creations and the buying public would get the general idea. At their best, however, the ladies were a bit tentative. They appeared confident enough as they seemed to walk along with their air of stilted gentility but they were always careful to keep their hands extended well to the fore as if desirous of not getting socked.

But things have been changed and changed by a young man who comes, of all places, from Hannibal, Missouri. In case you've forgotten, Hannibal is Mark Twain's town and the town of Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer. Lester Gaba, who is making the new manikins of such beauty and naturalness that there is danger of the store windows being crushed by the handsome young men of the nation, never fooled around the pirate cave where Huck wasted so much of his time and never fell off a wharf in his life, but he comes from Hannibal and will resent any funny words about it.

His father ran a store but young Gaba spent his time up in the attic trying to be an artist. He painted this and he painted that and none of it was bad enough to get reproduced in the local newspapers. Up to that time he had taken no instruction in art and, in fact, up till the present time he has been equally successful in avoiding it. When he was fifteen he went up to Chicago and got a job at Marshall Field's as an errand boy. His immediate boss began to notice the sketches tacked up in the wrapping room and decided to be a Medici in a small way and patronize the arts. He bought Gaba a night course at Art Institute and our hero went up there several times a week and had his card punched and came out again. Occasionally he stayed long enough to be able to make up a better alibi for his patron and it was on such an evening that he sat next to a Miss Katz, who happened to be the Miss Katz of Balaban and Katz, theater owners of Chicago. Upon looking over Mr. Gaba's shoulder and evidently sensing that no matter how bad his art was it could do no harm to a barn or the side of a warehouse, she suggested that if Mr. Gaba could use a letter to somebody in the B & K poster department, she would attend to it.

So he went to work in the Balaban & Katz art department, making posters,

(Continued on page 49)

Smoke Eater

By Paul Jones

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

The curious experience of Mr. Tinker, who knew what to do to a burning house, but was puzzled by the flames of love

THE way I started going with Caroline was when the High School Alumni Association was giving a play, and it had a fire scene in it, so they thought they'd better have one of the Volunteer Company to stand by and see nothing happened when they were handling the smoke pots, and so forth. Caroline was kind of running the show, and she came down to the fire house to see about it, and I happened to be there, so I said sure, I'd be glad to.

Funny thing is, we were in the same class at high school but I guess I must have been just a dumb kid then, because I never remember noticing her taffy-colored hair, or her big, dark eyes, or the cute trick she had of turning up one corner of her mouth when she smiled. This time I didn't miss a trick, and after I hung around back-stage during the three nights they put the show on, I started to get ideas. The night of the last performance, I carried a lot of junk over to her house for her, smoke pots we hadn't used, and costumes, and all like that, and when I said goodby I kissed her, and it was O. K. with her. But then I tried to put in a repeat order, and she hauled off and poked me in the eye.

"Hey!" I said. "What's the big idea?"

"Two demand is an invitation to a slam, the way I play," she told me.

"I guess we play different systems," I said. I was sore.

"I guess we do." She held out her hand. "It's been nice seeing you. Thank you for all your trouble."

So I said good night, and beat it. It was jake with me, if she wanted to act that way about it. What do I care, I thought, there's plenty of other girls around. Which is true, there were, but you know how it is. None of them looked like Caroline, and finally I thought I'd call her up, to give her a chance to apologize for smacking me in the eye, and the first thing I knew I was apologizing for hurting her hand, and everything was fine.

AFTER a month or so, we were engaged to be married. That is, we were practically engaged, because all I had was this job clerking in the Blue Front Food Market, at twenty bucks a week, and boarding out, the way I was doing, you can't save up much money on that.

Caroline said it wasn't enough. According to her, we ought to have thirty-five dollars a week, anyway, even in a small town like Clifton.

"Leave it to me, kid," I said. "I'm going up the ladder fast. I only been there a year, and I got a five-dollar raise already."

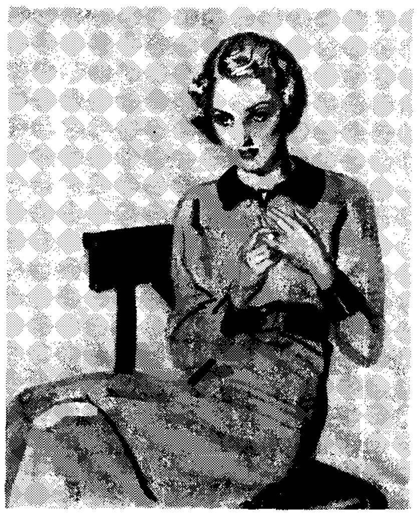
She started counting up. "If Mr. Buckley raised you five dollars every year, we'd have to wait three years. I don't know whether I can, Earl."

"Listen," I said, putting my arm around her, "don't be silly. We won't have to wait any three years. Buckley's going to open a branch over in Millville, and I'm a cinch for the manager's job. It ought to pay forty, anyhow."

"Are you sure?" she asked me, her eyes shining.

"Who else would he pick?" I asked her.

"Maybe Joe Hunter," she suggested.



She started counting up. "I don't know whether I can, Earl," she said

I had to laugh, because Joe was the other fellow at the Blue Front, and if you ever saw him work, you'd know he was just a natural-born clerk. I could figure old Buckley bringing somebody in from the outside, but I couldn't see him picking Joe. Not that he wasn't a nice enough guy, understand, but he just wasn't a ball of fire. He could take orders over the telephone, and read a scale, and tie up five-pound bags of potatoes, but he didn't have any grasp on the fundamental trends of business.

LIKE it said in this course I started to take by mail—I didn't finish it, because, after the third lesson, I could see it would be just going over the same old stuff again and again—like it said, whatever job you got, you ought to be fitting yourself to take over the next one up the line. That's what I was doing. Besides this course on Business Trends, I was studying this book called Determination to Achieve, and I was putting in plenty of time working new angles to build up future trade.

I started to tell Caroline all this, and I was just going good when the fire siren began to blow. In those days, we didn't have any paid fire department, so every volunteer, no matter where he was, or what he was doing, was supposed to drop everything as soon as the old whistle blew.

"Three longs and two shorts," I said. "That must be out on the State Road, beyond Toothaker's place."

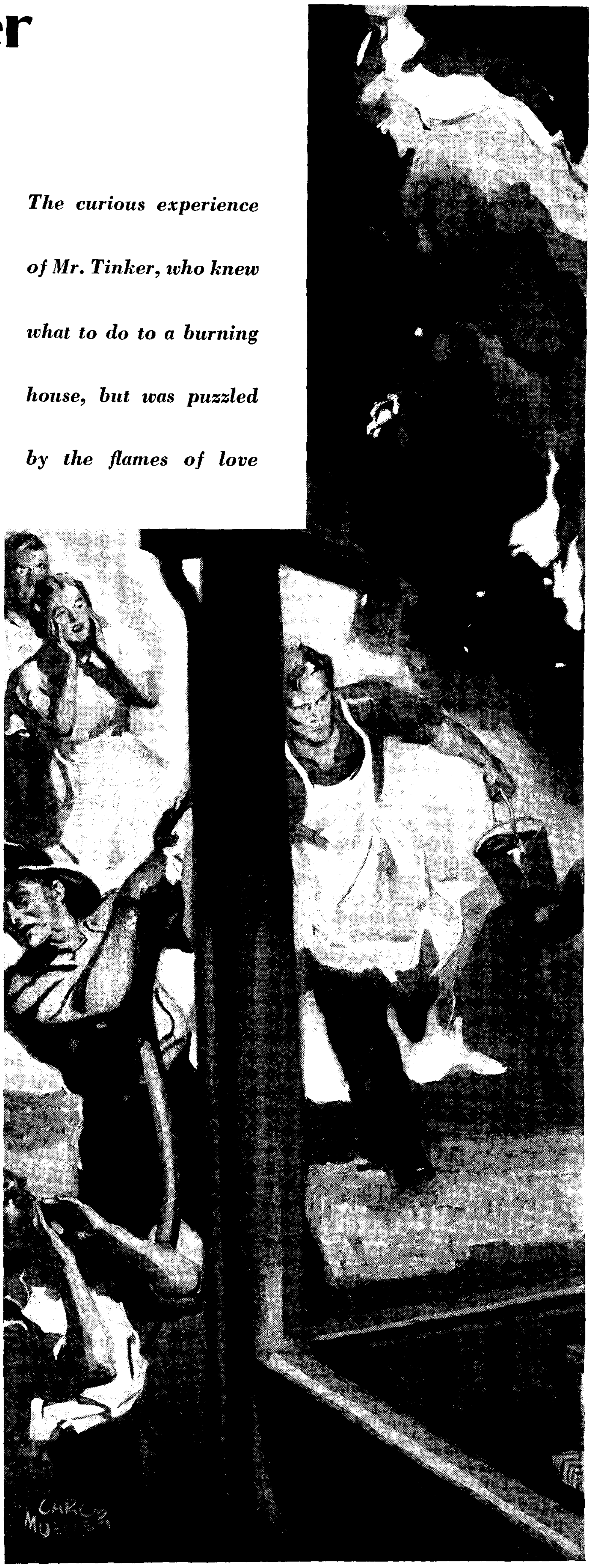
"You're not going, are you?" she asked me.

I got up. "Kid, I got to," I told her. "They'll throw me out of the Volunteers if I don't."

Caroline pulled me down on the couch beside her. "What do you care if they do?" she said.

"Listen, honey," I explained, "I'm not in the fire company just for fun. It's a matter of business with me. It's a way of building up contacts, and the more contacts I got, the more business I could bring in if I had a store of my own."

"Joe Hunter doesn't belong," she said.



I thought the jig was up, then, because the pillars were beginning to buckle, and all I could do was take a running jump for the lawn

"That's just the difference between me and Joe Hunter," I told her. "I'm looking ahead."

So after a fond farewell, I went out and jumped in the old bus, and I got there nearly the first one, just as the apparatus was pulling up.

It wasn't much of a blaze, after all, just a trash fire in the cellar, but you know how it is. A lot of the boys are married men, and the only chance they have to get a short furlough is when the siren blows, so they don't like to go back home right away, in case there might be some old timbers smoldering somewhere in the floor. It was at Ed Barker's place, and he got out a case of beer, and a jug of apple, and it was after 3 A. M. before the boys were satisfied there wouldn't be any flareup.

THE result was I didn't get to the store till after ten o'clock, and Mr. Buckley was sore as the dickens. "Where've you been?" he wanted to know.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Buckley," I said, "but I was up till 4 A. M.. fighting a blaze out on the State Road."

He was doing up potatoes, and he weighed one bag and took a big potato out and put a smaller one in before he answered me. "You ought to grow up, Earl," he told me, "and make something out of yourself. I don't see any sense in chasing after fires at your age."

I just looked at him. "I don't think that's a fair way to talk, Mr. Buckley," I said. I wasn't afraid to tell him right to his face. "When a guy is willing to risk his life to preserve other people's property, why—"

"From what I hear," he claimed, looking at me over his glasses, "the only risk you ran was from drinking too much of Ed Barker's applejack."

"Furthermore," I went on, thinking this was a good chance to get in my sales talk, "don't you figure that belonging to the fire company might bring people into any store I might be connected with?"

"Yeah," he said. "Here comes one of them now." He pointed out to the sidewalk, and here was this old Mrs. Drake just about to open the door. She's got a big place just outside of town, and she uses plenty of groceries, but she's kind of a nut. Mr. Buckley took one look at her, and went in the storeroom, like he always did when she came around.

"Good morning, Mrs. Drake," I said.

"Mary Jane sends you a kiss," she said, right off the bat.

"O. K.," I said. "What'll it be this morning?"

I BETTER tell you now that this Mary Jane she was talking about was a cat. She had about fifty of them out at her place, and the reason she was always talking about Mary Jane sending me a kiss was because, maybe a month before that, she'd had a fire out there, and we had to rescue all these cats for her. They lived in a house of their own, in the back yard, and Mary Jane, a big Angora hell-cat, got up on the roof and wouldn't come down. She pretty near got her tail burnt off before I could coax her away. Ever since then, Mrs. Drake kept coming in the Blue Front and telling me how Mary Jane loved me, and all such truck as that, which would have been jake with me if she'd bought her groceries and cat food from me, but Mary Jane never told her anything about that angle of it.

As usual, she went scooting all over the store, pinching vegetables, and spoiling them, and groaning over prices, and finally she bought three cans of peaches and out she went. Maybe she wasn't such a nut, after all, because I always took notice if we ran a special where we were losing a little money to clear the shelves, she'd buy as much as she could carry.

She'd had a fire out there, and we had to rescue all these cats for her

At the door, she turned and called out to me: "Mary Jane sent you a kiss. Don't forget." And of course, just my luck, in walked Caroline.

"Who is this Mary Jane?" she asked me, with an icicle in each eye. "She's a cat," I said.

"I know that, but who is she?" she wanted to know.

Well, I explained all right, and it was all fixed up, but I could see she was thinking what if it hadn't been a cat, and maybe Mrs. Drake wasn't nutty after all. You know what I mean, the old seeds of suspicion were planted, and she was beginning to wonder whether this business of the fire company wasn't an excuse for some fancy cheating on my part.

In fact, she declared herself that evening. "Do me a favor, will you?" she asked me, fixing my necktie.

"Anything you say, baby," I told her.

"I want you to give up the fire company," she said.

"You mean quit the Volunteers?" I asked her.

"For my sake," she told me.

"Listen," I said, "I'd do anything in the world for you, but I don't see the sense in leaving the fire company. You know why I'm in it. It's for the contacts. Look at the people I meet."

"Like Mary Jane," she snapped.

I got a little sore, because it looked to me like all she wanted was to crack the whip, and see me jump through the hoops. She just had this idea in her head, and that was all there was to it. "Listen," I said, "if it comes to that, if I hadn't been in the fire company, we wouldn't have met again, and we wouldn't be engaged," I said.

"It seems to me you could do this one little thing for me," she told me, sliding her ring back and forth on her finger. "It isn't much to ask."

"But I don't see any sense in it," I said.

"Maybe you see some sense in this," she said, and she held out the ring I'd given her.

"Aw, now, honey, you don't mean that," I told her.

"Yes, I do," she said, and she burst out crying, and the first thing you know, I had my arm around her, and I said: "Forget it," I said. "Sure I'll quit the Volunteers. I'll do anything you say." So she put the ring back on, and there I was, out of the fire company.

WELL, we were sitting there, talking about where we could live, and whether we couldn't make out, maybe, on twenty bucks for a while, and all of a sudden the old fire whistle started to blow. Just from force of habit, I started to get up, and she put her hand on my arm.

"O. K.," I said. "I forgot for a minute."

It was a short and two longs, meaning down the highway, near the Corners. I took notice of that, automatically, because they repeat the signal twice.

"You're not listening to a word I'm saying," Caroline told me.

"Yes, I am," I said, but I wasn't, because then they turned the siren loose for two minutes straight, which means a real big fire and no fooling. "Gosh!" I said. "It must be Croker's Pine Tree Inn."

"What do you care where it is?" she asked me. "Isn't it nice to be able to sit here, and not worry about the old fire?"

"Sure," I said, "swell."

"You don't sound very thrilled," she told me.

"Listen," I said, getting up, "do you mind if I go to this last one?"

She didn't say anything, just sat there looking at me, while I reached for my hat. "I got to, honey," I told her. "You don't mind, do you?"

She followed me to the door, and I noticed she was fooling with her ring again. "Listen, honey, don't do that," I told her. "It makes me nervous. I got to go, see?"

She just stood there, and I went out and started the car. I could see her there, in the lighted doorway, and then she came down to the gate and without saying a word she tossed her ring into the car. I heard it clink against the gearshift lever, and she turned and ran into the house.

Well, I almost got out and followed her in, but the old siren was blowing

(Continued on page 28)

Out of Print

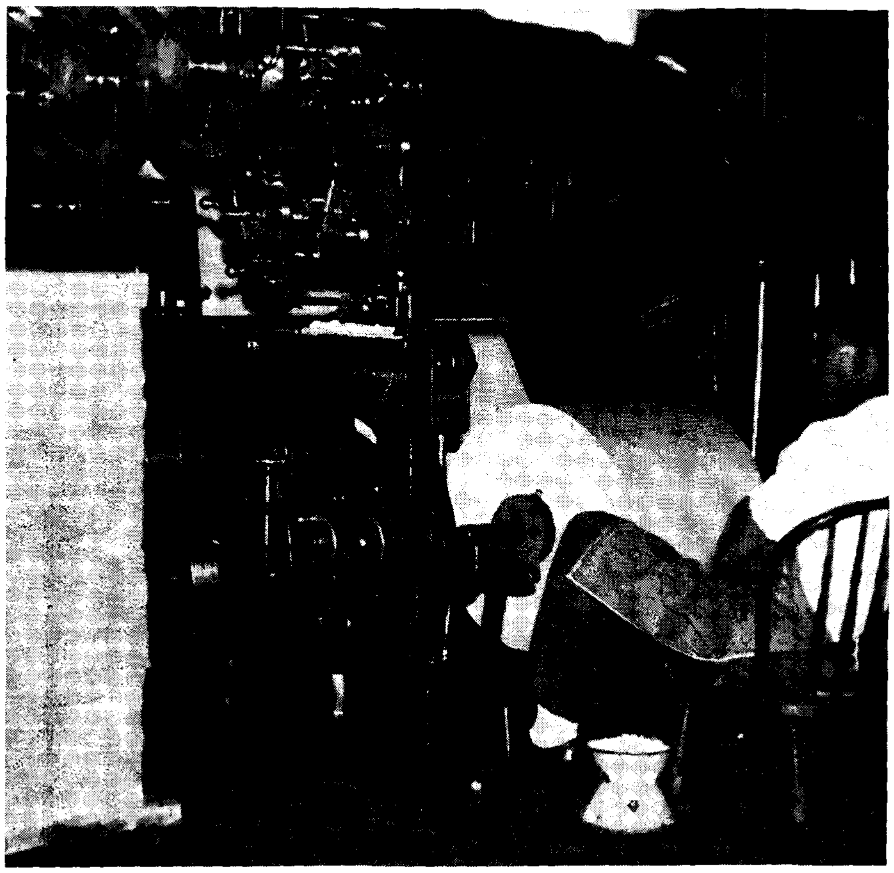
By Ray Tucker

Collier's Washington Staff Writer

The Government Printing Office is equipped to set up, print and bind a book as large as the Bible in twenty-four hours. Alas, it is printing not Bibles but bales of congressmen's speeches and pamphlets, useful and otherwise. We may not read them, but we pay the bill

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Above: Left, remeltin e plate metal. Fourteen to daily is the present remelt. ht, one section of the comp room



One of the Government Printing Office's many presses which produce millions of government publications each year

Augustus E. Giegengack, Director of the Government Printing Office

THE sight of white paper seems to give even the most inarticulate and illiterate statesman the itch to speak or write for publication. There is something about a public statement or free government bulletin which acts on congressional and departmental pamphleteers as honey does on flies. If you don't understand how honey works on flies, write in to your favorite congressman for the free government treatise on "Queen Bees of Porto Rico," and learn about politicians from that.

For that matter, write for any pamphlet on any subject that clutters your mind in your silliest and most imaginative moods, and you will find that Uncle Sam, the world's greatest and most generous publisher, can supply it. Largely at congressional behest, the appropriately named Public Printer has been turning out these bulletins, books and pamphlets for seventy years. If you'll just step up, you may have your choice of 65,000 different assortments setting forth the facts and fancies of existence from before the cradle to the grave, and of animal life from the barn and slaughter-house to the digestive tract. If you happen to be a Chippewa brave, you may follow through beyond these normal terminals. Then you may obtain blueprints and ballads of the happy hunting ground of legendary lore. For once poor Lo gets a break, even though he may not be able to read and rejoice.

Keeping our people informed on useless and useful subjects is one of the most popular and costly activities of the government. Nobody knows the actual cost, which is part of the fun of the thing, but expert estimates range from $20,000,000 to $100,000,000 a year. For this sum Uncle Sam lets you in on a lot of secrets. He will enlighten you on why air mail is socially correct and explain simple plumbing repairs about the home.

He will send you bedtime stories about the "Habits, Culture and Importance of the American Catfish," and if the supply were not exhausted due to Pat Harrison's Senate philippic against bureaucracy, dear old Uncle would inspire you with a lyric on the "Love Life of a Frog." You can learn how to water your cow and how to take a bird census. If you have fleas on your dog or in your cellar, let the government demobilize them. For a particularly exciting evening's entertainment such thrillers as "Why Drug Stores Fail" and "The Cost of School Transportation in California" are recommended. Peace lovers may vary this disturbing diet with the coast artillery drill manual, and drought sufferers may win relative solace from articles on the aridity of the Gobi desert.

You Pay by the Word

There is comic variety to the price range. You may obtain the President's most stirring address for a nickel. The same coin will bring you recipes for such plain, everyday food as reindeer croquettes, or a lively little brochure on "Caviar—what it is and how to use it." But if you want the address on Casimir Pulaski by the honorable Louis Ludlow, a plodding Hoosierite with many Polish people in his difficult district, you must shell out thirteen cents; you pay on a wordage basis. Since the government does not advertise the literature on which it spends uncounted millions annually, you may have no idea of what you want. But don't let that bother you. You can't miss even if you make a blind and dumb choice. lmost sure to be in stock, and if it your congressman will put it the

Here's another liter tip: You must pay for these pub ons if you get them from the Su tendent of Documents at Washing But your congressman will be gl oblige you for nothing. In the 193 al year he and his buddies and dep ntal scholars sent out 498,949,08 es of free documents. In the s period the superintendent sold 10,459,000 copies. Since Uncle Sa ds so much on this curbstone servi only recompense is the satisfac at he does somebody good besides axpayer.

You may get quicke nse if you rely on your congressm the superintendent does keep a and tries to do things on a car usinesslike basis. But the superi t, in life's long run, will furnish atisfactory service, as he did to oman who wanted the pamphle 'Pre-Natal Care." It happened t of stock when she asked for it, explained that the new print ld hardly reach her in time to b assistance. But Superintendent isdel is an understanding fellow forwarded her a bulletin on "In re."

If you're a farme your seat. You don't need to wr ybody, for you are of the el elect. The farmer by now oug the best-read man in Ame a normal year he receives ab ,000 bulletins of all kinds, a 200,000 to 400,000 agricultura oks which are 700 pages thic utifully illustrated. They r $1.50, but there is no reason should be one of the simple 60 for theirs. In a campaign yea mer's intellectual curiosity m harper, for then the members about 18,000,000 bulletins.

The people who this catch-as-catch-can colle top to ask whether there is , but many others do. Superi isdel's records show that no popular demand, if actu rnish any measurement. T that thousands of the 65,00 sell only a single copy a ye st of "fifty best sellers" incl vo—"House Insulation" and re"—which retail around 10 .

At least ninety ent of these

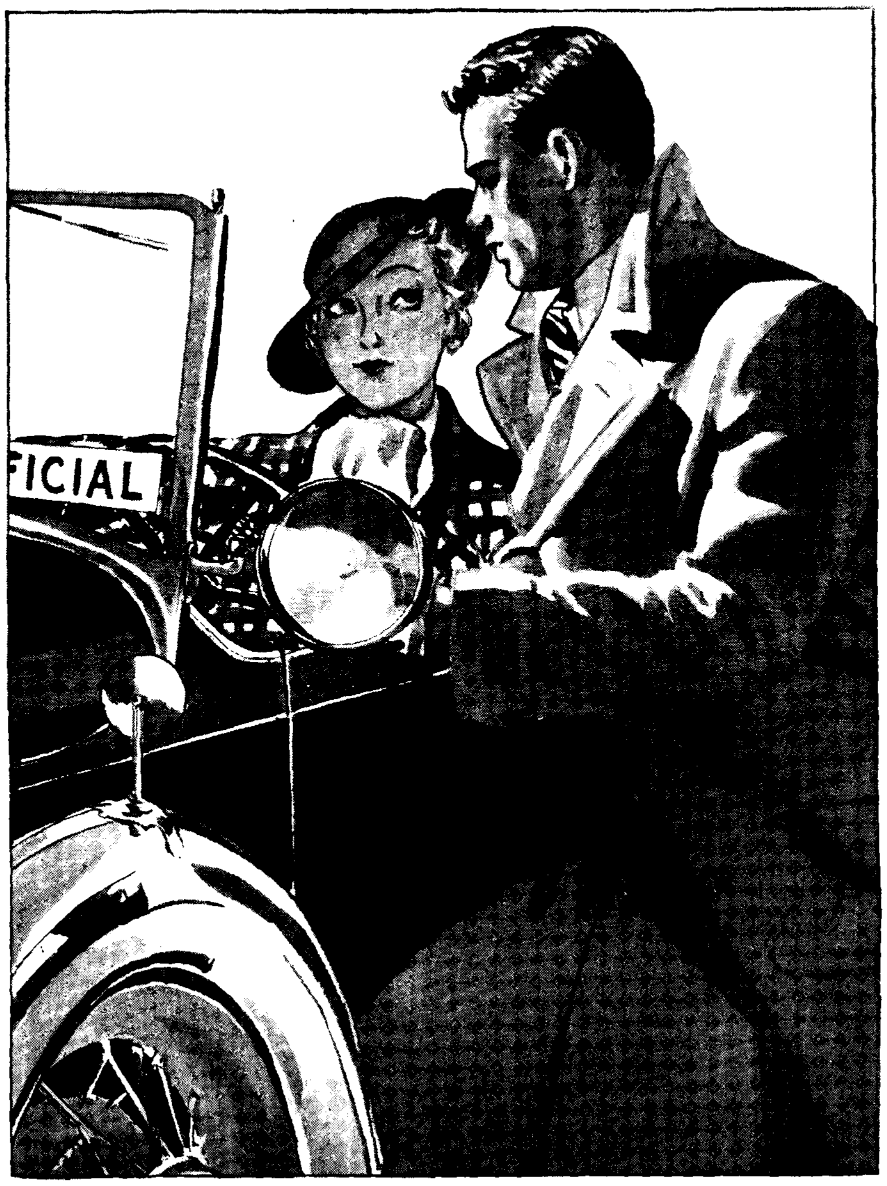
(Continu 46)

Irish Rules

Presenting Billy Marr, our personal all-time selection for the great American pastimes of football and love. If you don't agree, ask his coach—or Miss Louise Hugo. Better yet, ask Bill

By George S. Brooks

ILLUSTRATED BY IRVING NURICK



She seemed to be getting mad. "What's the gag, Louise?" he asked

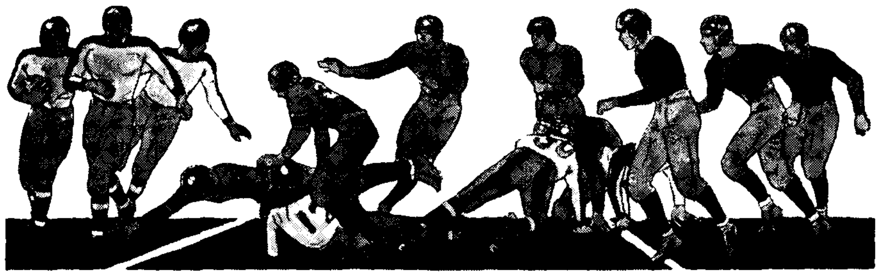
WILLIAM MacCOLLOM MARR strolled up college hill. He had the air of one who owned a mortgage on the state university campus and was tempted to foreclose. William was twenty years old and a sophomore.

He did not deign to notice the canvas banner that hung across the street: Football Today at 3 p. m.—State vs. Rutland. All Seats $1.00.

It was annoying to make his varsity début in an unimportant, early-season game. Asking him to trot out against little Rutland College was like engaging George Arliss to play a stable swipe in a horse opera. Had William been coach, as well as last year's freshman star, he would have saved himself for a climax game, when the stadium was packed and the score tied.

"Hi-ya, Billy," a voice hailed him.

He nodded to the speaker. It was merely his class president. Although Billy was aloof, he was not snobbish. He would have been equally gracious to the president of the university.



"I hear you're in the starting line-up today, Billy."

"Why, yes," returned the star. "Of course."

The class president blinked. "So long," he muttered, turning in at a fraternity house. Swell-headed athletes were common enough at State U. But something ought to be done about this Marr.

AS HE continued up the hill, Billy pondered on the dumbness of guys who went in for class politics. The idea of asking if they'd start him, William Marr, after the record he'd hung up last year. Ed Dearholt, the head coach, ought to know he'd never get such football material again.

Parked by a hydrant in front of the faculty club was a touring car. The license plates bore an impressively low number, hinting that the owner had friends in the state motor vehicle bureau. The car was further distinguished from the common herd of gasoline buggies by a large, blue sticker on the windshield, with the word, "Official."

Lounging behind the wheel was a red-headed girl who could raise undergraduate blood pressure faster than a case of gin at a Saturday night smoker.

"Hi-ya, Louise." Billy stopped beside the car. She must be waiting for the game officials to finish lunch. Her father was Lawrence Hugo, graduate manager of athletics.

"Hello, hero," the girl returned. "Hop in. I'll haul you to the gym."

"Oh, don't bother. I'll walk."

"Afraid you won't get a work-out in the game?" she asked, with lifted eyebrows.

"A work-out? Against Rutland?"

"They say Rutland is stronger than usual this year."

HE SMILED tolerantly at her feminine ignorance. "So are we."

"You're playing, aren't you, Frank Merriwell?"

He ignored her effort to annoy him by using the name of the old dime novel hero. He didn't mind particularly, although he preferred to be known as Chesty.

"Funny," said he.

"What's funny?"

"Funny that you haven't been shot."

Something must have made her mad. Billy favored her with a smile and a shrug.

The girl flushed. "Listen," said she. "Do you know what imagination is?"

"Sure."

"Can you imagine that you're anybody else?"

"Sure."

"Then, for Pete's sake, do it."

"Do what?"

"Imagine you're anybody on the campus."

What could she be driving at? "Okay," he humored her. "I'm someone else."

"What do you think of this fresh sophomore?"

"Which soph?" inquired the second-year man.

"Marr," she snapped. "Chesty Billy Marr."

She seemed to be getting mad at him, though he couldn't imagine why. "What's the gag, Louise?"

"It's not a gag," she returned. "Don't you realize you're just a shooting pain through the sinus region, ending in a feeling of general depression? Don't you know you've made everyone so mad that the whole squad is ready to gang up against you?"

Billy Marr shrugged. "They wouldn't do that. They know I'll win games for them."

Red-headed girls hate to be shrugged off. "Listen, wonder-boy, I'm a fool to bother about you. But, after all, a girl *can* talk to you without yawning, and you *do* rest the eyes, and you weigh one hundred and eighty-five, and can run a hundred in ten flat, and for some weird reason I like you. Now listen: do you know what deflation means?"

He shook his head. "That's something Coolidge and Mellon did to the currency. I'll have it in economics, spring term."

"DID you ever play Irish rules?"

"Never even saw a game of Celtic football."

"I don't mean Celtic football. You don't know this, but you're going to play Irish rules today."

"You're crazy. We're playing intercollegiate rules."

"I say you're playing Irish rules. By night, you'll know what I mean. And you'll know I tried to tip you. Come around when the massacre is over and have a talk with me. Maybe," she added hopefully, "by night, you and I'll have something in common besides the idea that you're a first-string quarterback. On your way, Mr. Merriwell." She pointed up the hill. "Excelsior. You'll be late at the gym."

"Okay, Louise. See you some more." He waved his hand and smiled pleasantly. She was easy to look at, all right. But around a college, every pretty girl was spoiled by too much attention. They were bound to get conceited. If there was one thing he hated, it was a woman who was too sure of herself. When they got mannish, Billy bowed out.

He sauntered along, contentedly reflecting on a big season. In fact, it would undoubtedly be the first of three big seasons. For this was only his sophomore year. State U had the ideal football combination: a group of ten hard-working, well-coached, rugged players plus a brilliant, brainy, flashy, triple-threat back. State was going to enjoy three seasons such as Illinois had known with Red Grange, Carlisle with Jim Thorpe, Army with Chris Cagle, Stanford with Nevers, Chicago with Eckersall. State had the nucleus of a great team because State had Chesty Billy Marr.

Forty men were dressing in the locker-room. "Attention, squad," called a giant lineman as Billy entered. It was a squad gag to call attention whenever he appeared. Harmless enough. He humored them.

"At ease," drawled Billy in the tone of Colonel Hutchinson, head of the department of Military Training at State U. "Rest." He twirled the combination of his locker and pulled off his coat.

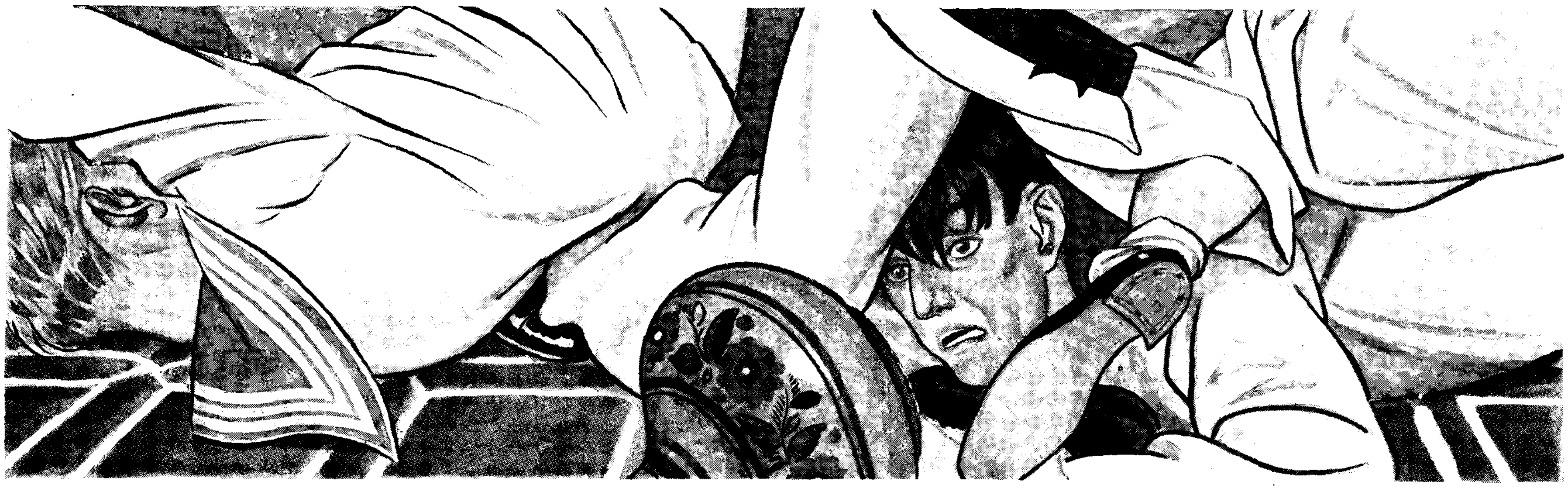
"Feeling good and mean today, Mr. Marr?" inquired an upper classman. The team trainer's ambition was to have his boys feeling good and mean at game time.

"Call me Billy," returned the starting quarterback magnanimously. A Marr could afford to be magnanimous.

"Wait," muttered someone. "Just wait."

At Billy's elbow, a substitute back was dressing. He was a senior, who had hopefully scrimmaged through three long seasons with the scrubs. And now, his last year, he was seeing this preposterous yearling usurp his first-squad berth. His lips curled up from his dog teeth as he spoke to Billy. "What's your guess on today's score, Mr. Marr?"

(*Continued on page 44*)



The British had not done so well in the brawl at Señora Mendoza's house

The Luck of Seaman Linn

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The curious adventure of Messrs. Linn and Dunnevan, U. S. N., who found the fighting delightful in Mexico

SEAMAN LINN of the U. S. Destroyer Trimble was a heart bowed down, a soul in torment. The 19th Destroyer Division lay at anchor off the obscure Mexican seaport of San Felipe, and Seaman Linn stood before Lieutenant Brophy, executive officer, in his room.

"It's my buddy, sir, Tim Dunnevan, fireman second. I just had to see you, sir."

Lieutenant Brophy frowned reminiscently.

"Is Dunnevan in trouble again?"

"Oh, no, sir. Not yet . . . I mean . . . it's like this, sir: Today is St. Patrick's Day, sir!"

The lieutenant's uniform coat was unbuttoned and Seaman Linn glanced meaningly and desperately at a small enameled shamrock pin. Chief Bosun's Mate Helverson had been cold; Ensign Werner indifferent. But Lieutenant Brophy nodded, his frown changing to a slight grin.

"Proceed," he said, cautiously.

"Well, Tim phenegled to go ashore with the mail boat, see? And it's St. Patrick's Day, sir, and I'm worried about Tim, sir, on account of he always gets in some jam every St. Patrick's Day—"

"And every other day ashore, too."

"I know, sir, but not no serious trouble like he gets into St. Patrick's Day. He's an awful sentimental Irisher, sir, and it seems like he just goes hog wild every St. Patrick's Day. And I was thinking, sir, it would save a lot of grief if I was to go ashore and kind of look after Tim!"

Lieutenant Brophy's grin widened a bit cynically. The names of Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan were inseparable on misconduct reports. That Seaman Linn should be the man to look after Dunnevan seemed illogical.

"Is Dunnevan on a liberty pass?"

"No, sir. He's acting engineer of the mail boat. But they got to wait ashore for some supplies, and there's no telling what Tim'll be into on account of it's St. Patrick's Day. Last year, we was in Manila and Tim—"

Shuddering off a painful memory, Lieutenant Brophy tried to be optimistic.

"Oh, I daresay the cox'n and the others will keep Dunnevan in order."

Seaman Linn's prominent Adam's apple pumped courage from a fighting heart into his throat. He played his last card.

"Aye, aye, sir . . . only them boys don't know how to handle Tim like I do, and I was just thinking that the British cruiser is sending liberty parties ashore and I sure wouldn't want Tim to create no international scandal and blacken the fair name of the U. S. Navy—"

"Hold on, Linn—"

Brophy considered the case a moment. The presence of H. M. S. Ajax in San Felipe harbor had caused Captain Lighton, the 19th Division's commander, to order that no shore liberty be granted. The Division was due to sail that evening to keep rendezvous with the cruisers in Fleet Problem 7XM.

"You think Dunnevan may tangle with the Britishers, eh?"

"He sure will, sir. Especially on account of it's St. Patrick's Day, sir. Tim, he broods. He's apt to get to brooding—"

"H'mph. I can't send another boat ashore just to prevent Dunnevan's brooding—"

"Ensign Werner's leaving in the gig any minute, sir."

"All right. You find Dunnevan and tell him I want him to stay in the mail boat—and you stay there with him, understand?"

"Aye, aye, sir. Thank you, sir."

SEAMAN LINN saluted hastily and scrambled topside to catch the gig. His heart was pure and God loves United States sailors, he reflected. True, he had hoped for a liberty pass and carte blanche orders to take care of his great and good friend Tim. But this was going to be easy enough. It might require an hour or so to find Tim in San Felipe, maybe two hours. And he had to find Tim. The big cluck had sneaked away, as he did every St. Patrick's Day, and with him had gone $16.72, the entire capital of Linn, Dunnevan & Co. Moreover, Seaman Linn was genuinely and altruistically alarmed for his buddy's safety.

Thus, as he swaggered cockily from the boat landing, Seaman Linn was alert and self-righteous. He ignored the greetings of Seaman Providikos, who had been left to watch the moored mail boat.

San Felipe dozed in the garish noonday sun. The Calle Centrale straggled pallid and dusty up a hill from the harbor. There were cantinas to right and to left, all with the same faded awnings, scratching dogs and bluebottle flies. A Catholic church towered at the head of the street.

"Aw, aw—now lookit that!" Seaman Linn said to himself.

Across the Calle Centrale hung a white canvas sign, crudely lettered in green: SAN FELIPE WELCOMES SONS OF ST. PATRICK. Here and there, Seaman Linn perceived, were several flags which once had been green.

Cox'n Bistell emerged from Ramon's Mexican Chile parlor, and Seaman Linn gave him hail.

"What you doing ashore?" said the cox'n.

"The lieutenant sent me to find Tim."

"Ain't he at the boat?"

"I didn't see him at the boat."

"Well, I told him to stay at the boat."

Cox'n Bistell was absorbed in picking his teeth with a penknife; the sun was hot and cool cantinas beckoned. "I got a good mind to report that guy—even if it is St. Patrick's Day."

"Gee, don't do that, Pete. I'll find him."

"We-ell—you get him back to the boat." He pointed languidly at a group of British sailors, some of them bearded and all wearing dinky-caps. "Steer clear of them limeys. Skipper's orders."

"Aye, aye—and you gimme a little time to find Tim. You know how he gets on St. Patrick's Days."

Alarmed now, and mystified by the sign and flags, Seaman Linn began a search for Fireman Dunnevan. He moved up the street, poking his head between swinging doors. A Mexican damsel smiled, a British sailor said, "'Ullo, Yank," and a drunken beachcomber tried to make friends. But there was no trace of Fireman Dunnevan. The good Samaritan was by this time thirsty and, being penniless, in a snappish mood.

REACHING the end of the Calle Centrale, he turned to the left into a plaza decorated with a jaundiced marble statue, two dusty flivvers, seventeen dogs, four green flags and several drooping palm trees. Suddenly a song boomed into the drowsy air:

"*. . . I luh-hove the dear silverrrr that shines in her hair, an' thuh brow that's all wrinkuled an' furrerred with ca-hare—*"

Seaman Linn knew that voice. It was a thick, rich voice and mellow with beer:

"*Gawd bless yer an' keep yer. . . . Muh-thuh-her Muh-cuh—reeeeeeeee!*"

Unerringly, Seaman Linn dived into a disreputable shop on a side street. A sign read: "Hip Hoy, Tattoo."

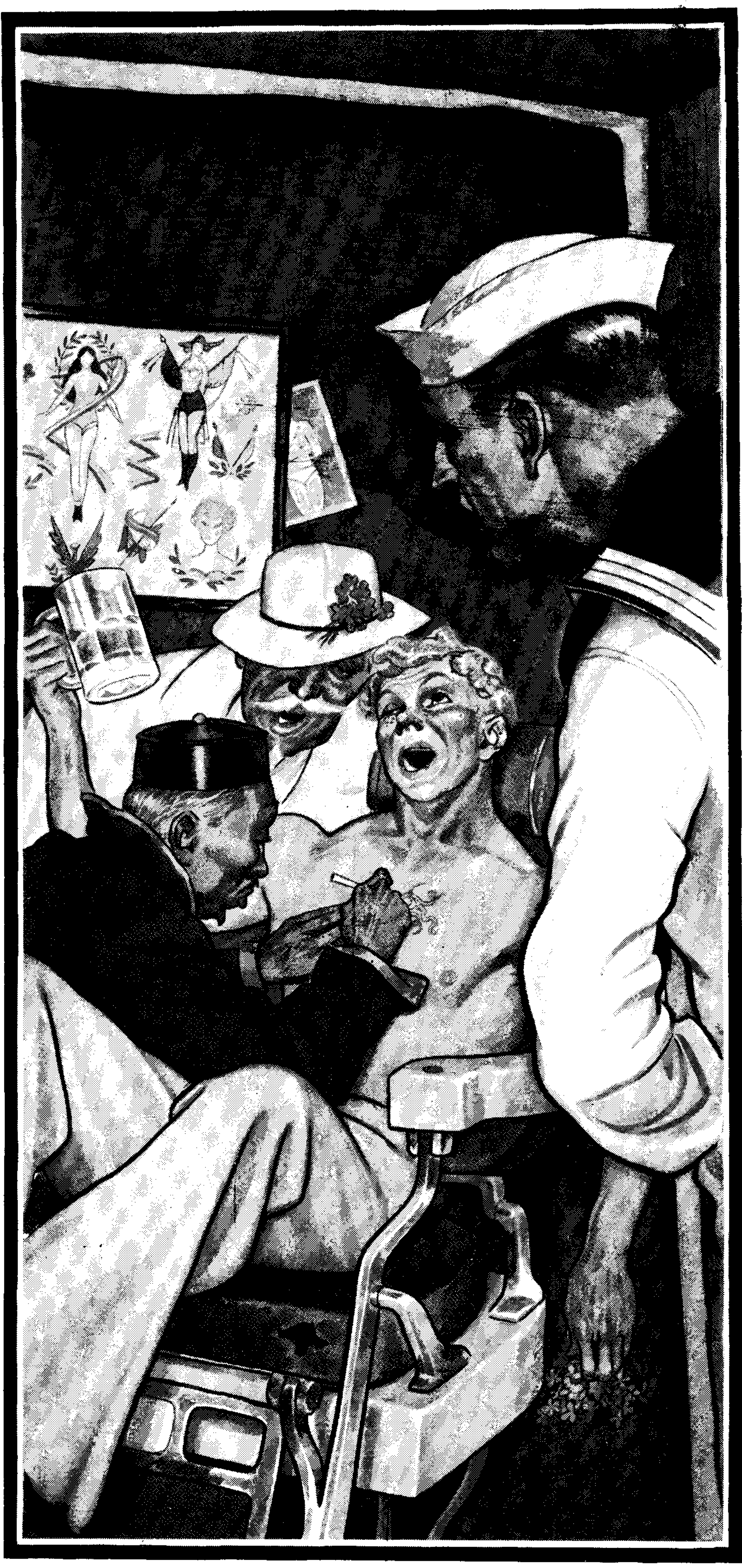
"Tim! Oh . . . gee—Tim!"

There sat Fireman Timothy Dunnevan, U. S. N., enthroned upon a rickety barber's chair. He was stripped to the waist. In one mighty paw he gripped a dyed-muslin spray of shamrocks. In the other was a stein of beer. Fireman Dunnevan had listed badly to starboard. His red curls were close to the head of a roly-poly Mexican gentleman, who sat on an up-ended soapbox, keeping him company.

"Tim . . . oh . . . gee!"

A wizened little Chinese, who had been drawing something on Fireman Dunnevan's brawny chest, looked around. But Fireman Dunnevan seemed utterly absorbed in his new comrade. The Mexican had a white goatee and was dressed in a dirty white linen suit.

" . . . now let's sing Wearin' of the Green. *Oh, Paddy dear, an' did chuh*



There sat Fireman Timothy Dunnevan, U. S. N., enthroned upon a barber's chair. Fireman Dunnevan had listed badly to starboard

hearrrrr thuh news that's goin' around. . . .'"

"*'Tenshun!*"

Fireman Dunnevan blinked and sat upright. His companion in close harmony heaved to his feet with elaborate punctilio.

"Oh . . . hi, Benny. Aw, it's just Benny! Hi, kid!"

Fear tugged at Seaman Linn's loyal heart. Had this been any other day or any other drunk, Fireman Dunnevan would not have greeted him thus airily when caught directly in the act. Ordinarily, Fireman Dunnevan was but the humble follower. In the combination of "Force and Brains," which had made Dunnevan and Linn notorious if not famous throughout the Destroyer Force, Seaman Linn had supplied the brains.

"So you call this being a pal of mine, hunh?"

IT WAS no use. Fireman Dunnevan was bland with the stalwart beer of Mexico; exalted with the free, unfettered spirit of Ireland.

"Benny, meet a friend of mine! His name's Don Miggle Casey and he's Erish. He looks like a Mex but he's Erish! You guys shake!"

Don Miguel Casey bowed with extreme dignity. A handsome Hibernian Society badge adorned a sagging lapel; a sprig of paper shamrocks glorified his Panama hat.

"It ees a great honair! You are Ireesh also, my frien'?"

"Naw. I'm American," said Seaman Linn somewhat ungraciously.

"Benny's ma was Erish," said Tim.

Don Miguel beamed.

"Ah, to have an Ireesh mothair, señor! I myself am Ireesh through my grandfathair, General Dennis Casey!"

Mr. Timothy Dunnevan of Clancy Street, Brooklyn, waved an arm with genial grandeur.

"Don Miggle is a good guy, Benny. He's the mayor of this town and he's engaged to be married and Erish besides. Don Miggle, we ain't sung Wearin' of the Green. *Oh, Paddy dear, an' did chuh hearrr the news—*"

Seaman Linn interrupted him. It was time, he felt, for high thinking and straight talking.

"You're on duty in the U. S. Navy, Tim," he said earnestly. "Lieutenant Brophy sent me to tell you you got to report at the boat right away."

Don Miguel shook his goatee vigorously.

"No, no. I have invite my frien' Dunnevan to the fiesta! It ees St. Patreek's Day. I invite you also to the fiesta."

Fireman Dunnevan faltered momentarily before the reproachful scorn in Seaman Linn's bright blue eyes.

"I got to be polite, see, Benny? Don Miggle is throwing a big party up to his fiancée's house on account of St. Patrick's Day." He looked down proudly at his chest where the Chinese was making an occasional stroke with a paint brush. "Besides, the Chink ain't finished yet."

"SO THAT'S the way you're gonna act, is it, Tim? Just Manila over again, hunh?"

"I got to be polite, Benny."

"What's that on your chest?"

"It's a picture of St. Patrick drivin' the snakes outa Erland. These here is the snakes. He ain't put in St. Patrick yet. Get a move on, Chink, put in St. Patrick!"

The Chinese simpered modestly, as became an artist, and cleaned his paint brush with his tongue.

"I recommend my frien' Hip Hoy. I have hees St. Bridget an' the Angels here." Don Miguel tapped his breast.

Seaman Linn ignored Don Miguel. High thinking having been of no avail, Seaman Linn tried the personal touch.

"And I guess you're paying to get poisoned with our dough, hunh, Tim?"

Fireman Dunnevan drained his stein of beer.

"You know me better'n that, Benny," he protested jovially. "Don Miggle and me spent all our dough down the street. This here tattooing is on the city. Eh, Don Miggle?"

Don Miguel bowed.

"A free geeft from San Felipe. The welcome banner and the flags—they are free also. And the fiesta—it ees free also!"

"So that's the kind of a pal you are, Tim? Sneaking off the ship and spending dough that was half mine. All right, we won't say no more about it."

Seaman Linn turned sadly toward the door.

"Hey, Benny, where you going? Hey, now, Benny—"

"All right. I just found you out. We won't say no more about it. I thought you was my buddy—"

This was too much for Fireman Dunnevan. Realization of his baseness and disloyalty and ingratitude smote him. He lunged from the barber's chair and grabbed Seaman Linn by the shoulder.

"I'll pay you the dough back, Benny."

"It ain't the dough, Tim. I just found you out, that's all. No brains and no character. And I thought you was my best buddy—"

"Yerse! I am your best buddy, I am so." Tim appealed to Don Miguel. "Ain't I his best buddy? Why, Benny, Don Miggle and me has been drinking your health all morning!"

SEAMAN LINN pulled away coldly. "No buddy of mine that's got no regard for the high ideals of the U. S. Navy and goes crazy drunk—"

"Drunk? *Me?* Drunk?"

"—and tries to get hisself poisoned in Chink tattoo shops and is a disgrace to the Service—"

Fireman Dunnevan's honest brown eyes watered with tears of penitence. He turned to the Chinese.

"I'll get this job done some other time, see?"

Chinese and Don Miguel exchanged amazed glances.

"Thees tattoo, it ees not satisfactory, my frien'?"

"No, it ain't," said Seaman Linn, handing Tim his shirt and jumper. "Tim's already got the map of Ireland on his left shoulder and it itches him every hot day. He's got no more time to be clowning around. He's on duty, see?"

Sheepishly Fireman Dunnevan said to his friend Don Miggle: "I got to be going, see? But maybe I can get liberty this aft. Sure glad to of met up with you, Don Miggle. If you're ever up to San Diego let me know."

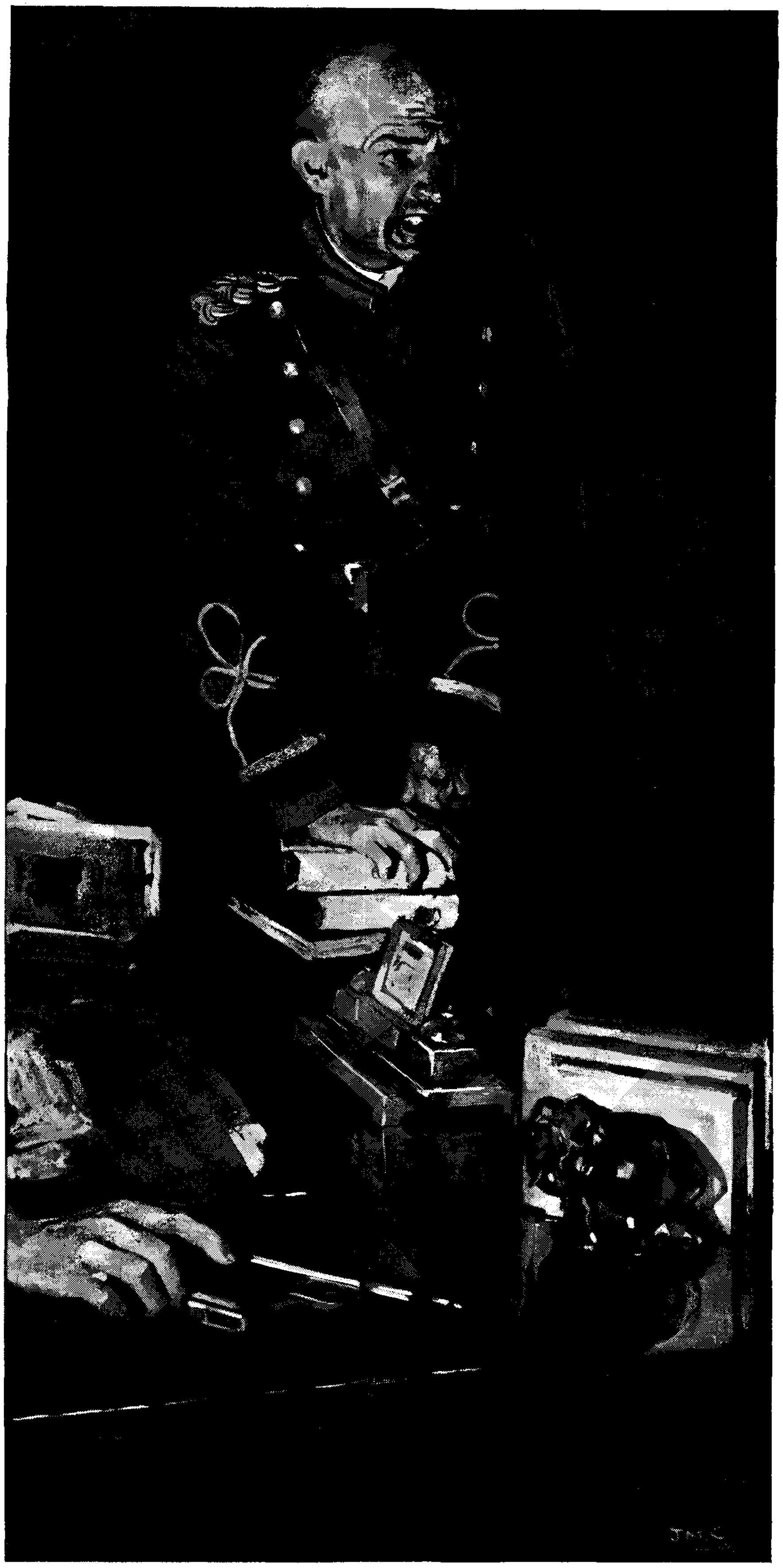
Don Miguel stood his ground, sturdily leaning on a cane. He made a speech. What of the fiesta? What of

(Continued on page 24)

The Man who Saved the World

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH M. CLEMENT



The Story Thus Far:

IN ROME, a beautiful woman shoots at, and misses, General Berati, powerful Italian political intriguer. Major Martin Fawley, American adventurer who has just undertaken a perilous secret assignment for the general, pursues and catches her. To his amazement, she is the Princess Elida di Vasena, the niece of Berati's wife! She is promptly exiled. But from that moment on, through a series of weird adventures, she is Fawley's shadow. Wondering why, the American learns:

Adolf Krust, noted German monarchist, is struggling secretly with the daring Heinrich Behrling for control of the Fatherland. The princess is one of Behrling's spies. . . . In Berlin, gathering data which will enable Berati to determine which side he should support, Fawley is hounded by both factions; the princess and Behrling urge him to swing Italy to their side; Krust makes strenuous efforts to win his friendship, his support.

Berlin in upheaval (someone makes an attempt on Behrling's life), Fawley makes a strange decision. Without reporting to Berati, he slips away to London. He knows that a devastating European war is impending; he has decided to play a dangerous game.

Puzzled and alarmed by his unexpected move, Berati sends spies on his trail. The princess arrives, asks him many questions (which he adroitly avoids answering), and gives him a dreadful shock. His brother, Michael, third secretary of the American Embassy, has, she says, sent her copies of certain confidential code messages sent from Washington!

Before they part, the princess has virtually told Fawley that she loves him; she has warned him of "some great impending event of which even the giants fear to whisper." Alone once more, Fawley, at his hotel, sends for Michael, forces him to resign from the diplomatic service, sends him off to bed in a near-by room. Before the young man leaves, the princess appears. Michael disposed of, they resume their verbal fencing. The princess informs him that he is in grave danger of assassination. As they talk, someone, mistaking Michael for his brother, shoots and wounds him. A few minutes later Prince Pietro Patoni, *Berati's secretary!* bursts in on Fawley, and Fawley disarms him. Then, as the princess closes the door: "Sit down, Prince," the American orders.

VIII

FAWLEY, gentle though he was in his methods, was running no risks. He seated himself at his desk, his weapon lying within a few inches of his fingers. Patoni was a yard or so away towards the middle of the room. Elida was on Fawley's left.

"What do you want with me, Prince Patoni?" Fawley asked.

The Italian's eyes were full of smoldering anger.

"A great deal," he answered. "General Berati has sent me here with an order which I have in my pocket—you can see it when you choose—that you accompany me at once to Rome. Furthermore, I am here to know what my cousin the Princess Elida is doing in London and particularly what she is doing in your rooms at this hour of the night."

"That is my own affair entirely," Elida declared. "He is an impertinent fellow, this cousin of mine," she went on, turning to Fawley. "He follows me about. He persecutes me. In Rome it is not permitted. There are too many of my own people there. I have a brother if I need a protector."

"Is it not true," he demanded, "that you were once engaged to me?"

"For four days," she answered. "Then I discovered that I hated your type. Proceed with your business with Major Fawley. Leave me out of it, if you please."

Patoni's eyes flamed for a moment with malignant fire. He turned his shoulder upon her and faced Fawley. For the moment he had lost his guise of the cardinal's nephew, the politician's secretary. His rasping tone, his drawn-up frame, once more recalled the cavalry officer.

"I have told you, Major Fawley," he said, "that I have in my pocket an order from General Berati requiring your immediate presence in Rome. I have an airplane waiting at Heston now. I should be glad to know whether it would be convenient for you to leave at dawn."

"Most inconvenient," Fawley answered. "Besides, I hate the early morning air. Why does the general want me before my work is finished?"

"He demands to know what part of the work he intrusted you with concerns England?"

"He will find that easy to understand later on," was the smooth rejoinder.

"I AM not talking about later on," Patoni declared harshly. "I am talking about now. I represent General Berati. You can see my mandate if you will. I am your chief. What are you doing in England when you should have taken the information you gained in Berlin direct to Rome?"

"Working still for the good of your country," Fawley assured him.

"No one has asked you to work independently for the good of our country," was the swift retort. "You have been asked to obey orders, to study certain things and report on them. Not one of these concerns England. You are not supposed to employ any initiative. You are supposed to work to orders."

"I must have misunderstood the position," Fawley observed. "I never work in that way. I preserve my own independence always. Was Berati not satisfied with me for my work on the frontier?"

"It was fine work," Patoni admitted grudgingly. "To show you that I am not prejudiced I will tell you something. Five men we have sent one after the other to check the details of your work, to confirm the startling information you submitted as to the caliber of the anti-aircraft guns and to report further upon the object of the subterranean work which has been carried to our side of the frontier. One by one they disappeared. Not one of the five has returned alive!"

"It was murder to send them," Fawley remarked. "I do not say that they might not have done as well as I did if they had been the first, but unfortunately I did not get clean away and after that the French garrison redoubled their guards."

"The matter of the frontier is finished and done with," Patoni declared. "I have no wish to sit here talking. Here are the general's instructions."

He drew a paper from his pocket and smoothed it out in front of Fawley. The latter glanced at it and pushed it away.

"Quite all right, beyond a doubt," he admitted. "The only thing is that I am not coming with you."

"YOU refuse?" Patoni demanded, his voice shaking with anger.

"I refuse," Fawley reiterated. "I am a nervous man and I have learned to take care of myself. When you introduce yourself into my apartment following close upon an attempt at assassination by one of your countrymen, I find myself disinclined to remain alone in your company during that lonely flight over the Alps, or anywhere else, in fact."

"This will mean trouble," Patoni warned him.

"What more serious trouble can it mean," Fawley asked, "than that you should commence your mission to me—if ever you had one—by having one of your myrmidons steal into my bedroom and nearly murder my brother, who was unfortunately occupying it in my place? That is a matter which has to be dealt with between you and me, Patoni."

The Italian's right hand groped for a minute to the spot where the hilt of his sword might have been.

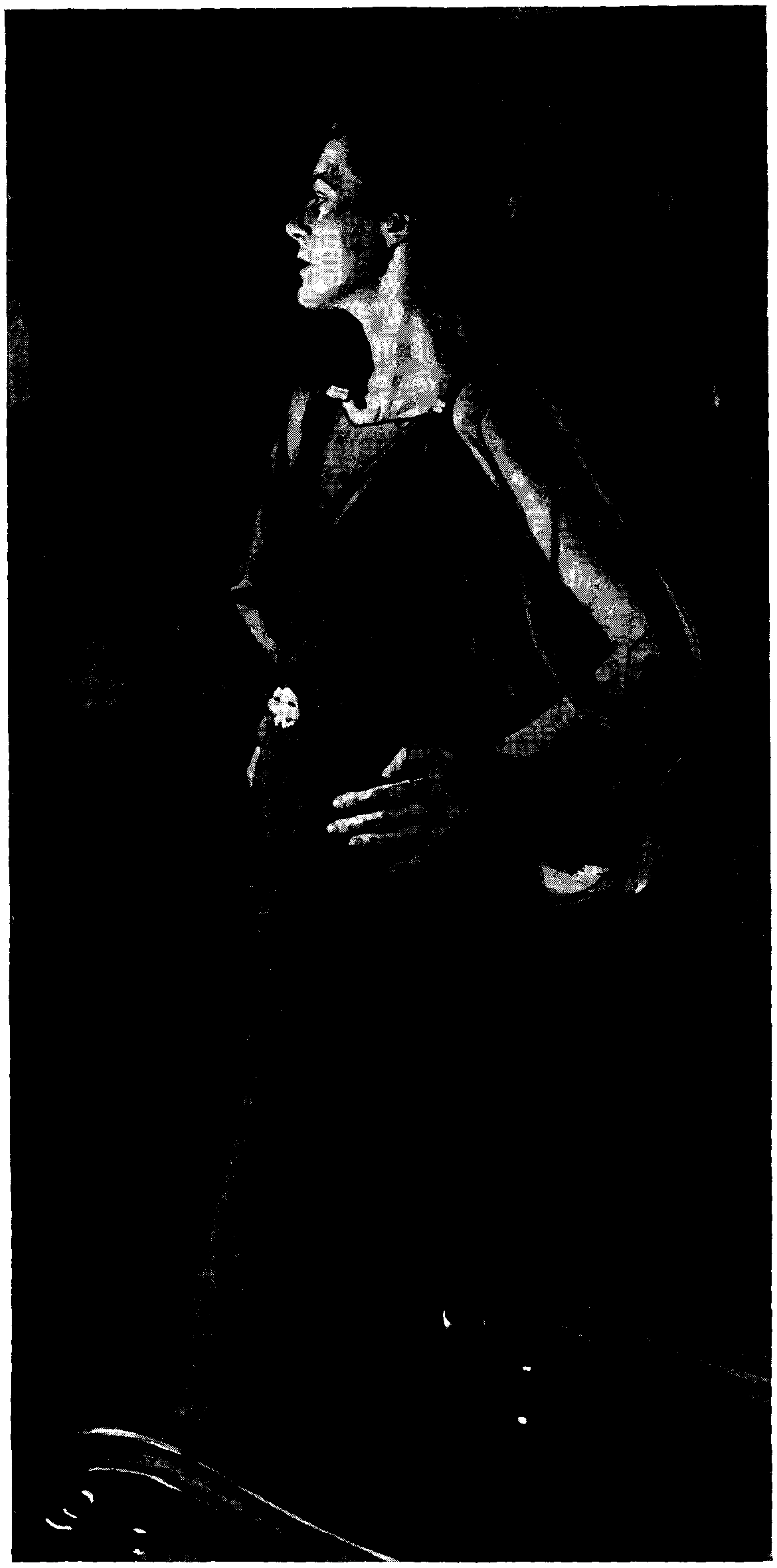
"That is a private affair," he said. "I am ready to deal with it at any time. I am a Patoni and we are in the direct line with the di Rezcos. The presence of my cousin in your rooms is a matter to be dealt with at once."

"It will be dealt with by ordering you out of them," Fawley retorted, as he pressed the bell.

Patoni sprang to his feet. He looked more than ever like some long, lean bird of prey.

"This is an insult!" he exclaimed.

Elida rose from her chair and moved



"You have put yourself hopelessly in the wrong, Pietro," she said. "A would-be assassin cannot claim to be treated as a man of honor"

over between the two men. It was her cousin whom she addressed.

"No brawling in my presence, if you please," she insisted. "You have put yourself hopelessly in the wrong, Pietro. A would-be assassin cannot claim to be treated as a man of honor."

"A would-be assassin!" he exclaimed furiously.

"I will repeat the words if you choose," she went on coldly. "I too am well served by my entourage. I know quite well that you arrived in this country with two members of Berati's guard and that it was you yourself who gave the orders for the attack upon Major Fawley."

"You are a traitress!" he declared.

"You may think what you will of me," she rejoined, "so long as you leave me alone."

"Am I to suffer the indignity, then, of finding you here alone with this American at this hour of the night?" Patoni demanded harshly.

"So far as you are concerned there is no indignity," Elida replied. "You are not concerned. I am past the age of duennas. I do as I choose."

Jenkins presented himself in answer to the bell.

"Show this gentleman out," his master instructed.

The man bowed and stood by the opened door. Patoni turned to his cousin.

"You will leave with me, Elida."

She shook her head.

"I shall leave when I am ready and I shall choose my own escort," she replied. "It will not be you!"

Patoni was very still and very quiet. He moved a few steps towards the door. Then he turned round.

"I shall report to my chief what I have seen and heard," he announced. "I think that it will cure him of employing any more mercenaries in the affairs of our country."

"I hope that at the same time he will be cured of sending offensive envoys," Fawley concluded, with a valedictory wave of the hand.

THE Right Honorable Willoughby Johns, the very harassed Prime Minister of England, fitted on a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles and studied the atlas which lay before him.

"Take a sharp pencil, Malcolm," he invited his secretary, "and trace the frontier for me from the sea upwards."

The latter promptly obeyed. The map was one which had been compiled in sections and the particular one now spread out stretched from Nice to Bordighera.

"You will find it a little irregular, sir," he warned his chief. "The road from the sea here mounts to the official building on the main thoroughfare in a fairly straight line, but after that, in the mountains, it becomes very complicated. This will doubtless be the excuse the French authorities will offer in the matter of the subterranean passages."

"And the roads?"

"There is a first-class road on the French side from a place called Sospel running in this direction, sir. The whole range of hills on the right-hand side is strongly fortified, but our military report which I was studying this afternoon at the War Office with General Burns still leaves the situation here entirely in favor of an attacking force. Fawley's latest information, however," the secretary went on, dropping his voice, "changes the situation entirely. The new French defenses starting from this bulge here, which comprise some of the finest subterranean work known, strike boldly across the frontier and now command all the slopes likely to be dangerous. If a copy of Fawley's plan should reach Italy I imagine that there would be war within twenty-four hours."

"HAS Fawley reported any fresh movements of troops in the neighborhood?"

"Major Fawley himself, as you know, sir, has been in Berlin for some short time," Malcolm replied. "So far as our ordinary sources of information are concerned we gather that everything on the Italian side is extraordinarily quiet. The French, on the other hand, have been replacing a lot of their five-year-old guns with new Creuzots at the places marked, and trains with locked wagons have been passing through Cagnes, where we have had a man stationed, every hour through the night for very nearly a fortnight. So far as we know, however, there has been no large concentration of troops."

The Prime Minister studied the atlas for some minutes and then pushed it to one side.

"Seems to me there is some mystery about all this," he observed. "Bring me Grey's textbook upon Monaco."

"I have it in my pocket, sir," the young man confided, producing the small volume. "You will see that the French have practically blotted out Monaco as an independent state. There is no doubt that they will treat the territory in any way they wish. The old barracks at the top of Mont Agel, which used to contain quite a formidable number of men and a certain strength in field artillery, have been evacuated and everything has been pushed forward towards the frontier. It would seem that the whole military scheme of defense has been changed."

The Prime Minister leaned back in his chair a little wearily.

"Telephone over to the War Office and see if General Burns is still there," he directed. "Say I should like to see him."

"Very good, sir. Is there anything more I can do?"

"Not at present. The call to Washington is through, I suppose?"

"You should be connected in half an hour, sir."

"Very well. Send in General Burns the moment he arrives."

Henry Malcolm, the doyen of private secretaries, took his leave. For another twenty minutes the Prime Minister studied the atlas with its penciled annotations and the pile of memoranda which had been left upon his desk. A queer, startling situation! No one could make out quite what it meant. Willoughby Johns, as he pored over the mass of miscellaneous detail which had been streaming in for the last forty-eight hours, was inclined to wonder whether after all there was anything in it. Another war at a moment's notice! The idea seemed idiotic. He took a turn or two up and down the room with its worn but comfortable furniture, its spacious, well-filled book shelves. His familiar environment seemed in some way a tonic against these sinister portents. . . . There was a tap at the door. Malcolm presented himself once more.

"General Burns was at the Foreign Office, sir," he announced. "He will be round in five minutes."

THE Prime Minister nodded. He glanced at his watch. Still only seven o'clock. A telephone message from Washington to wait for and he had been up at six. He listened to the subdued roar of traffic on the Buckingham Palace Road and the honking of taxis in the park. Men going home after their day's work, without a doubt, home to their wives and children. Or calling perhaps at the club for a cheerful rubber of bridge and a whisky-and-soda. What a life! What peace and rest for harassed nerves! Dash it all, he would have a whisky-and-soda himself! He rang the bell twice. A solemn but sympathetic-looking butler presented himself.

"Philpott," his master ordered, "a whisky-and-soda—some of the best whisky you have."

"Very good, sir," the man replied, rather startled. "Would you care for a biscuit as well, sir?"

"Certainly. Two or three biscuits."

"Mr. Malcolm was saying that you had canceled the dinner with the Cordonas Company tonight, sir."

"Quite right," Willoughby Johns assented. "No time for public dinners just now. I will have something here later on after the call from Washington has been put through."

The man took his departure only to make very prompt reappearance. The whisky-and-soda was excellent. The Prime Minister drank it slowly and appreciatively. He made up his mind that he would have one every night at this hour. He hated tea. It was many hours since lunch, at which he had drunk one glass of light hock. Of course he needed sustenance. All the doctors, too, just now were preaching alcohol, including his own. Nevertheless, he felt a little guilty when General Burns was ushered in.

"Come in, General," he welcomed him. "Glad I caught you. Take a chair."

Burns, the almost typical soldier, a man of quick movements and brusque speech, took the chair to which he was motioned.

(Continued on page 47)

The Golden Empress

Harald the Unruly came out of the sea unheralded; but all Constantinople watched him go. With him he took a girl; behind him he left—an Empress

By Harold Lamb

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVE TENGGREN

THE dust of the last chariot race settled slowly. One side of the hippodrome became a tumult of waving green and exultant shouting. The favorite green had won.

Slaves ran beside the sweating, rearing horses as the slender chariots were led past the *kathisma*, the imperial box at the north end of the great arena. But Zoë, the Empress, did not glance at them. She was disappointed because all that afternoon there had been no spill.

She felt aggrieved by the tame ending of the last race. Listless, she lay on a couch scented with oil of poppies, beneath the heavy purple canopy that kept the harsh light of day from her face. Only her handmaidens, who labored in her attiring-rooms that were veritable laboratories of perfumes and unguents, knew the pains by which that face preserved its beauty. Her court and the world of Constantinople believed that Zoë had discovered the secret of everlasting youth; her maidens knew better.

Vain she was, and amorous. The lovers of her youth had grown gray and paunchy by now. These days it pleased Zoë to select mighty men from among the officers of the palace guard and the gladiators, to take them to the deserted throne room. There she clothed them in the Emperor's jeweled mantle and seated them beside her on the throne.

Her city of Constantinople was the queen city of the world, the ghost of the Rome that had been overrun by barbarians seven centuries before. The people liked her because she was magnificent and careless and generous. She gave away islands to her courtiers and golden shields to the barbarian Goths who pleased her. In amusing herself she entertained all Constantinople, with water festivals on the Bosporus, and especially the games in the hippodrome. Secretly, she longed for the vaster amusements of the Cæsars of Rome—who had matched war galleys in mimic sea fights, and had armed women with swords and spears to struggle for their lives in the arena. That, Zoë thought, would be stimulating.

"What is that?" she demanded.

Below her, at the entrance of the royal box, a group of men had pushed past the guards. These men towered above the guards; they had long hair and wore uncouth mantles. Fair, grim men they were, who walked with long strides toward some empty seats.

Their leader was young. The skin of his throat gleamed white against the fiery red of his hair, and he laughed as he came forward.

THE black boys swinging the peacock feather fans behind the Empress ceased their motion. The eunuch who sat at her feet veiled his eyes as he turned toward her, as if dazed by looking into the sun.

"Radiant Magnificence," the eunuch sucked in his breath respectfully, "they are some new barbarians. I will have them driven out—"

He was rising to hasten down to do this when Zoë cried to him impatiently: "Nay, fool, summon them here."

But the eunuch, surprisingly, hesitated. "They are war-wagers from the sea. They have not set foot in Constantinople before. Their leader is called the Unruly, and if it please Your Magnificence—"

"Then bring the chieftain alone." All that the eunuch said only made Zoë more determined to meet the red-haired giant who had pushed past her guards.

The man called the Unruly uttered an exclamation in his deep voice. Zoë wondered what he might be. She knew the yellow-maned Goths who served in the army, the fierce Alans and the Bulgars and the silent Tatars, but she had never encountered a barbarian so masterful as this flaming-eyed youth who stood poised upon her platform as if it were the after deck of a ship at sea—he the master of the ship.

"By Sergius and Bacchus," she said, "what is he? Fetch me some one who knows his speech."

The eunuch vanished, leaving the red chieftain and the Empress contemplating one the other in silence. He returned with an English officer of the *cataphracts*, the mailed cavalry of Constantinople. The officer wore a gilded breastplate and a helmet with scarlet plumes, and he raised the back of his hand to his eyes as he bowed before Zoë's couch. The barbarian looked at him in surprise.

"ASK him what man he is, whence he cometh, and why he thrusts aside my guards to seek me," she demanded.

The English mercenary spoke to the stranger, who considered a moment. Then, raising his head, he began to chant:

"*On the long ways of the sea,*
On a steed of the sea,
Harald the Unruly
Rode the dark billows
To the city of gold.
No man could stand
In the sea king's path—"

"He sings," the officer lied discreetly to Zoë, "his amazement at the beauty of the Most Imperial. He hath sailed many seas and looked upon the faces of the women of a dozen cities, yet never hath he beheld so fair a face."

"Who is he?" Zoë asked, pleased.

"The younger brother of a Norse king, driven from his own land to seek his fortune upon the sea." The officer had heard of the exploits of this dour Harald who had raised havoc along the shores of the Mediterranean.

Zoë glanced up at the Norseman. "How crude and how daring! Truly he must have a gift for his song. Maria, give the royal barbarian something from the table—that enameled cup."

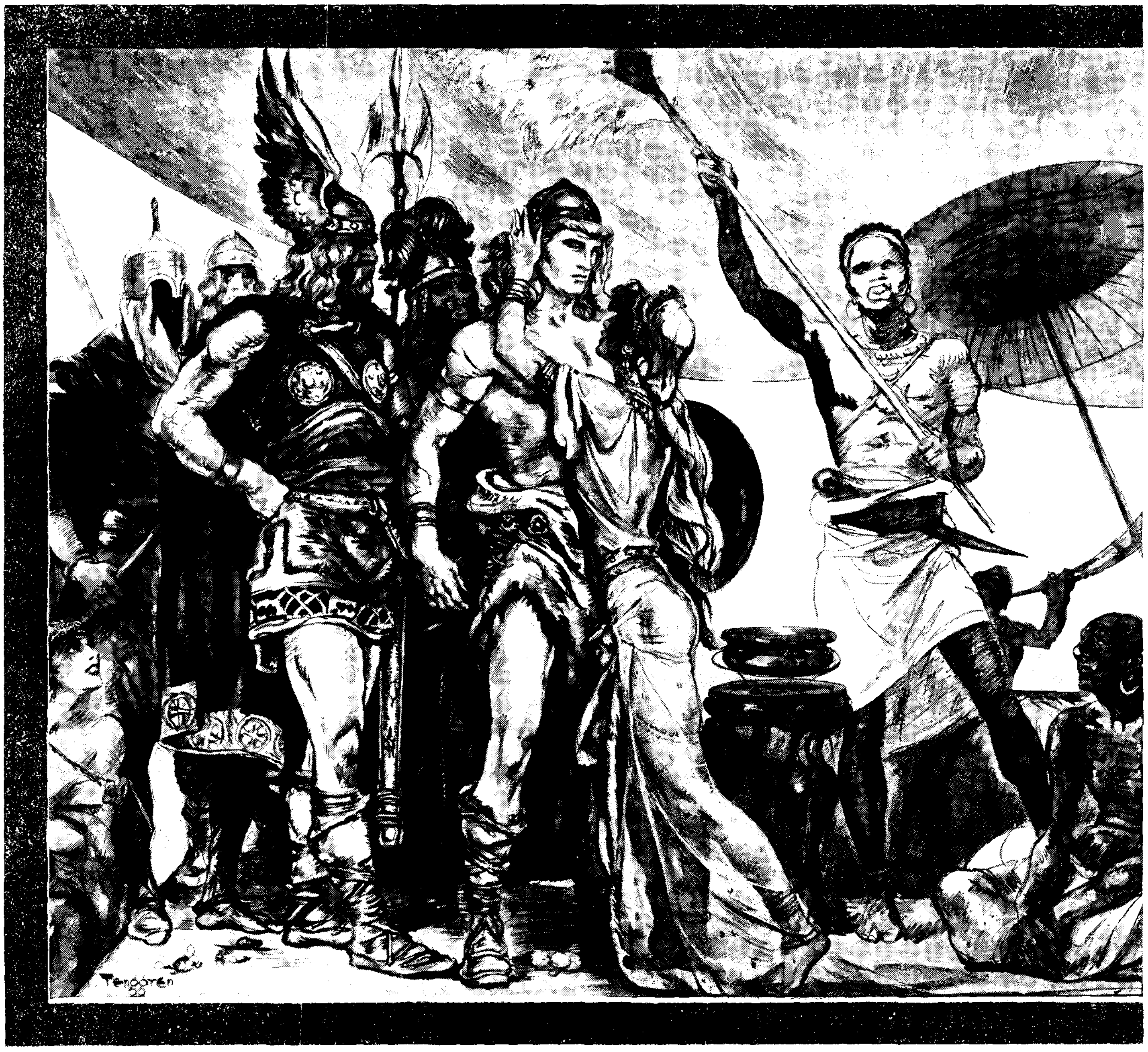
From the obscurity behind the couch a quiet girl rose, picking up a goblet.

"Witless!" exclaimed Zoë. "Fill it with wine of Chios for him!"

Harald the Unruly took the goblet readily enough. "Hail!" he cried, and quaffed it down. When he handed it back to the girl, she shook her head. Perhaps because all the people were looking at her, and she dreaded the anger of the Empress, her aunt, a flush spread from her throat into her cheeks. Harald considered her in silence.

"Stupid!" whispered Zoë. "Did I say to make eyes at this great brute? Go back to thy place."

The girl turned away quickly, and the English officer explained to the stranger.



Zoë sprang up, yearning toward him. She caught his head between her hands. "My strong one! O mightiest of men, thou art sore hurt!"

"Nay, Lord Harald, the cup is thine—a gift from the Empress."

Harald smiled. It was a rare and goodly cup. When he smiled, his bleak eyes softened. From his bare arm he pulled the gold ring inscribed with runes and offered it to Zoë.

"Say, thou with the feathers," he demanded, "where sits the Emperor who is overlord of all this?"

"There is no overlord. She, the Empress, rules alone."

"A woman!" Harald could not understand how a woman without a husband could keep order in a city so vast that all the men of Norway would not people it. The army of the Norse king would not fill a single side of this arena.

"It is clear," he remarked, "that the man who could win this Empress for a bride would sit in honor."

"Ay," the Englishman admitted, "if he could rule this Empress."

THAT, Harald thought, would be simple to do. Women could manage about a homestead well enough, and rear children, but no woman could be mightier than a man.

Zoë knew that they were talking about her. She no longer felt listless; in fact, she was conscious of a thrill of interest as she tried the great ring of the Norse chieftain on her slender arm. "Ask him," she demanded, "what he thinks of my sports?"

Both men turned to look down at the arena. Small figures were struggling, in couples, upon the raked-over sand. Some were striking with lead-bound fists, others were wrestling. Down the straightaway athletes hurled javelins high into the air, while clowns dressed in the skins of beasts ran away in pretended fear.

The Englishman knew that this Harald could cast a spear sixty paces with either hand. He could go round a ship on the oars when the men were rowing.

"He says," the Englishman informed Zoë, "that all this is sport for slaves."

Zoë pouted. She rather agreed with the strange warrior, but it piqued her that the Norse chieftain should be contemptuous of her athletes.

"Let Antiochus appear—at once!" she commanded, sitting up.

Presently the crowd also stirred, and a shout went up. The fist-fighters withdrew from the arena before the imperial box, and a strange figure walked into the cleared space. A heavy, round helmet covered his head and the nape of his neck. His right arm and shoulder were incased in scale mail, held in place by leather bands. A kilt of silvered scales covered his hips. His left arm bore a small, round shield, and his right hand held a short, straight sword.

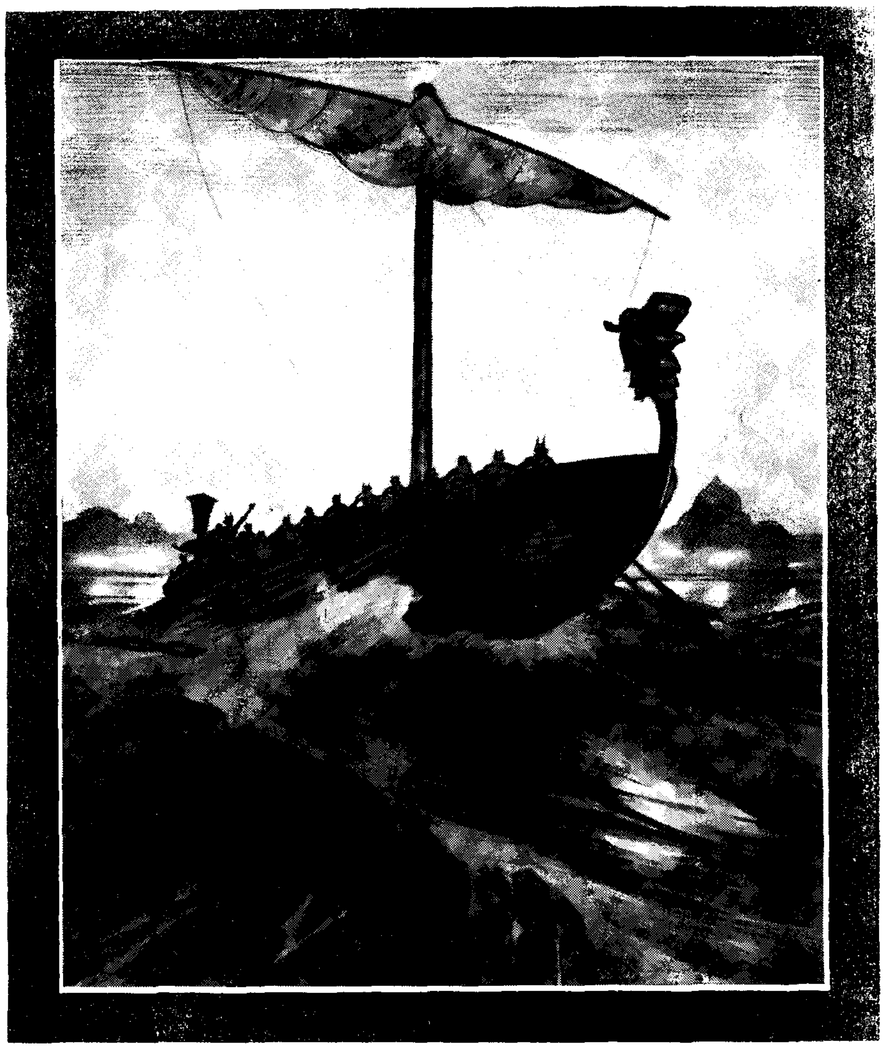
Coming below the Empress, he sheathed his sword and extended his right arm toward her, as he called out something in a deep voice.

"He says," the Englishman whispered to Harald, "that he, who is about to die, salutes the Empress."

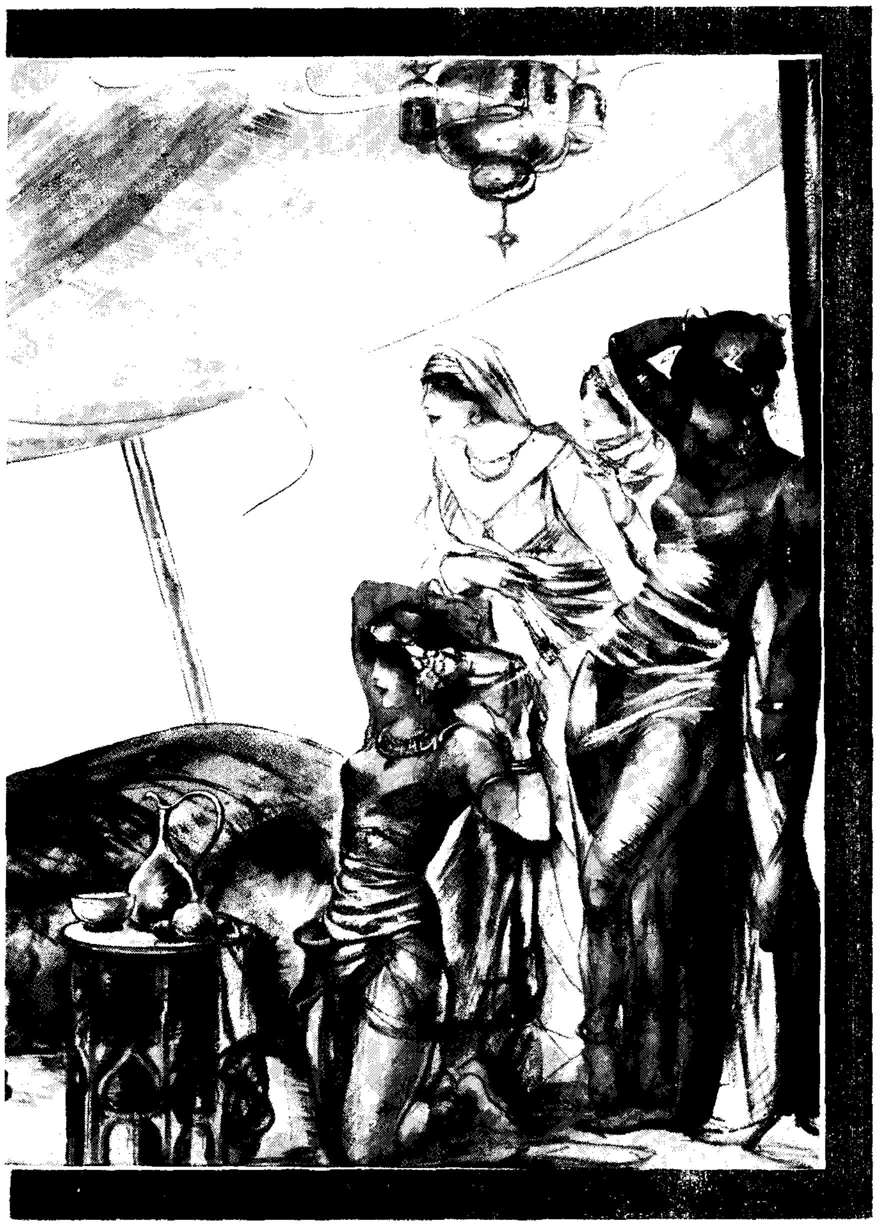
"What is he?" Harald asked in surprise.

"A gladiator. A swordsman."

Silence settled down upon the arena when Antiochus the gladiator faced his opponent, an Ethiopian, naked to the waist, armed with a longer sword but without a shield. The big black soon worked himself into a frenzy, leaping in and out with the swiftness of a panther.



The dragon ship rushed upon the chain. The keel grated and the narrow craft swayed to a stop. The fore part of the ship creaked ominously



Zoë, biting hard upon her lip, leaned forward, her eyes glued to the bodies of the two men. But Harald, after the first moment, understood that the Ethiopian was doomed. In spite of his physical strength and quickness, he handled his weapon clumsily. Antiochus, although he kept his sword and shield close to his body and hardly seemed to move, was the faster fighter, and at home with steel. . . . Suddenly the gladiator's short sword licked out and thrust deep into the heaving chest of the black. Antiochus stepped back and looked up at the imperial box.

AS ZOË extended her hand, thumb down, she felt a pleasant, irresistible thrill. In spite of the stupid priests who protested every time she did this, she could not resist the final thrill that her ancestors, the Cæsars of Rome, had enjoyed without restraint.

The crowd rose to its feet, jostling to see down into the arena. Women bit at their clenched hands, their faces flushed.

The tall Ethiopian was sitting down, as if tired. Antiochus sheathed his sword and drew a slender dagger. Going to the wounded black, he cut the man's throat with a deft slash and blood spurted out upon the sand.

"Ah," Zoë whispered. "Antiochus!"

Then the imperial box below her surged violently. The Norse chieftain was leaping down from bench to bench, thrusting nobles and servants aside. He vaulted the arena rail and strode toward Antiochus, who was wiping the dagger clean.

"It was a foul stroke," Harald said, "to slit the gullet of a stricken man."

Antiochus merely looked at him. The gladiator did not understand the Norseman's speech. So Harald dealt him a buffet against the jaw and he fell heavily. With startling swiftness he got to his feet, his sword out, his heavy face a mask of rage. Standing before him, Harald saw how broad he was in the shoulders, and how the muscles knotted when he moved his arm.

One after the other the ten Norsemen leaped the rail, to run to their chieftain. They drew their swords and lifted their shields and they formed a ring about Harald. Greek guards and officers had rushed into the arena, to come between the fighters. Above the tumult Zoë's high voice was heard, and presently the Englishman thrust his way through to Harald.

"Art mad, lordling?" he grunted. "To strike the gladiator! Now, the Empress bids thee to her box."

By then the guards hemmed in the Norsemen, separating them from the fighters of the arena. Harald accompanied the Englishman back to Zoë, who stared at him with new interest. The afternoon had proved a delightful surprise to her.

She explained that Antiochus had challenged to a death combat the barbarian who had struck him.

"IT SEEMS to me," Harald answered, "that he goes about it with much bother. He struck a foul blow before me, and that will be his bane. Call off these gilt lads, thy guardsmen, and we will fight easily enough."

"Knowest thou," she retorted, "that Antiochus hath fought more than three score? Some escaped with wounds and some he maimed, but eight and twenty he hath slain."

"Then it is time he met his match."

"If you must—" Zoë thought how entrancing it would be to see two such men in a death struggle. To see this violent youth cut down by the invincible gladiator, or to watch Antiochus meet his end there below her in the sand

(Continued on page 32)

Woman in Love

By Kathleen Norris

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ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

The Story Thus Far:

JUST out of a convent, young, utterly innocent, Tamara Todhunter, a lovely San Francisco girl, is cruelly betrayed by a handsome blackguard who, after imploring her to marry him, suddenly deserts her. Nine years pass. Tamara, now San Francisco's leading actress, receives a proposal of marriage from the brilliant George Davis, prominent candidate for the district attorneyship. She loves Davis; and, after she has told him her story (omitting the name of the man, at his insistence), they are married.

Before their marriage, however, they make an amazing discovery: Mary Hutton, the lovely widow with whom "Mary Laurence," Tamara's child, has been living since her birth, is George Davis' long-lost mother! . . . Blissfully happy on their honeymoon, Tamara and George return to San Francisco. Awaiting Tamara is a frantic letter from Maynard Mallory, a motion-picture actor. He has, as all the world knows, been jailed on a charge of murdering his wife. He insists that Tamara persuade her husband to defend him—*to defend him, the father of Tamara's child!*

Loathing the man, but hoping to protect Tamara and Mary against the possibility of his blurting out what he knows, George defends him. The jury cannot agree. A second trial, to end after the elections, must be held. Certain that he will soon be district attorney (he is actually elected before the trial terminates), he turns the case over to another attorney. And Mallory is found guilty of murder in the first degree.

Again the man turns to Tamara and George for help. In prison, where they visit him, he grows vindictive, threatens blackmail. Whereupon, angered by one of his insulting remarks, George knocks him down. Striking his head as he falls, Mallory is seriously injured. Rushed to a hospital, he dies!

George is promptly arrested, charged with manslaughter. Obviously, neither he nor Tamara can tell *why* the blow was struck—they must protect little Mary. George is tried, convicted, sent to prison. . . . Living only for the day when the man she loves is released, Tamara accepts a motion-picture contract; then, more popular than ever before, resumes her stage work. Again and again she makes frantic efforts to see the governor, to put the facts before him; the governor rigidly declines to receive her.

On Christmas Eve, Tamara drives to San Quentin Penitentiary. The governor's Christmas pardon list has been published; George's name is not on the list. Tamara breaks the news to him, then, after a brief talk, drives slowly back to San Francisco.

Conclusion

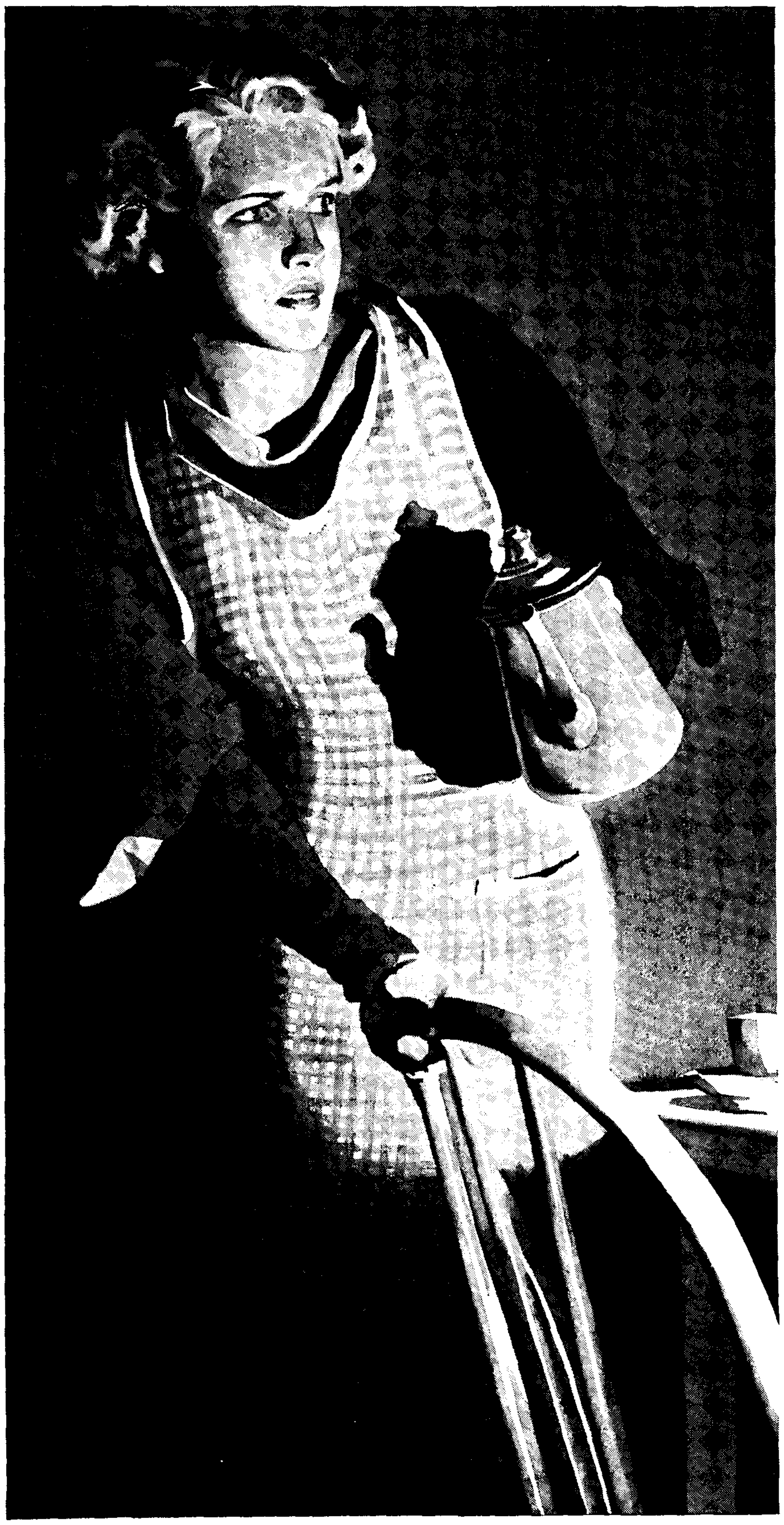
CHILDREN were boiling all over the house; evergreen ropes had been put up; there was a great burst of holly in a jar in the entrance hall, and fires roared everywhere. A truck at the side door had stopped to deliver one great package after another; an outraged maid, enjoying herself thoroughly, was arguing with the young Italian gardener as to the muddy tracks of his boots.

Someone had to carry the wreaths across to the church; someone else had forgotten the ribbon. Billy could go back—Ann had to telephone Geraldine and she might want to go along so *please* Billy was to wait; Bobby must help Lizzie in the dining-room. Before Tamara, cold and smiling and keeping up her end as well as she could, had been fairly welcomed and drawn in to the fire, she had seen them all milling about her, had been introduced to hilarious cousins—the Max Martells from San Francisco, the Emburys from San Rafael—had seen the majestic old mother descend from an upper region demanding that everyone stop everything and listen to Katy's letter, and had shared an argument opened by the Chinese cook, appearing from the kitchen regions with a large spoon in his ivory old hand, and carried on with everyone generally in a half-laughing and half-scandalized fashion.

"We must get another turkey, then," Ellen Martell said decisively, concluding it, and to Billy junior she added calmly: "Billy, you must go down to Palo Alto and get a fourteen- or fifteen-pound turkey. And Ann, you and Jane must get whatever you want for the games at the five-and-ten; we'll all go away for lunch tomorrow, or else we'll skip lunch—*that's* what we'll do, we'll skip lunch; we'll be late at breakfast because of presents and everything, and nobody'll want any lunch! That'll give Lizzie and Yen plenty of time in the kitchen, and our being twenty-six won't matter—"

"Our being *what?*" Tam demanded with enjoyment.

"Well, it looks as if we'd be twenty-six, now," Ellen said, pausing. Her hair was in disorder, her hands stained with the hard oils of evergreen and holly; her dress was spattered with water and mayonnaise and the pale pink of cranberry sauce. "Ann, tie up your presents—you and Jane both, before you go!" she went on firmly. "And don't *anybody* go *near* the old garage under *any* conditions!"



Her heart leaped into her throat at the sound of a voice. But it was only a black cat, as welcome almost as a friend in this silent, dark hour

"And are you having a good time!" Tam said affectionately, as she and her hostess went upstairs. "You don't have to come up with me, Ellen," she added. "I know my way about."

"Oh, I've nothing to do now," Ellen Martell assured her, sinking wearily into a chair. "Billy'll be here any minute; he's bringing Max. Max's wife has gone to her sister in Portland, but the children are here. Billy's sister and her husband arrived about ten minutes before you did; they're cleaning up. The only thing I have to do," she added in a musing tone, speaking to herself, "is sharpen those pencils—maybe Bob would do that for me—"

TAMARA took off her outer things and brushed her soft hair into a mop. Her room was pleasantly warm and orderly and quiet; outside the windows bare branches stood motionless in the Christmas Eve cold.

"I hear the tour was a success, Tam."

"Yes, rather to everyone's surprise. The play is full of hokum, but people seem rather to like hokum. Funny thing," Tam said, "when you are young you are surprised if everything isn't a success, and when you get older you're mildly surprised if anything is."

"Seventy isn't old," Ellen said dryly. Tam laughed.

"I'll be thirty on my next birthday," she said. And unexpectedly and a little incoherently she added, "George will be thirty-seven on his next birthday."

"He doesn't seem that old," Ellen said. Tamara spoke heavily, dully.

"He looked that today."

"Ah, yes; you saw him today," Ellen observed, watching her.

Tamara sighed, staring into space.

"He looks terrible, Ellen," she said.

"George is as strong as a horse," Ellen offered rather timidly.

"I know. It isn't his bodily strength," Tam said, with an impatient, restless movement of her head as if she tried to jerk away an actual pain. "It's—I don't know," she interrupted herself to say thickly, fighting a sudden uprush of tears. "Perhaps I just imagine it, but it seems to me he's changing—breaking. George never was meek—today he seemed—when one of the guards spoke to him—to be different. It's killing him," Tam managed to stammer before the wild burst of crying overwhelmed her and she got to her feet and went blindly to the window.

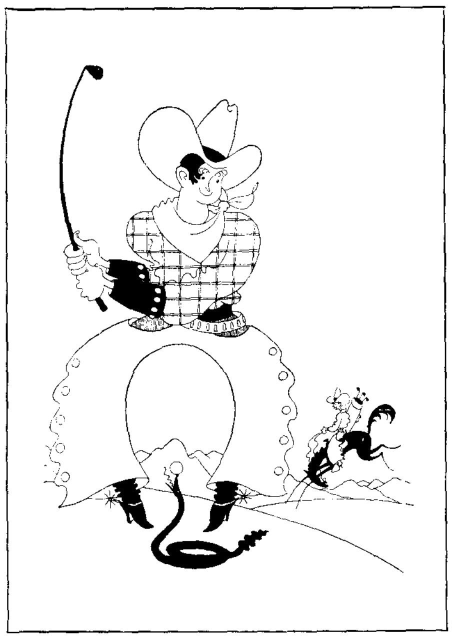
"It's terrible!" Ellen said, distressed. For a long while neither spoke.

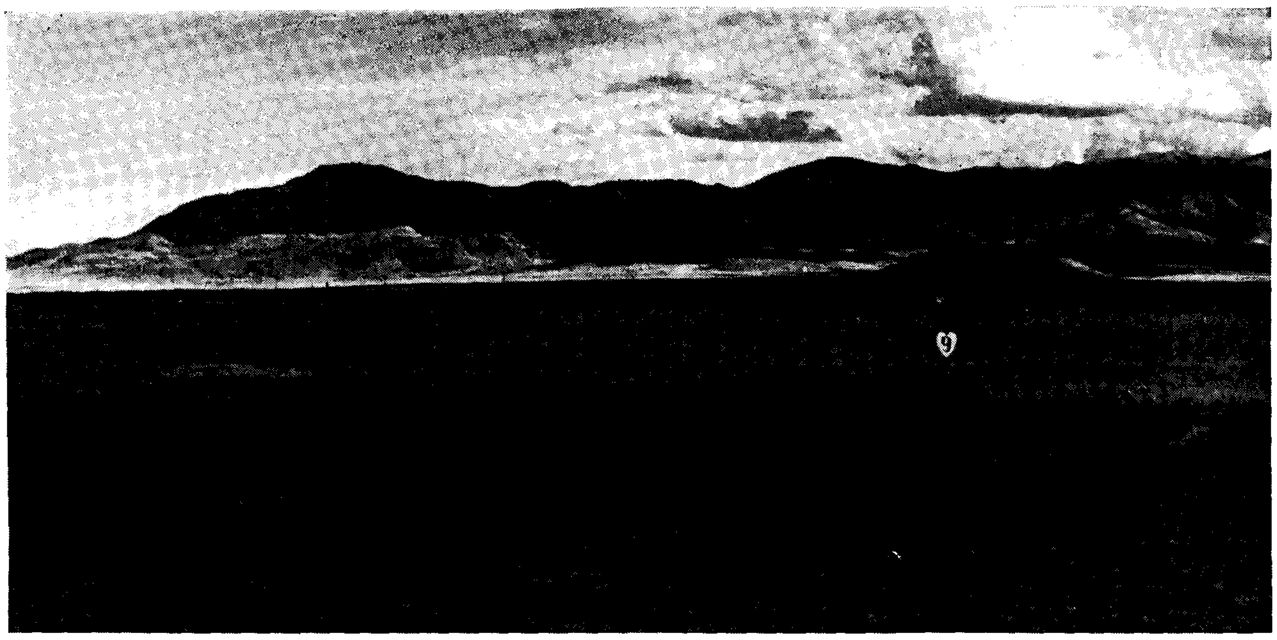
"MAYBE I feel it more at Christmas," Tam said, coming back with her face stained with tears and her lips still trembling. She sat down, drying her eyes, swallowing hard. "But to love *him* so," she faltered, "and to see all the other women so happy and busy today—and to have to drive away and leave him there, with the locks clanging and the whole place smelling of sickness and carbolic and onion stew! No big chair and no fire and no one to pour him a cup of coffee—!"

"Don't, Tam! When it's once over, you and George will laugh about it," Ellen said, touching with a timid hand the head that was suddenly bowed in a fresh burst of grief.

"Oh, no; we'll never laugh about it!" Tam said, raising herself again, wiping her eyes, staring again into space.

(Continued on page 50)





Ninth green on the Carrizozo course. These oiled greens are probably the best sand greens in the world

Cow Pasture Pool

By Quentin Reynolds

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

Get out your clubs and we'll play around the Carrizozo course. You'll need two caddies and plenty of nerve; you may sneer a little at the fairways, but you'll never see a more important golf course

CARRIZOZO GOLF CLUB
Non-Members please pay Greens fee at Club House before teeing off.

The entrance to the Carrizozo club, 6,500 feet above sea level

The one-room adobe clubhouse, the scene of much over-the-bar golf

PERCH MOUTH GORTON walked into a saloon on Garrett Street and his eyes were as cold as black marble.

"Has Slim Sanchez been in today?" he asked the bartender, and there was something in his voice that caused the three card players who were sitting around a table in a corner to stiffen.

"No, but he usually comes in about this time," the bartender said. "Are you looking for him, Perch Mouth?"

"Yes, I'm looking for him," Perch Mouth rasped, and his right hand dropped to his belt and his fingers fondled the handle of a .45 that hung there.

The bartender whistled softly under his breath. He was nervous, for this was in Carrizozo ten years ago and Carrizozo has always been a frontier town and in frontier towns a gun is considered the final point in any argument. This is especially true in Lincoln County, New Mexico, for the memory of the Lincoln County war fought back in the 1880's is still fresh in the minds of the descendants of those who fought under the banner of Sheriff Pat Garrett as well as those who killed and were killed as they fought under the flag of the frontier bad men.

Ten years ago Carrizozo was a town of 800, half Mexican. Today Carrizozo is a town of 800, half Mexican. Carrizozo is girdled by the towering Jicarilla Mountains. El Capitan looms to the east, purple-crested but mottled and scarred below by the blistering flame of New Mexico suns. Lone Peak stands in solitary splendor to the north and the boughs of the twisted cedars which blanket it are scorched by the dawns and sunsets which have sprayed golden shafts of heat upon them. Carrizozo stands alone in the Carrigo Flat just as it stood that fateful day when Billy the Kid, most infamous of all Southwestern outlaws, roared through its dusty streets on his way to an unanticipated rendezvous with death at near-by Fort Sumner. Thus—Carrizozo fifty years ago, and thus—Carrizozo on that sun-drenched afternoon ten years ago when Perch Mouth Gorton walked into the little saloon on Garrett Street looking for Slim Sanchez.

So it was that the bartender's hand shook a little bit as he poured Perch Mouth a drink. So it was that the three card players hunched over the table, tense, apprehensive. They knew Perch Mouth for a man of sudden temper, a good cowboy, yes, but a man whose trigger finger was nervous.

Then—the swinging-door opened and a blast of fiery air invaded the coolness of the saloon. Slim Sanchez was whistling as he entered. His slim legs were hidden by heavy cowhide chaps; a wide sombrero was on his head and a red bandanna partially hid the deep tan of his neck.

Bad Men with Good Ideas

"I've been looking for you, Slim," Perch Mouth said, and the bartender moved quickly to a far end of the bar. There was surprise but no fear in the eyes of Slim Sanchez. There was bewilderment in them too. Yesterday Gorton had been his friend. Now . . .

"Well, here I am, Perch Mouth," Sanchez said carelessly, but he too was tense now.

"Yesterday," Perch Mouth said, and his words cut through the heat-laden air, "I lent you my golf clubs. You sent them back to the ranch last night and the No. 2 club was bent and its head was scratched and its shaft was splintered. How come?"

Slim Sanchez relaxed a bit and he spoke slowly. "I don't blame you for feeling sore, Perch Mouth. But let me tell you what happened. I drove off the second tee and hooked the ball into the mesquite over by that arroyo. I am just about to hit the ball with that No. 2 club when I hear a buzz and a seven-foot diamond-back makes a strike at me. Luckily he fangs my chaps and I swing at him with the club. There ain't another stick lying around. He coils again and I go after him. Better kill diamond-backs dead—you know that, Perch Mouth—and I have to larrup him twenty times before he's through. I made a mess out of that club, I know. It was a big rattler though, Perch Mouth." He reached into his pocket. "Fifteen rattlers and a button. Look at them. Give them to that youngster of yours. I know he collects rattlers."

"Okay, Slim," Perch Mouth said, taking the rattles. "Hell, you know how I feel about them clubs. Why, there's only two sets in town. I hate to see a good club busted up but as long as it was to kill a rattler, well, that's all right. What are you having?"

"A tall one," Slim said, and the bartender came up from the end of the bar and the card players relaxed and went on with their game. And over their drinks the two cowboys talked about golf. Sanchez told of his round yesterday; of how some fool cow wandered onto the third green just as he was

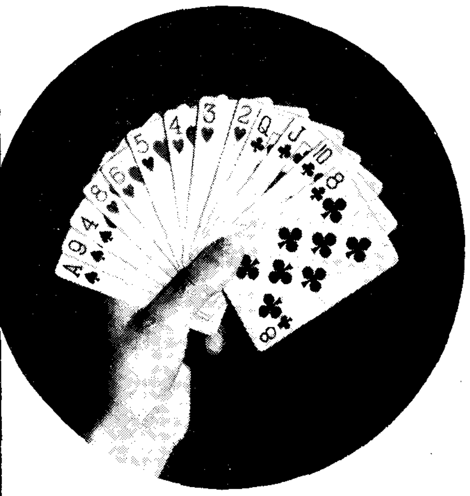
(*Continued on page 36*)

GETTING men on the bases cannot win a ball game. Runs must be produced by bringing them home. Making a fine plan of campaign cannot win a war. The general must have soldiers who can carry out his plan. A million-dollar business idea isn't worth a cent to the man who is unable to promote the details of it. And perfect bidding in contract bridge is wasted unless the declarer can play the cards well enough to take the necessary tricks.

Most bridge players think of contract as a bidding contest. They hardly seem to realize that it is primarily a game of playing the cards, and that the bidding is merely an effort to forecast the play.

The lure of contract bridge runs much deeper and appeals to something much more basic in human nature than the mere thrill of speculation in trying to prophesy the result of something about to occur. It lies in the reason why people play games at all, the love of contest. Contract accentuates this factor more than any other game ever devised by mankind, since it is the only game which tends to produce a close contest at every stage.

In auction, the player who bid one heart or one no trump could score a game or slam by the simple expedient of taking enough tricks. While he was busy taking them, the adversaries would get slight joy from the proceedings. To all intents and purposes, they were helpless while the holder of the stronger cards played to see how big his score would be. They had no chance at all to tally for their own side, and could only look forward to the next deal.



Don't Wait for a "Sure Thing"

Contract has changed all of this. The holders of those big hands are no longer able to score a game or slam unless they bid it. Consequently they must strive to get as high as they feel their cards justify. In doing so, they arrive at declarations with a certain amount of risk involved. They can't afford to underbid or reach only the "sure thing" stage. If they do, they waste their opportunities, while opponents who take a sane amount of chance will have them soundly beaten by the time the "sure thing" eventually arrives. Underbidding is not conservatism, but the rankest kind of overconfidence, proclaiming that "we are so good we can throw away our opportunities and still win." The effort toward accuracy is the only conservative policy.

Thus it is that good players generally wind up in contracts which they have a fair chance to make, but which may possibly be defeated. In trying to make the most of the good cards allotted to them, they have put the other side right into the game, so to speak, and given them a possible whack at scoring themselves, even with their few poor little cards. In a nutshell, the very nature of the game has automatically awarded the weaker side a handicap enabling it to battle the better-equipped opponents on something like an even basis.

The result is keener play of the cards. Clear on through a hand, the defense keeps on its toes, striving with might and main to wring out the trick which may beat the declarer. He in turn, with a tough job to perform, has to strain every energy to make his objective and reap the reward for which his side has bid, knowing that the slightest slip may hand the opposition a score instead. Paradoxically enough, the more stringent requirements of contract bidding have added interest to the play by making it a real combat.

One of the greatest ambitions of a good contract player is to be known as a "trick stealer," who can get away with an extra trick by some kind of fine play when ordinary tactics would spell his defeat. Some show this ability in the work of declarers, others star on the defense and a much smaller number combine both types of canniness.

Probably one of the meanest defenses ever put up against a hopeful young contractor was furnished by Walter Beinecke, of the Whist Club in New York, on this hand.

North
S. 9 8 7 4
H. K Q J 5
D. J 6
C. A 7 5

West
S. 6
H. A 7 6 4 2
D. 10 8 2
C. Q 10 4 3

East
S. A 5 2
H. 8
D. Q 9 7 5 4 3
C. K 8 6

South
S. K Q J 10 3
H. 10 9 3
D. A K
C. J 9 2

With the bidding of one spade by South, three hearts by North, three spades by South and four spades by North, it looked from the West as if the game was easy unless a desperate defense would work. So the heart ace was led, followed by the deuce in the hope of a ruff, which materialized. Mr. Beinecke in the East now counted his partner for exactly five hearts; with only four he would not have led the suit; with six he might have bid them while not vulnerable. Hence the deuce was the fifth best, indicating possession of a possible side entry in clubs; had a card higher than the fourth-best, such as the seven, been led, it would have indicated the higher ranking diamonds as the better chance for a side entry.

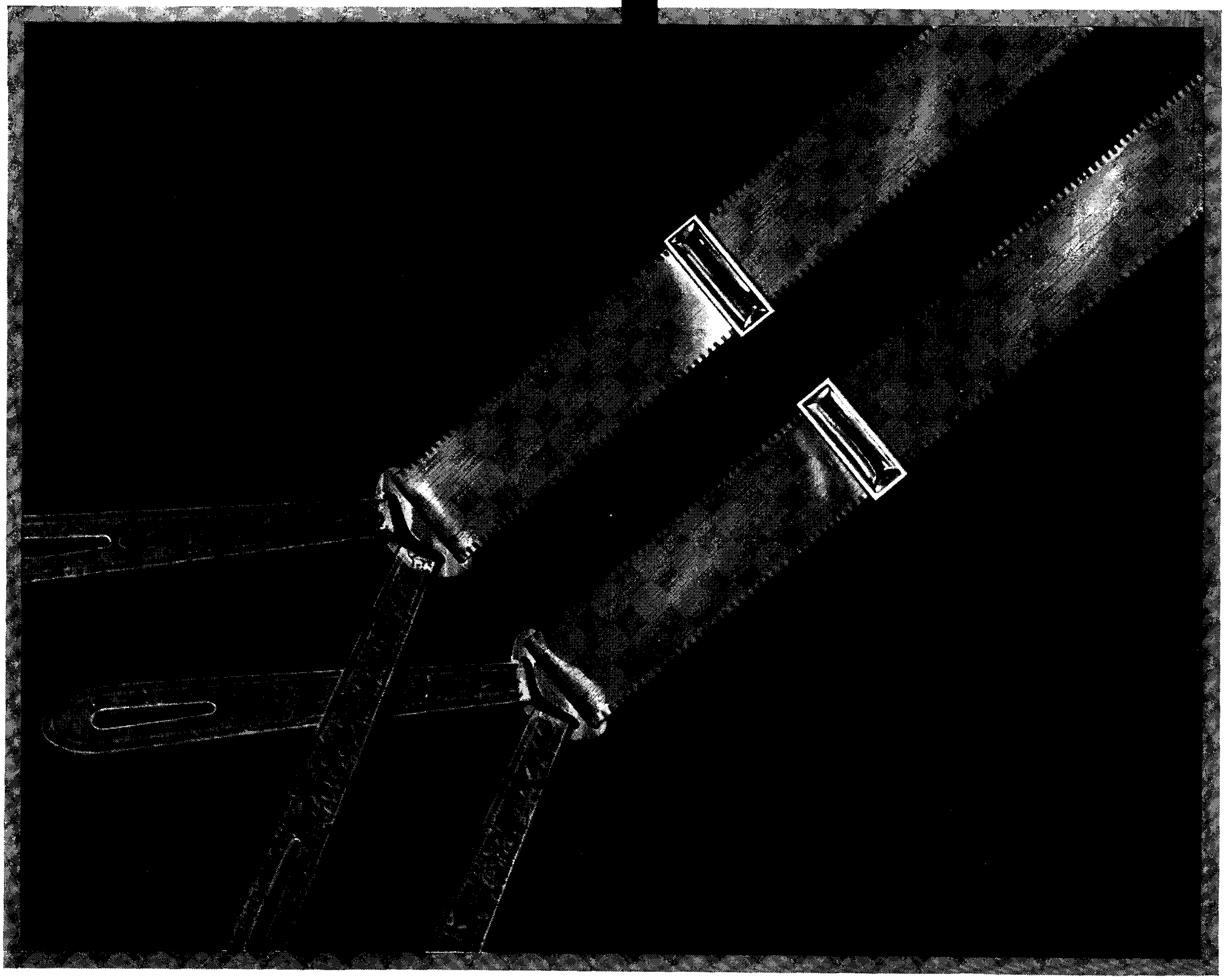
That is a type of signal not known generally but one that can be of great effectiveness at the right time. Mr. Beinecke, getting it clearly, made a beautiful "Deschapelles coup" by leading his king of clubs. Declarer, a fine player who sensed what was up, let the king win. The club eight followed, West losing his ten to the ace. Now, when trumps were led to Mr. Beinecke's ace, he returned his third club, giving his partner the lead for a second heart ruff. Thus he defeated by three tricks a contract on which declarer apparently could lose only one spade, one heart and one club, tossing a losing club on the last heart.

Deception is a big factor in the success of many trick-stealing plays. Russell Boardman, the fine young aviator who lost his life several months ago during a transcontinental race, gave a splendid example of its use, shortly before his death, in a club tournament

(Continued on page 55)

JEWEL-SET BUCKLES • JEWEL-COLORED BRACES

"The rajah"



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A brand new brace for masculine America—combining the richness and splendor of an East Indian Rajah's jewels with the simplicity of design and detail that American men demand today. Thoroughly he-man in appearance, these handsome new Hickok braces have buckles of rich jeweled-hued stones that match the fabrics: Sapphire, Ruby, Topaz, Emerald. In fine materials, both elastic and non-elastic . . . many choice patterns . . . sturdy tips of selected leather. Two or three pairs will give you color harmony, or smart contrast, for any color scheme you wear.

HICKOK

HICKOK

STYLE LEADERSHIP

The Luck of Seaman Linn

Continued from page 15

the desire of every true Irishman to celebrate St. Patrick's Day? The feast was even now in preparation. Who would grace the occasion if Señor Dunnevan did not come? There was Señor Alfredo Monahan, true. Señor Aloysius Mulcahy, the oil man, had promised to come. Señor Dominick Sweeney, also. But they were not the perfect *flower of Irish nobility. He—Don* Miguel Casey—needs must stand alone if Señor Dunnevan deserted.

Touched, Señor Dunnevan said: "I oughta go, Benny. He's right. I got my duty as an Erishman—"

"Nuts. If you ain't back at the mail boat in ten minutes the Exec'll send for you. That means a Summary Court. Come on."

Don Miguel followed them, pleading.

On the Plaza Fireman Dunnevan balked.

"Don Miggle and I ain't sung the Wearin' of the Green yet. I don't go back to no ship without singin' the Wearin' of the Green. Come on, Don Miggle. *Oh, Paddy dear and did chuh hearrrrr*—"

Here Seaman Linn committed a tactical blunder. He allowed Don Miguel and Tim to put their heads together in close harmony. And, as they sang, the crisis moved upon them.

FAR down the Calle Centrale a procession of British sailors appeared.

Don Miguel saw them.

"Behold, my frien'! The Breetish!"

Fireman Dunnevan scowled blackly.

"Britishers? Where they at?"

Seaman Linn groaned. He grabbed his buddy's jumper desperately.

"They ain't British, Tim. They're frogs or something—"

Don Miguel's fat body stiffened. His goatee pushed into the sultry breeze, defying man and devil.

"Breetishers!" he insisted. "They are charging us, Señor!"

To Seaman Linn's horror Don Miguel gave a tug at his cane and out came a flashing, deadly sword blade.

Jerking away from Seaman Linn, Tim lurched over to Don Miguel. Then, shoulder to shoulder, they plodded toward the van of marching English sailors.

"Eeeerin go bragh!"

"Lemme at 'em first!"

Pop-eyed with anxiety, Seaman Linn moaned:

"Don't, Tim. Gee, it's Portsmouth—"

Abruptly, as Dunnevan and Don Miguel narrowed the gap, a fife, a jewsharp and several mouth organs broke into the strains of Tipperary. Two dozen or more stout seamen of H. M. Cruiser Ajax started to sing:

"It's a long way to Tipperary
It's a long way to go—"

Don Miguel halted. The parade halted. Its impromptu front rank wobbled uncertainly. Tipperary faded and was no more. Finding themselves confronted by two American sailors and a stout gentleman with a sword cane, the men of the good ship Ajax fell upon ominous silence.

"Eeeerin go bragh!" challenged Don Miguel.

There was a roar of laughter.

"God and Saint Pathrick!"

Don Miguel sheathed his sword.

"We have made a meestake, Señor. They are the Ireesh!"

Fireman Dunnevan's battle scowl was replaced by a wide, amiable grin.

"Irishers! Well, I'll be blasted!"

He careened across No Man's Land, both paws outstretched.

"Saint Patrick's Day in the marnin'!" cried a British tar. "Ye'll be no Yank by the black Irish face av ye!"

"Me? Yank? Naw. My name's Dunnevan—Timothy Dunnevan—from Father O'Shaughnessy's parish in Brooklyn!"

"Shake, Irishman. God an' Saint Pathrick!"

Fireman Dunnevan expanded *magnificently to the occasion. He introduced* his friend, that great Irish patriot, Don Miguel Casey, Mayor of San Felipe. He dragged Seaman Linn forward, burbling: "I wanta make you acquainted with my best buddy, Benny Linn. His ma was Erish!"

Seaman Linn fought to recover command of the situation.

"Pleased to meet you guys," he said, "but I and Tim have got to be going. We're due back at the ship."

His protest was lost in an alcoholic hullabaloo. It quickly appeared that the four-and-twenty Ajax sailors had no intention of letting any Irishman depart from their loving midst. As their spokesman phrased it:

"The bloody tub throws hersilf a major breakdown and we're laid up in this bleedin' hole—beggin' yer pardon, Mister Mayor—an' faith 'tis good Saint Patrick's Day. 'Byes,' says I, 'niver let it be said av us that we let his day go by without the celebratin' av ut.' "

Seaman Linn gave the fellow a cold and clammy look. To him, limeys were limeys, and never to be trusted, St. Patrick's Day or no.

BUT to Fireman Dunnevan, alas, these British sailors were blood brethren. He loved them all.

And to Don Miguel, woe and alack, this was the day and this was the hour. With a grand sweep of his shamrock-bedecked Panama, he thundered:

"*Men of Irelan', we make the fiesta!* Yonder stands the estancia of my beloved fiancée, Señora Carlotta Mendoza." He pointed to an imposing Moorish castle high up the brown hill behind San Felipe. "My beloved fiancée, I regret to inform you, cannot be present to welcome you. She ees in Mexico Ceety. But I—Don Miguel Casey—welcome you in the name of good Saint Patreek. Follow me!"

A cheer went up. Waving his sword cane, Don Miguel took command of the party. The procession started. Fireman Dunnevan jerked away from his best friend and protector and joined the front rank.

WANTED
Chon Day.

"Ah, ah! *Somebody's* been drinking!"

CHON DAY

Gloomily Seaman Linn made his way down the Calle Centrale. The idea of Tim going off with a pack of *limeys!*

"*Beegest stein beer in town, Señor!*"

"Naw."

He knew what he'd do. He'd just go down to the boat landing and tell Cox'n Bistell he couldn't handle Tim. The Cox'n would fetch Tim and throw his pants in the brig. They'd give Tim a Summary Court and thirty days and two months' pay. Tim had it coming to him—

THE mail boat was not at the landing. He saw it, far out in the harbor, unloading supplies beside the Trimble. The skipper's gig was traveling toward H. M. S. Ajax. Maybe the skipper knew the limey cap'n and was making a call.

Seaman Linn sat him down among eighteen children and thirty-six dogs. He brooded. "Force *and* brains." That was the idea. He tried to make Tim understand.

After fifteen minutes or so, Seaman Linn had an idea. He arose from the wooden boat-landing and walked by two warehouses to the concrete stage which the limeys had preëmpted for their landing.

A British N. C. O. wearing a shore patrol insignia and a British marine private were loafing on the platform.

" 'Ullo, Yank! Wot's on yer mind?"

"Aw, nothin' much. How's tricks?"

"Tricks?"

"How's it goin'?"

" 'Ow's *wot* going? Why don't you Yanks learn to talk Henglish?"

"I guess you guys are lookin' for trouble, hunh?"

N. C. O. and marine grinned with lofty condescension.

"We ain't running *from* trouble, Yank."

"Yeah? Then, why're you letting them Irishers of yours go to looting?"

"Looting? 'Oo the bloody 'ell's been looting?"

"See that big house up on the hill? The whole outfit is up there raising hob. And if they ain't looting they soon will be!"

Another exchange of glances between N. C. O. and marine.

"You sure *our* men went up there, Yank?"

"I got eyes."

"Lawks, sir. That's hout of bounds! They wasn't to go past the Plawzuh!"

The Britishers produced a rough sketch of San Felipe and consulted it.

"Aw, you guys ain't looking for no trouble. You go up there and them *Irishers'll take you apart. Quit kidding* me."

"Ho, is that so?"

"I sy, Chief, 'ow many lads on patrol?"

"Ten."

"Ain't 'ardly adequate. We'd best to notify Leften'nt Pyson-'Ughes."

"I'll say you'd better, limey. Them's the Irish and ten of you limeys wouldn't hardly make a square meal."

Luck was with Seaman Linn. His heart was pure and God loves United States sailors. At this precise moment, up dashed a handsome station wagon and out leaped a frantic major domo.

"You Breetish offisar? Come queek. You sailars make the fiesta at Señora Mendoza's! Behold . . . there . . . so! The Señora say no fiesta. No fiesta!"

The British N. C. O. was a brave man. He blew his whistle. He commandeered the station wagon.

"Ten ain't 'ardly adequate, Chief!"

"Riot call, men! In with you!"

Seaman Linn hesitated. Remorse gripped him. That and the desire not to miss a good fight.

He piled into the station wagon.

FOUR and twenty Irish sailors of His Majesty, the King, ten other British seamen and two sailors of the United States Navy, all bearing the marks of a dreadful conflict, now languished in the San Felipe hoosegow.

The hoosegow was a low adobe structure like a chicken house, surrounded by an adobe wall. The prisoners stood in groups under the shade of pepper trees and were being guarded by the entire San Felipe police force—a chief, four captains and one peon patrolman.

Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan rested at a discreet distance from the King's men.

"Dumbhead. Cluck. Sentimental, hunh? Had to celebrate St. Patrick's Day, hunh?"

"Yerse, Benny."

"Jest look at you. Ain't you a sight?"

"You ain't so neat yourself, Benny."

"That ain't neither here nor there. If I hadn't of kept them guys off'n your back you'd look worse."

"Yerse. You are a good pal, Benny."

"No brains, Tim. How many times I got to tell you it takes force *and* brains?"

"That's right, Benny. What we gonna do now?"

Seeing that Fireman Dunnevan, with a black eye, a split lip, a badly puffed right hand and a wrecked uniform, was properly humbled and sobered, Seaman Linn relented.

"Our hearts is pure and God loves United States sailors," he said. "*I* got brains. There's a British officer coming to investigate. When he gets here you keep your mouth shut and agree to everything I say. Get it?"

"Yerse, Benny."

Nodding, Seaman Linn swaggered over to the British N. C. O. who was in charge of the shore patrol party. This young man had not done so well in the brawl at Señora Carlotta Mendoza's house. He was seated on a box surrounded by the pure-bred British faction, examining several loosened teeth.

"A word with you, Chief," said Seaman Linn.

"I want no word with you, Yank."

"Oh, yes you do. My buddy and I are witnesses. 'Sposing we was to testify that you was in a saloon neglecting

(Continued on page 26)

BUY YOUR CAR AS YOU'D BUY YOUR HOME

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SUPPOSE YOU WANTED to buy a new home. How would you go about it? You'd look at three places at least, wouldn't you? You'd check what each had to offer for what you wanted to pay.

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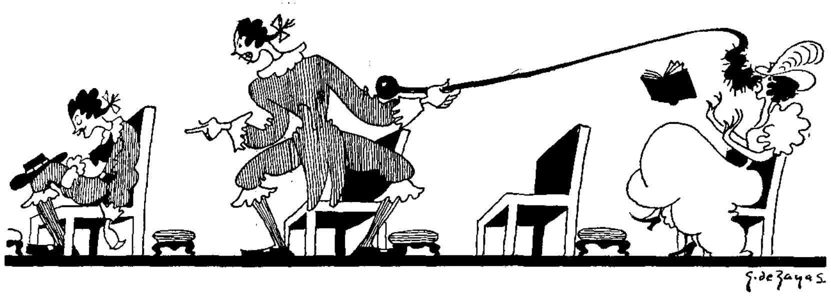

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

The Sluggard Waker" was an important figure in the churches of England during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. His duty was to awaken the sluggards who had fallen asleep. He walked up and down the aisles during the service with his long stick, tickling the noses of sleeping ladies with a fox's brush, on one end of the stick, and smartly rapping the heads of sleeping gentlemen with a heavy doorknob on the other end.

Argentina has a unique form of charity. At wayside spots where impoverished travelers have died, crosses are erected and little pails hung from them for the collection of coins for other destitute wayfarers who know they may help themselves. None but those in dire need ever touch this money and sometimes no coins are removed for months.

Although it is a natural law of marine life for large animals to eat the smaller ones, there are fish that, in time of danger, hide themselves in the stomachs of other fish. For example, a species of Fierasfer makes its home and hiding place in the interior of the starfish, a fish incidentally that is called "the scavenger of the sea" because it eats anything.

The belief in and fear of fairies, the supposed race of small, supernatural beings who meddle in human affairs, has existed from earliest times and formed a part of the superstition of nearly all peoples. Even up to a few years ago, many Scottish and Irish peasants raised their hats and said, "God speed you, gentlemen," when seeing an eddy of dust believed to be caused by a crowd of fairies passing by on a journey.

Venezuela has an unusual torture for political prisoners. They are sent to the underground cells of Los Castillos Prison where twice daily the tide comes rolling in up to their necks and they have to stand for hours to keep from drowning. After two or three days of this "tide treatment," they usually "change their minds" about the government and are released.—*By Herbert Mueller, Glen Ellyn, Illinois.*

The hardest "herding" job on record, the driving of 2,500 reindeer over 1,500 miles of snow and ice from the heart of Alaska to the mouth of the Mackenzie River in Canada, will be finished this Christmas—after five years' work. The 12 herders believed it could be done in two years. But storms, fawning seasons, attacks of wolves and stampedes delayed them three years.—*By Mrs. Carl Mack, Council Bluffs, Iowa.*

Although the Civil War was fought in ten states, it began and ended on the farm of one man. He was Major McLean of the Confederate Army, on whose land at Bull Run the first great battle of the war was fought in 1861. To protect his wife and children, he moved them to Fauquier, then to Lunenburg and then to Appomattox, where Lee surrendered in his home in 1865.—*By H. L. Kassel, Hamburg, New York.*

An analysis of the ages when American millionaires reached their goal—their "first million" and its accompanying prestige and influence—shows that those who had wealthy parents attained this position, on the average, just 20 years earlier than those who came from poor families.

Up through the ages, numerous old-world cities have been conquered and laid in ruins many times. But the one which has been destroyed more often than any other is Herat, Afghanistan. Herat has been burned to the ground 56 times.—*By Kenneth P. Wood, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.*

Before the Chinese revolution in 1912, each of the 160 living Buddhist gods "practicing" in Tibet, Mongolia and North China was required to take out a license at the Colonial office in Peking. Moreover, he was made to understand that, in case of any misbehavior, his license would not only be revoked but that he would forever be denied the right to be reincarnated.—*By R. G. Hill, Minneapolis, Minnesota.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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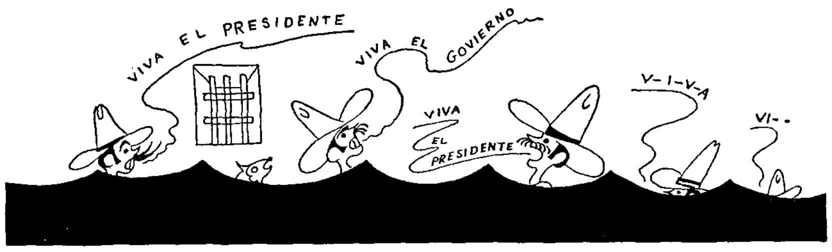

The Luck of Seaman Linn

Continued from page 24

your duty and then tried to horn in on the fiesta and then attackted us?"

"Why, you lying—"

"Okay. Leave it lay. Sorry the matter come up."

The N. C. O. glanced toward the four-and-twenty Irishmen, bloody but unbowed, and glaring at him as one man. He suddenly changed front and walked after Seaman Linn.

"Wot's the propersition, Yank?"

"Oh . . . so you're smart, after all. Listen—I and my buddy will go to the front for all you guys—if you make it interesting. We'll say we started all the trouble and you was only trying to separate us from scrapping, see?"

"Yay? But it was a bloomin' riot! Them Hirish lads wouldn't come peaceable, but resisted 'Is Majesty's hofficer in the sworn pursuit of 'is duty—"

"Nuts. There's ten of you and twenty-four Irish with I and my buddy to back 'em up. And them guys is your Skipper's pets. Figure it out."

The N. C. O. figured it out.

"Yay, but 'ow about 'is nibs, the mayor? He got us all arrested an' 'e'll prefer charges—"

"You leave Don Miguel to me. I'll fix it with him and I'll square you with your officer—that is, if you make it interesting."

"'Ow much, Yank?"

"WELL, you got thirty-four boys. It oughta be worth a buck apiece."

"'Ow much is that in bobs?"

"It takes four bobs to make a buck."

"Four bob each? Gor blimey, wot you Yanks think we are—bloody haristocrats?"

"Take it or leave it lay."

Seaman Linn nonchalantly strolled back to Fireman Dunnevan. There was much discussion in the ranks of the British. Finally the N. C. O. came over.

"We ain't got it, Yank. Four pun seven is the 'ighest figger. Payable only *hafter* we're released."

Fireman Dunnevan blinked.

"Dough? What's he paying us dough for, Benny?"

"Pipe down, Tim. Okay. Four pounds and seven shillings."

Don Miguel Casey entered the jail yard.

He waddled straight to Seaman Linn.

"You send for me, Señor Linn?"

Seaman Linn surveyed Don Miguel with sardonic eyes. Don Miguel, having dived beneath a table when hostilities began at the Villa Mendoza, had escaped physically unscathed. But mentally and spiritually, Don Miguel was not the man of one short hour ago. A great sorrow had come to him; his goatee quivered, his fat chest heaved, his dark eyes were bleary. His Celtic fire had departed.

"You're darn' tooting I sent for you," said Seaman Linn. "What's the idea of throwing our pants in here? Is this the way you treat your friends?"

Don Miguel exploded.

"Frien's? Madre Dios, frien's! You have *ruin* me! My fiancée Señora Carlotta Mendoza have break our engagement! She return unexpectedly from Mexico Ceety an' behold—my frien's they fight in her beautiful garden. They fight in her beautiful patio. Everywhere they fight. I am ruin—I, Don Miguel Casey—am ruin!"

Fireman Dunnevan patted him on the shoulder.

"Aw, now, Don Miggle, don't take it thataway—"

"Pipe down, Tim! Listen, Don Miguel. I and Tim can square you with your lady friend. We're taking all the blame for this, see?"

"But, Benny—"

Don Miguel looked up hopefully.

"You weel tell her I am not intoxeecated? You weel go to her and say that? You weel explain I deed not invite so many to the fiesta?"

"Sure, sure. I and Tim can fix it. But first, you got to let all us guys outa here!"

"At once, Señor! At once!" He clapped his hands and halloed to one of the guards: "Captain Estrada, it ees my weesh that all my frien's be release' immediately!"

Lieutenant Commander Tredegar of H. M. S. Ajax wandered casually into the cuartel. He looked around at the milling sailors.

"I say, a bit of a row, what?"

Seaman Linn, his hand on the arm of Mayor Casey and followed obediently by Fireman Dunnevan, stepped in front of the British officer.

"I and Tim was all to blame, sir," he said. "Your guys didn't do nothing. I and Tim was out to Don Miguel's lady friend's house celebrating St. Patrick's Day. I and Tim got into a fight and Don Miguel got excited and yelled for the Irish. They thought it was a riot or bloody murder, sir, so they come to help Don Miguel. The shore patrol N. C. O. thought the Irish was in trouble, I guess, sir, so they come to help."

Lieutenant Commander Tredegar smiled politely.

"So it took three dozen men to separate you and Tim, eh?"

"Yes, sir. Tim was a little outa his head, sir, and he kept busting loose. Every time they caught holt of him he would bust loose. Right, Tim?"

"Yerse!"

The officer turned to Gunner Sykes.

"That the straight of it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why are you all in jail?"

Don Miguel bowed.

"I am Don Miguel Casey, Mayor of San Felipe. It ees all a meestake. I have release your men, Admiral. It ees just as Señor Linn have told you."

Mr. Tredegar nodded.

"You are all lying, of course. But since there are no civil charges, I suppose we shall have to leave the ultimate truth to St. Patrick. Sykes!"

"Aye, aye, sir."

"See that all the men are returned to the ship at once."

"Aye, aye, sir. Thank you, sir!"

Lieutenant Commander Tredegar looked Seaman Linn up and down.

"Very good of you, at that," he said.

Seaman Linn blushed modestly.

"Aw, that's all right, sir," he said.

SEAMAN LINN and Fireman Dunnevan were riding back to the boat landing in Señora Mendoza's limousine. The four pounds and seven shillings had been divided equitably; also a fruit cake and a bottle of wine—the gift of a grateful lady. On Seaman Linn's jumper was pinned Don Miguel's Hibernian Society badge, the emotional largesse of a happy lover. But all these things were as dross to Seaman Linn, compared with the recollection of a beautiful lie, told with artistry and complete success. Señora Mendoza had been in tears when Seaman Linn finished his explanation of events.

Fireman Dunnevan sighed.

"You done good, Benny," he said, worshipfully.

Seaman Linn accepted the accolade.

"Yeah. Force *and* brains, Tim, force *and* brains. Don't never forget it!"

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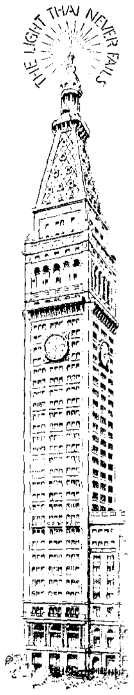
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Smoke Eater

Continued from page 11

again, and I could see this red glare in the sky, and all I could think of was the fire. Because, to tell you the truth, not only was I in the fire company for the contacts I made, but also, and maybe mostly, because I was nuts about fires. I mean, I just couldn't stay away from them. Like some people with hooch, or dope, or wild women. I mean, I couldn't do it, no matter how hard I tried. It's just something in your blood, I guess.

Anyhow, I went down the highway at sixty-five, and sure enough, it was the Pine Tree Inn, a big frame boarding-house that everybody had expected to catch fire for years. The apparatus was there already, but you could see in a second that the old place was done for. It was sure some fire.

I went up close, to look things over and see where I could give a hand, and just for a minute it looked to me like there was somebody in one of the second-story rooms, right over the porch. Bill Painter was standing there, beside me, and I asked him, and he said, no, he thought everybody was out.

“Think, *heck!*” I said. “I'm going up there and have a look.”

“You're crazy,” he told me. “You'll never get down again.”

I couldn't see that, because the fire had started in the back of the place, and it might be two or three minutes before it really hit the porch. Anyhow, I started to climb up one of the porch pillars, because I didn't have time to wait for a ladder, and Bill grabbed me by the legs. I had to give him a kick in the teeth to get myself loose.

They made quite a lot of fuss about it, afterwards, because the way it turned out, this old Mrs. Hickey was in her room, where she'd passed out from excitement and smoke, and I dragged her out on the porch roof. I thought the jig was up, then, because what I mean, the pillars were beginning to buckle, and all I could do was grab her in my arms and take a running jump for the lawn. It was maybe a fifteen-foot drop, and when I landed I must have hit my head on my knee, or something, because that's all I knew for a while. What gripes me is the porch crashed, just as we were dragged clear. They say it made a real pretty sight, and of course I had to miss it.

WELL, nobody got hurt, anyway. Old Mrs. Hickey came to, and wasn't even scratched, and all I had was this bump on the bean.

When it was all over, I had kind of a let-down, especially when I got in the car to drive home, and I turned on the dashlight, and this solitaire diamond winked up at me from the floor-boards. What the heck, I thought, what does it all amount to, anyway? And a girl like Caroline deserves some consideration. So I drove past her house, and I was going to get her to take the ring back, if I could, but all the lights were off, and I didn't want to go fooling around at that time of night, especially when her old man's a dead shot, and wins the turkey shoot every year.

The next day I was stiff and sore, and I felt kind of low about this affair with Caroline, but I got down to the store on time, for a wonder, and it was a lucky thing I did, because Mr. Buckley was waiting for me.

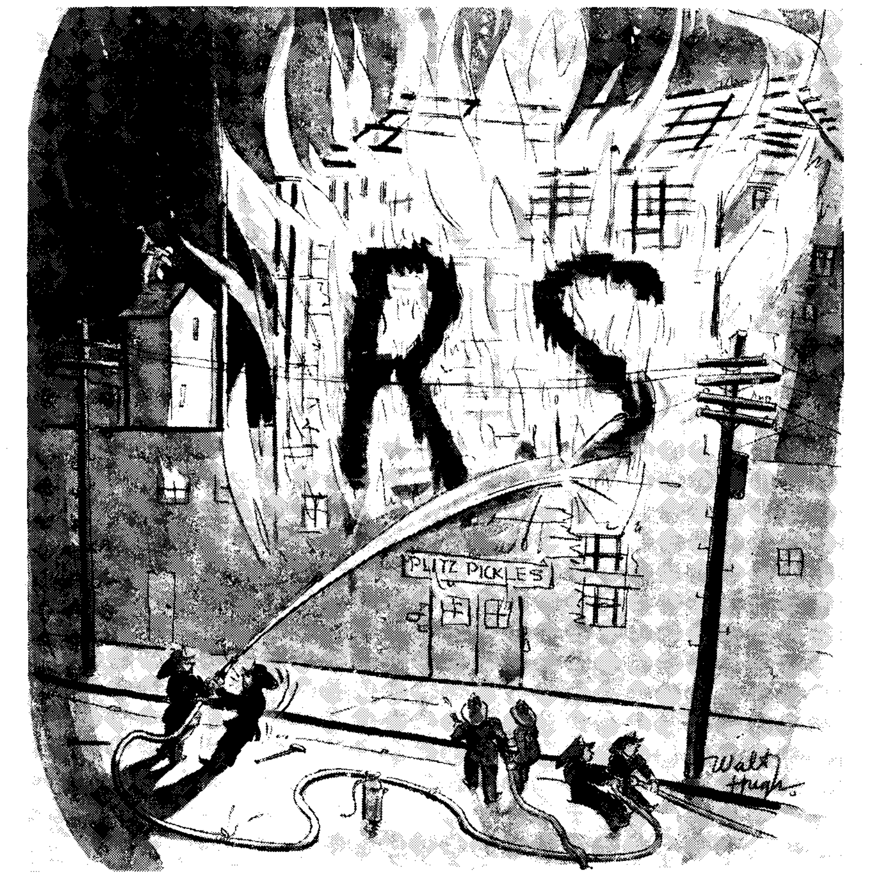
“Earl,” he said, “you're a hero, and I'm proud to shake hands with you.”

I thought it was a gag, at first, but no, he was in earnest. So I shook hands with him, and with Joe Hunter. “It wasn't anything,” I said. “Anybody would have done the same. I'm no hero.”

But this day I sure was a hero. All day long people kept coming into the Blue Front and shaking hands with me, people that always went to the Red Front, and lots of others that traded at the county seat, and so forth, and that was one good thing about it, the way I looked at it, because one thing sure was, I was bringing people into the store, and I thought to myself, if there's any justice I got that manager's job over in Millville right in my pocket.

In fact, I started to ask Mr. Buckley about it, but he had to go to a special meeting of the Town Council, and he couldn't stop. “I'm still figuring things out,” he told me. “Maybe I'll know tomorrow.”

EVERYTHING looked rosy, because he had kind of a look in his eye when he said it, and he patted me on the shoulder, so I got to thinking about Caroline. I figured I'd go out to her house that night, and explain how things stood. So I put the ring in my pocket, and I bought a bunch of flowers, and about nine o'clock I drifted out there.



“C'mon, let me write mine!” WALTER HUGH

The first thing I see is Joe Hunter's car parked outside her gate, but I didn't let that stop me. I went right up the path, and put out my hand to ring the bell, and then I thought, nix, I won't do it. This time, I'm going to wait till I get the job nailed down before I start doing any talking whatever.

Besides which, I thought, if Joe Hunter's in there, it'll look kind of sour to go in there and crow over him, so I went home instead, and studied three chapters of this book Determination to Achieve, especially the part where it says about dominating other men and bending them to your will, and pretty soon I hit the hay, so I could turn out bright and early.

The next morning, I got to the store a quarter of an hour ahead of time, and Mr. Buckley wasn't there, and neither was Joe Hunter. The boss didn't show up until eleven o'clock, and by that time I was pretty sore.

“Where's Joe?” I asked him. “I can't handle everything all by myself, orders and everything.”

“Joe's over in Millville,” he said.

I just looked at him. “What did you say?” I asked him.

“Joe's over in Millville. He's the new manager over there,” he told me.

“Listen,” I said, “I'm not trying to run your business, Mr. Buckley, but you know that isn't right. I was entitled to that job, and you know it.”

“How do you make that out?” he said. He kept looking toward the door, like he wanted to get out of the argument, but I wouldn't let him.

“Because,” I said. “Look at all the people I brought into this store. Yesterday, for instance. Doesn't that mean something?”

“If you'd look at the sales sheet,” he told me, “you'd find we sold less yesterday than any Wednesday we ever had. A lot of people came in, sure, but they didn't buy anything. All they did was get in the way, and increase the spoilage in the vegetable department.”

“Is that so?” I said.

“I'm afraid it is,” he said, looking at me with a kind of grin. “I'm afraid you're not cut out for a chain-store man.”

I WAS so mad I was going to let him have it right then and there, but I couldn't, because the door opened, and in came three or four men, all Town Councilors—old Mr. Pursely, that has the lumber business, and Hargens, president of the bank, and Welby and Fitler, of Welby and Fitler, the real estate agents.

“Can we see you a minute, Mr. Tinker?” Welby asked. That was me. He meant me.

“Sure,” I said. “What can I do for you?”

“Mr. Tinker,” he said, “we've been talking things over in Council, and we've decided to quit fooling around with fire protection in this town. We want to have a paid fire marshal, and we want you to take the job.”

“Huh?” I said.

“Two thousand a year's about what we figured on paying,” he told me, “but of course, you'll have a car at the expense of the township, and at the suggestion of Mr. Buckley, here, we've made up a purse of five hundred dollars which we want you to accept as a token of public esteem for your heroic rescue the other night.”

All the time he was talking, I kept thinking, this is a hot one, all right. Now I'll have plenty of money to get married on, and the only trouble is the girl I want to marry won't have nothing to do with me if I'm a fireman. “Gee,” I said, “I'd sure like to, Mr. Welby, but I'll have to have a little time to think it over.”

“Take all the time you want,” he said, “so long as you say yes in the end.”

Just as I opened my mouth to answer him, and stall him along until I had a chance to figure the situation out, the fire siren went off. Three shorts and two longs. “Between the old mill and the power station,” I said. “Excuse me, gents.” I ripped off my white apron, and out I went to where the old bus was standing in front of the store.

The reason I was in such a hurry was because there wasn't but one house between the old mill and the power station, and that was Caroline's. I knew her old man was away all day, and she probably needed help bad.

IT LOOKED like trouble, all right. I could see that as soon as I got near the place. Here was this big black cloud of smoke rolling out of the second-story windows, and nobody in sight. I didn't even wait to turn off the ignition. I just left the car running, and I hustled over to the porch, and I was just about to shinny up one of the posts when I heard somebody call: “Earl!”

I turned around, and there was Caroline, looking at me with big, scared eyes. I went over to her, and she put her head on my shoulder. “I don't care whether you stay in the Volunteers or not,” she told me, “as long as you don't stay away from me.”

“Listen, kid,” I said, “say the word, and I'll quit the fire company now.”

“No,” she told me, “I want you to stay in it.”

“Nix,” I said. “I'll quit.”

We argued back and forth, but finally she said she wanted me to keep on being a fireman, so I said I would, and everything was O. K. “Now that's settled,” I said, “what was the idea of having Joe Hunter around here last night?”

“He didn't come to see me,” she told me. “He's going to have a turkey shoot to advertise the new store, and he wanted Papa to enter.”

The next thing I knew, I heard the apparatus pulling up at the gate, and I realized I'd forgotten all about the fire. That looked nice, didn't it, the new fire marshal hugging and kissing a girl while her old man's house burned down?

“Gangway, honey,” I said. “I got to get busy.”

“Don't,” she whispered, “don't go upstairs. Tell them to go away.”

She held me back just long enough for some of the boys to run up a ladder to the porch roof. I was going to follow them up, but they weren't inside the house thirty seconds before they were out again, and down the ladder.

“This is a heck of a note, Chief,” one of them said. “What is this, arson?”

He had one of those smoke pots that were left over from the high school show. I looked at Caroline, and her face was all pink.

“Mind your own business,” she said to him.

“O. K., boys, beat it,” I told them. What the heck, a fire marshal's got to assert his authority, don't he?

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... and now RCA Victor creates such a set with three big advantages: true realism on foreign and domestic programs . . . clear, sharp tuning with less noise . . . lifelike tone from a beautiful instrument.

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RCA VICTOR *Globe Trotter* RADIO

DR. R. E. LEE, Director of Fleischmann

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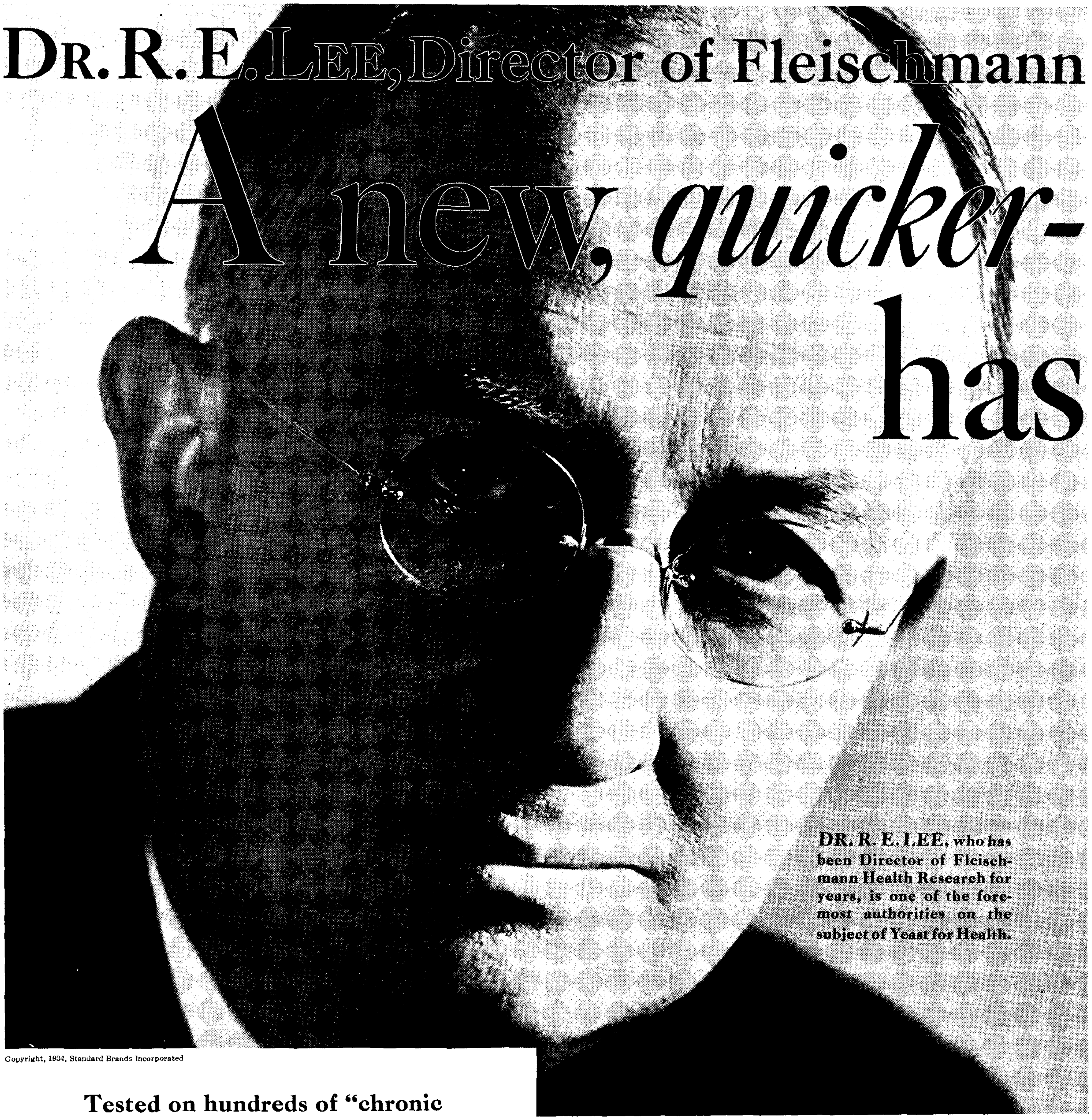

DR. R. E. LEE, who has been Director of Fleischmann Health Research for years, is one of the foremost authorities on the subject of Yeast for Health.

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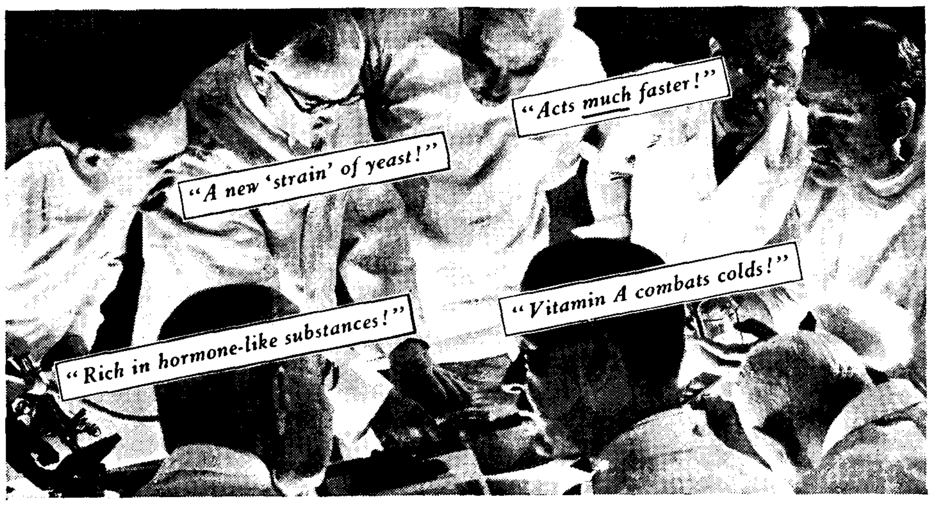
Tested on hundreds of "chronic cases" in 13 noted U. S. and 12 European clinics. READ THE RESULTS!

"ASTONISHING." "Never before such quick results from yeast." Famous doctors who tested this new yeast report:—"Constipation cases relieved *in a few days.*" "Amazing percentage of skin cases corrected." "Indigestion relieved *very* soon." "Patients felt better almost immediately."

"XR" Yeast acts more quickly, surely, than former yeasts because it's rich in amazing hormone-like substances which make digestive juices flow fast and stimulate normal "motility" (digestive action).


"Acts much faster!"
"A new 'strain' of yeast!"
"Vitamin A combats colds!"
"Rich in hormone-like substances!"

Health Research, now announces —

acting Yeast been discovered!

—*corrects* Constipation, Indigestion, Bad Skin, Run-down Condition *much faster than before!*

*Amazingly rich in hormone-like substances**

GOOD NEWS, for millions! If you've ever tried yeast—ever thought of trying it—read about this astonishing *new* yeast! Your questions are answered by Dr. Lee himself, below:—

NEW, STRONGER "STRAIN" of Yeast, discovered in great U. S. medical college, speeds flow of digestive juices, strengthens digestive muscles. (Newly-added Vitamin A combats colds!)

1. Is it really a new Yeast?

Yes! An entirely new "strain" or variety. It acts much more vigorously inside you . . . *much faster!*

2. Who Discovered it . . . how?

A famous bacteriologist, in a leading American medical college. After years of research on yeast he isolated this new, stronger strain — grew it — was literally astounded by its action.

3. What did Tests show?

Almost unbelievable! Tests on hundreds of people by leading doctors all over the medical world gave truly unheard-of results. (See opposite page.)

4. How does it Work?

Most constipation and indigestion come from a *slowing up* of your digestive juices and muscles.

New "XR" Yeast is exceedingly rich in hormone-like substances ("activators," as in the body's glands) which stimulate digestive secretions and muscles *as nothing else can!

5. How does it correct Constipation, Indigestion sooner?

By making your digestive juices flow faster, and digestive muscles work harder—*from stomach on down!* Your food is better "churned"—softened—digested . . . you no longer have that "stuffed" feeling, heartburn, indigestion after meals. Also, wastes are more quickly carried through the body, disposed of.

How much better than harsh cathartics, which act on only one part of the bowels, by irritation!

Fleischmann's "XR" Yeast "normalizes" your digestive tract . . . really *corrects* constipation and indigestion.

6. Why does it clear up Skin Troubles (pimples, etc.) faster?

Your skin, being an organ of elimination (just like the bowels and kidneys) "breaks out" when your system is overloaded with impurities.

By ridding you of these poisons quicker, "XR" Yeast clears your blood sooner. Your skin is better nourished. It gains "tone." Pimples, boils and other eruptions disappear *in shorter time.*

7. Will it correct "Run-down" Condition quicker?

Yes, if this condition is caused by *self-poisoning. Many patients feel* better *in 24 hours!* The time, in your case, will depend on your condition. But you should start at once to get more "good" from your food—have better appetite—much more "pep."

8. Will it cure Rheumatism?

No—but in a large percentage of cases it helps! Rheumatism is often connected with an accumulation of digestive poisons—which "XR" Yeast corrects.

9. Does it retard "Old Age"?

Much premature aging, with loss of vigor, comes from the slowing up of digestive secretions occurring most rapidly after age 40. "XR" Yeast corrects this condition astonishingly.

10. Will Headaches cease?

Many headaches come from poisons in the blood or (as some doctors believe) pressure on the nerves—both troubles "XR" Yeast corrects quickly. Headaches often cease as a result.

11. Will it prevent Colds?

It helps!—by freeing your system of poisons and supplying Vitamin A, the "infection-preventing" vitamin, also found in cod liver oil. Each cake of Fleischmann's "XR" Yeast is rich in Vitamin A, as well as Vitamins B, D and G . . . *four* vitamins we need!

12. Why has this new Yeast a creamier color?

That's the extremely important newly-added Vitamin A, which gives carrots and squash their natural color and much of their healthfulness.

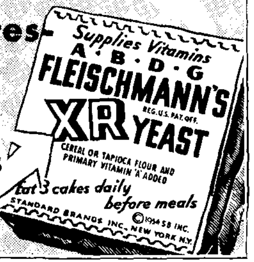
13. How should it be Eaten?

Three cakes daily — plain or dissolved in one-third glass of water—preferably half an hour before each meal.

IMPORTANT!

A food, "XR" Yeast should be eaten even after you've begun to see quick results. If you're taking cathartics, discontinue them gradually. Eat Fleischmann's "XR" Yeast regularly, until you feel *thoroughly* well. Get 9 cakes—enough for the first 3 days—and start now. The sooner you begin, the sooner you will benefit!

Now on sale at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains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CEREAL OR TAPIOCA FLOUR AND PRIMARY VITAMIN 'A' ADDED
Eat 3 cakes daily before meals
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(As good as ever for baking, too!)

Fleischmann's XR *Yeast* FOR HEALTH

SUFFERING WITH
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LOPSIDED
HEELS

ANY orthopedic surgeon or shoe-fitter will tell you that wearing shoes with run-over heels is a common cause of corns and bunions.

For this very simple reason. The heel supports the arch. If it turns at every step, the arch twists, too – throwing all your weight on one side of the foot, jamming it against the shoe. And that causes corns, bunions, callouses.

That is why more people walk on Goodyear Wingfoot Heels than on any other kind – these tough, resilient, long-lasting heels wear down slowly and *evenly* – they keep their shape, hold shoes straight and keep feet feeling better.

Why suffer with aching feet – any good repair shop can put on these foot-easy heels in a few minutes.

GOOD YEAR
WINGFOOT
HEELS

keep shoes and feet straight

The Golden Empress

Continued from page 19

where he had always prevailed. "Let it be tomorrow after the gladiator hath rested. Tomorrow at this hour."

A sudden impulse seized her. "And the reward will be the favor of the fairest woman of Constantinople—of the victor's choosing."

If the two champions fought for her favor, Zoë could relish the combat to the full.

A sigh and a stir went through the stands of the hippodrome after the last chariot had been led out. Two men stood beneath the royal box, their shadows stretching over the hard-packed sand.

"Hail, Empress," chanted Antiochus, "I who am about to die salute thee!"

The crowd had heard that salutation often. All eyes were on the red-haired youth beside the gladiator. The Norseman wore no armor except for a steel cap; on his left arm he carried a shield, and his right hand held a long, straight sword. Although he had towered above the nobles in the royal box, he looked slight beside the heavy gladiator.

Beneath the purple canopy Zoë feasted her eyes on the two fighters, and gave a signal to the master of the games. Silver trumpets blared and the Norseman and the gladiator faced each other. They did not move. They stood like stone figures.

The Norseman took the first step forward, clashing his sword against his shield. Then Antiochus sprang.

Through the air he hurled his weight, to smite shield against shield and overthrow the Norseman. But Harald leaped back and the shields only clashed lightly. Antiochus thrust low with his short sword, and Harald brought his own blade down, driving the point of the gladiator's into the sand. He stamped his foot against the gladiator's sword, to pin it there.

THE gladiator was too wary. He freed his blade and lunged back in time.

Harald pressed him, slashing to get home on that bare throat or to hew into the ribs on the unguarded right side. The skill of the Norseman lay only in attack. . . . Crouched by the arena rail, Ulf the Strong, Harald's lieutenant, quivered and grunted as he watched the smashing blows. Ulf knew the force of those blows. He could see the sinews standing out on the legs of the straining men. He saw more than that. He saw that Antiochus was not tiring. He saw that from time to time the gladiator's short sword licked at Harald's bare right arm. Twice, thrice, cuts appeared on the Norseman's forearm. Blood began to drip from the cuts. And Ulf's fingers clenched in the sand. For with that blood the strength was draining from Harald's sword arm. Muscles had been severed and Harald's blows were growing weaker.

Antiochus crouched lower. He thrust his blade strongly against the Norseman's sword, to test the strength of the failing arm.

The Norseman gave way. His useless sword arm quivered and suddenly the crowd behind Ulf began to roar, sensing the moment of the kill. Harald leaped away and slipped his shield down to his left hand. Swiftly he flung the great shield at the gladiator's head. Antiochus dodged and came on again.

Now the Norseman had no defense. He tossed his sword up into the air just as the gladiator came within reach. Then Harald leaped high to one side, catching the upflung sword in his good left hand. As his feet touched the ground his sword swept down. It bit deep into the right side of the gladiator above the belt.

Antiochus fell to his knees. He tried to thrust once with his short sword; then the Norseman wrenched his own blade clear and the gladiator fell limp on the sand.

Just as the mob had roared when Harald had staggered, it bellowed now at the downfall of the sword-slayer. Zoë, who had been tearing a silk scarf into shreds as she watched the combat, leaned forward with a shrill cry of delight, holding out her hand with the thumb down.

BUT Harald, if he saw the signal to put Antiochus to death, did not heed it. Already Antiochus had had his death blow.

"He was a mighty man," Harald panted as Ulf ran up to him, "with his weapons."

Ulf nodded, watching the gladiator. "Well for you, Harald, that he did not know you could cast spear or wield sword with either hand." And he began to tie up his chieftain's injured right arm with strips of cloth.

Slaves ran from the royal box and lifted the Norseman to their shoulders. While he was carried up toward the canopy, men maddened with the lust of slaying clutched at his limbs; women struggled to get close to him, to catch a drop of the blood that dripped from him.

Zoë sprang up, her body yearning toward him. She caught his head between her hands.

"My strong one! O mightiest of men—my champion. Thou art sore hurt! But come, the reward is thine. Choose thou the woman who will favor thee—" and her eyes smiled upon him.

The Norseman had not forgotten. It seemed great good fortune to him. "That black-eyed maid yonder," he said, pointing.

When the Englishman translated this, utter silence fell beneath the canopy. All heads turned where he had pointed, where behind the imperial couch a frightened girl knelt. She had been weeping during the fight.

Zoë's face changed. It became hard and lines appeared about the eyes. "Witless fool!" she hissed in a cold rage. Then she drew herself up. "Thinkest thou to have at thy call a woman of the purple? That is Maria, my—kinswoman. And thou art no more than a barbarian!"

Even while the Englishman was saying this to the surprised Norseman, Zoë whispered a command to the eunuch who was ever at her side. In another moment the imperial guards had closed in upon the dozen Norsemen and had gripped them before they could lay hand to weapon.

"It should be clear to you now," Ulf grumbled, "that this queen they call Zoë is mightier than you."

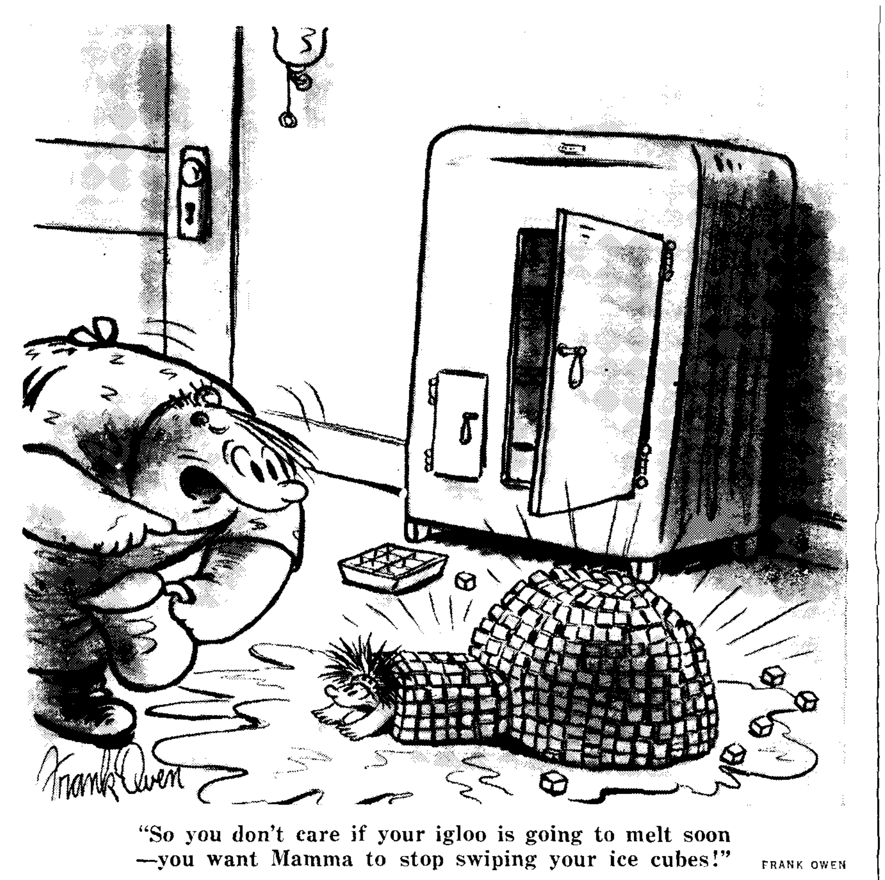
They were sitting on the grass at the bottom of a hollow tower. The tower was high as a ship's masthead and it had no roof. Nor did it have a stair on the inside. The one iron-bound door was locked from without. At times a guard appeared at the summit of the wall to look down at the captive Norsemen, who had been stripped of their weapons and hurried into this tower to await Zoë's decision as to their fate. Not one had been able to escape to the dragon ship, where the rest of Harald's crew waited.

HARALD looked at his bruised messmates.

"She did not hold to her word," he said, "and she overthrew us by treachery." He thought for a moment. "It comes into my mind that this Empress thought herself the fairest of all women, and belike she was angered. These are not simple-minded women."

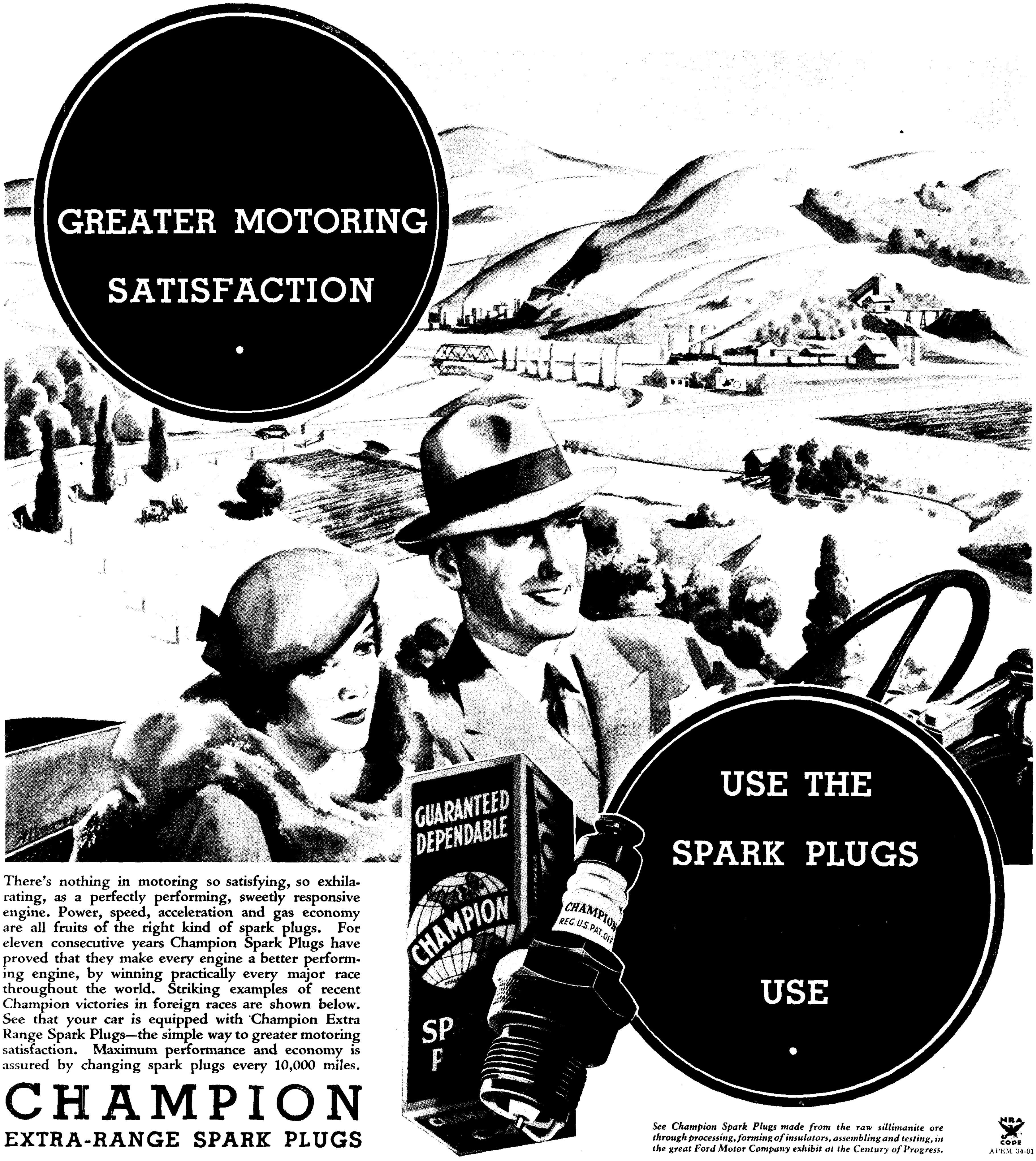
Ulf grunted. "If that is clear to you now," he said, "it is a pity that it did not come into your head yonder in the bear-pit. Now it seems to me that the Icelander foresaw this ill luck, and that many of us will lose our home-coming."

(Continued on page 34)



"So you don't care if your igloo is going to melt soon —you want Mamma to stop swiping your ice cubes!"

FRANK OWEN



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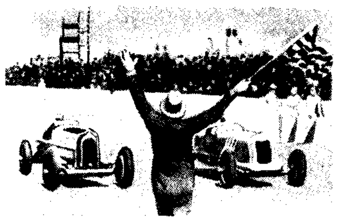
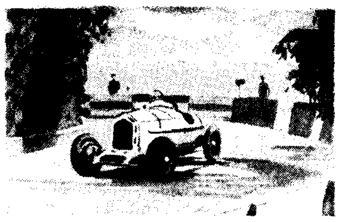
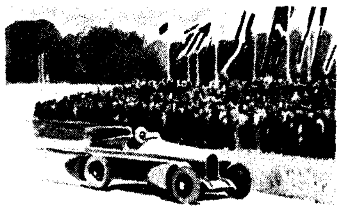


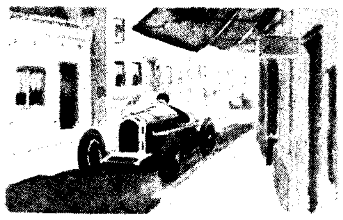
AFRICA — *The Casablanca Grand Prix, Morocco, a 240 mile race on a fast track, was won by L. Chiron, averaging 81.10 m. p. h. against a field of international drivers. Chiron drove a Champion equipped Alfa-Romeo.*



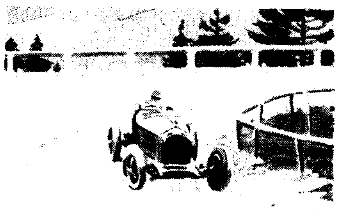
SWITZERLAND — *The Grand Prix Montreux on the shores of beautiful Lake Geneva was won by Trossi in an Alfa-Romeo. Etancelin in a Maserati, second, Varzi in an Alfa-Romeo, third — all Champion equipped.*



GERMANY—*The Avus Rennen, an exceedingly fast track race near Berlin, was won by Guy Moll in a Champion equipped Alfa-Romeo. Distance 183 miles. Average 127.56 m. p. h. Varzi, second, also used Champions.*



ENGLAND—*The Isle of Man "Round The Houses" race, or "Manin Moar" was won by Brian Lewis in a Champion equipped Alfa-Romeo. Cyril Paul in a Champion equipped Riley, third.*



ITALY — *The 25th annual Targa Florio, generally conceded the most dangerous, exciting and difficult race in the world, was won by A. Varzi in a Champion equipped Alfa-Romeo. Barbieri, second, also used Champions.*

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Automobile Cleaner
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TUNE IN "House by the Road" Sunday Afternoons—NBC Coast to Coast.

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The Golden Empress

Continued from page 32

"That may well be," Harald agreed.

Presently a youth appeared at the tower's rim—he must have climbed an outer stair that served the guards. He was shedding tears and crying words in Norman-French that Harald and some of the messmates understood. Harald sat up to listen. When the youth went away, a guard came and spat down at the Norsemen.

"That youngling was saying," Harald said to Ulf, "that he was brother to the dark-eyed Maria the Porfr—whatever it is. He was saying that this Empress in anger hath given command to make Maria captive and put out her eyes with hot irons."

After that afternoon in the hippodrome, it did not surprise the Norsemen that Zoë should command this.

"If they will do that to the girl," Ulf pondered, "what will they do to us?"

"We are warfarers," said Harald, "and soon or late we will find our deaths otherwise than in a bed. But Maria is no more than a tender girl, and it is a shameful thing they will do to her."

"What led you to ask for her, of all the women of Constantinople?"

Harald pulled at the grass between his knees. "I know not. But I will not sit by while they put out her eyes."

"It is hard to see," Ulf pointed out, "how you can do anything else."

By then it was the end of dusk, with only a red glow in the sky. Ulf could hear the guards eating by their fire. From the summit of the tower a hooded woman peered down at them, making mocking sounds. At times she spat, or she threw stones taken from her dress, at Ulf. Suddenly Ulf became greatly interested in what the woman was doing. He touched Harald gently.

"A rope is coming down," he whispered.

The two of them went to the tower's side and searched with their hands until they found the rope dangling. It was stout and strong and the woman had made it fast above, because two men could swing on it.

"Now how are we to know," whispered Ulf, "what *this* woman hath in store for us?"

"We will find out," quoth Harald, taking hold of the rope with his good arm. But Ulf, who had two sound arms, climbed the rope first, bracing himself against the wall with his feet while the Norsemen below held the end of the rope taut.

WHEN Ulf put his shaggy head over the top, he saw that the tall cloaked woman was standing alone at the head of the outer stair. He wondered then how he would speak to her. "Hi, Olga, Gretchen, *damzelle*—"

"Hi, blood-drawn butcher's calf," croaked the woman in a deep voice. "Shut your lip and come over."

"The Icelander!" whispered Ulf joyfully, as he hauled himself over the edge. "How come ye here?"

"By the sense that fools lack. Bid Lord Harald tie himself in this rope's end, and we will haul him up."

While they worked, the Icelander explained that he had been in the crowd at the hippodrome, but high up among the commoners. He had gone out of a gate and had hidden himself until he could speak with his friend the Englishman, who was angered by the treachery of the Byzantines. So the Englishman had got him this dress with a stout rope to coil beneath his cloak. . . .

Before the guards understood what was happening, the messmates swarmed down and cast them to the ground. The struggle lasted only a moment, but some women who had been hanging about the soldiers' fire screamed and ran away.

"This place," the Icelander complained, "hath too many women in it. Now we must make our way quickly down to the ship."

"Wait," said Harald suddenly. "Strip these five of their armor. Take their shields and spears—five of you. Nay, the cloaks as well. Put them on."

Ulf and the Icelander saw the cunning of this, and in another minute five Norsemen stood dressed like Constantinople guards—looking enough like the Byzantines to pass for them in that dim light.

"Now," said Harald, "we will find Maria's house, and take her away so that her eyes will not be put out. Come with me, for I shall find that girl, and Constantinople will not soon forget this night."

His saying came true. At that hour Zoë was at supper with the Cæsar and advisers of the empire. She was still in a fury, which did not mend when a slave brought word that the Norsemen had got out of their tower.

THE second message, a half-hour later, startled all the Sacred Palace. The Norsemen, Harald and seven others including a strange woman, had been brought into the courtyard of the palace of Maria the Porphyrogenita, by five guards. At least, everyone had taken the five for guards—until Harald made his way up the stairs and found Maria lying on her bed. He wrapped her up in a coverlet and carried her down, and went forth in the center of his men, who had got new arms from the house. They vanished into the network of dark alleys leading to the waterfront.

"Draw up the chain across the harbor," Zoë commanded. "Summon the captains of the war vessels. Light up all the harbor front!"

She called for her litter and a cohort of the palace guard. Surrounded by torches, in the midst of her Goths and Tatars, she was carried down through the gardens and the markets to the marble docks of the Golden Horn.

There she drew a deep breath of anticipation. Her commands had been carried out. Beacons lighted on both sides the harbor cast a gleam over all the dark water. The great chain at the narrow harbor mouth was clanking up—already its ends appeared, dripping, out of the water. In a tumult of hurrying slaves and shouting seamen several lofty war galleys were preparing to put out from the docks, to where the slender dragon ship of the Norsemen lay waiting in the deserted middle of the harbor—having rowed out from its jetty as soon as Harald had boarded it.

It seemed to Zoë that at last she would behold a spectacle worthy of the Cæsars of ancient Rome—a battle of gladiators upon ships, before her eyes.

"Sound the trumpets!" she cried.

Over the water resounded the melodious blast of the horns that signified the Empress was ready to watch the spectacle.

Maria, standing on the aft deck of the long dragon ship, heard that blast. She arranged the coverlet about her shoulders and she faced Lord Harald with pride.

"Do ye make war upon a woman? Set me back on the shore, or men will name you coward until the day of your death."

Harald laughed. "A coward? Tell me where it will please you to be landed and I will set you there."

Maria clenched her hands. "You dare not!"

For answer, Harald took up one of the steering sweeps, motioning Ulf to the other. "Out oars, lads," he called. "Pull back to the jetty!"

And he thrust over the sweep he held. The men pulled in grim silence; they had little desire to go back among the war vessels that would spout Greek fire and stones at them. They were trapped by the chain, but at least they were better off in open water.

Maria clasped her hands together as if she were praying. Quickly she glanced up at Harald as if to read his eyes. "Stop!" Her cry was so sudden that he echoed it:

"Weigh oars, lads." And he looked down at her. "What now?"

Maria's face was flushed, her head bent. All at once she felt afraid of him, and her lips quivered. "I—you must not risk your life again. These men—" she pointed out into the darkness. "My brother and I, we rowed over the Golden Horn and there, in the middle, the great chain sags—and perhaps—" her voice trailed into silence.

HARALD bent toward her eagerly. "How far below the surface lies the bight of the chain?"

A little more than a yard she measured with her hands, and Harald looked at Ulf, who shook his head moodily.

"Nay, Harald, the boat will break her back on that. Then we would find our end in the water."

But Harald touched the girl on the shoulder. "Then you do not wish to go back?"

"Oh, I have told you—besides, I do not want to be blinded."

Strangely Maria did not add that her aunt had often condemned her to such a fate, in a jealous rage. After all, who knew what Zoë would really do?

"Now, lads," Harald called to them, "we will get away. Pull for life. And the others come aft. Each man with a bit of gear. Fetch away the anchor stone."

As the dragon ship turned its carved prow toward the harbor mouth and the long oars churned the water into foam, a mocking shout resounded from the shore. The dragon ship, gaining speed swiftly, headed toward the dim gap where the center of the chain was covered with water. All the Norsemen who were not at the oars staggered aft along the runway with bags and chests in their arms. Two of them lugged the great anchor stone.

HARALD did not take his eyes from the dark gap, as the dragon ship rushed upon the chain. The keel grated and the narrow craft swayed, jarring suddenly to a stop. The fore part, suspended in the air, creaked ominously.

"She will not clear!" shouted Ulf, looking over the side.

"Forward, all!" Harald roared. "Forward with the gear!" He watched the lifted prow as the men ran forward with their burdens. Slowly the prow sank, while the stern rose a little beneath his feet.

"*Pull, lads!*" he barked at the rowers. "Pull her over—"

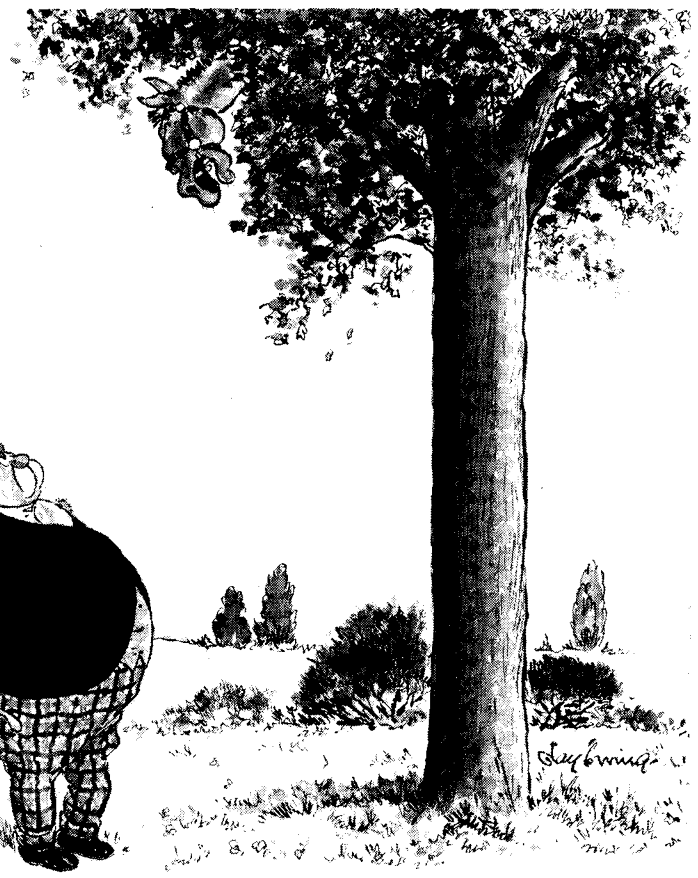
The oar blades threshed the water white. The chain rasped along the keel and the prow sank gently. The Norsemen yelled as the dragon ship rocked and slid clear of the chain, gliding into open water.

Harald looked over his shoulder at the lights already vanishing behind the point of the city. "Now," he laughed, "that Empress cannot say she is mightier than the Norsemen. For I take away with me the greatest treasure of her city!"

And he summoned the Icelander to the steering sweep. He picked up Maria gently in his arms and carried her down to the cabin space below the aft deck.

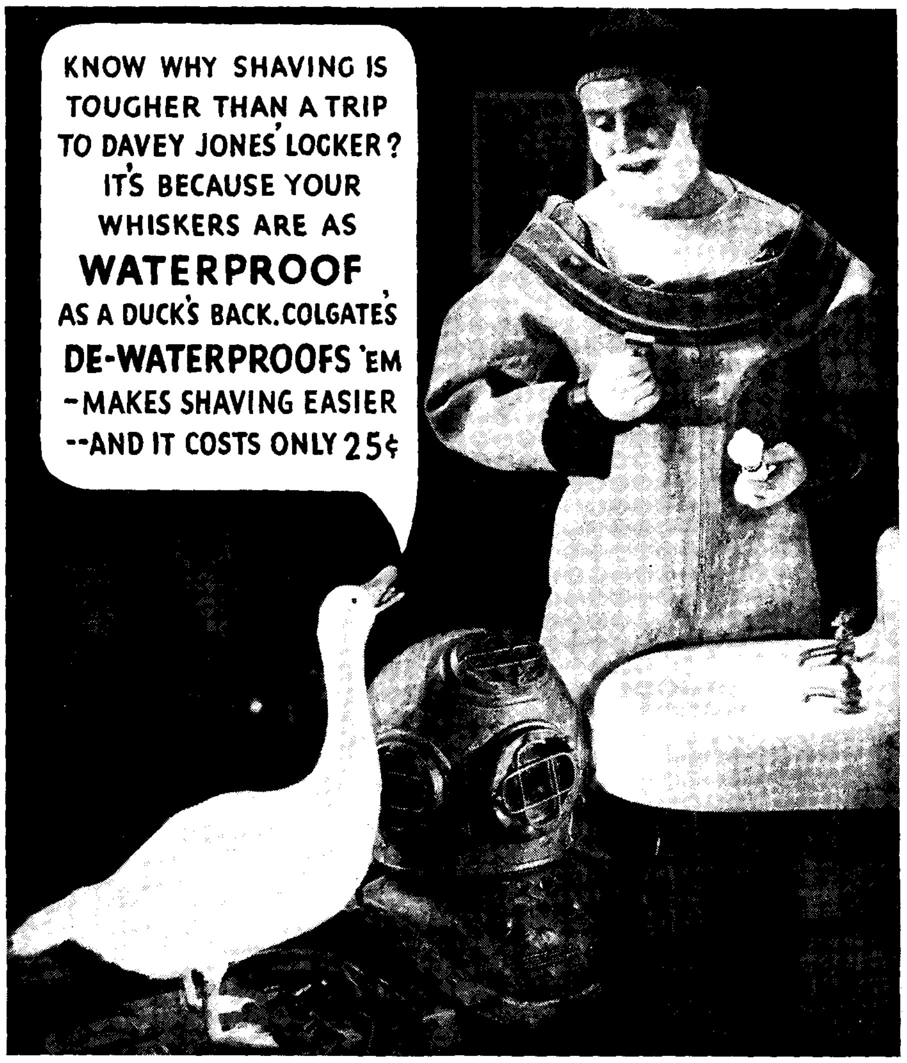
The Icelander looked after them, and then he said to Ulf:

"It is clear to me that Lord Harald carries in his arms the one who is mightier than he."



"A joke is a joke, my dear girl, but this has gone far enough!"

JAY IRVING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An Answer

By R. E. OLDS

Why REO Is Still
The Only Car That Requires
NO GEARSHIFTING

THE STEADILY growing appeal of the Reo Self-Shifter—*the car without a gear-shift lever*—is making it a little difficult for competitors to explain why Reo is still so far ahead of the field in this big development.

ONE OF their favorite ways of getting away from the issue is to turn back the question on the inquirer by asking:

"WHY DON'T other manufacturers use it, if it is so good?"

—

THE ANSWER, of course, is that *Reo owns the patents.* Other manufacturers have been trying for years to perfect similar mechanisms, hoping that they, too, might save their car owners the work and bother of shifting gears by hand.

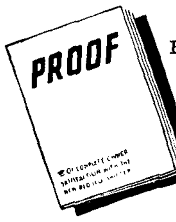
BUT THE fact remains that they have introduced nothing of this nature and the SELF-SHIFTER continues to be an EXCLUSIVE advantage of Reo cars.

THERE IS no doubt whatever that ALL cars will eventually have some kind of an application of the Reo idea, because it is so much sounder and SAFER than hand-shifting. At the same time, you can see that it would be folly for any manufacturer to come out with it until he had an approximation, at least, of the wholly satisfactory and thoroughly foolproof device perfected by Reo.

—

THERE ARE many interesting angles to this story that I am sure you would enjoy reading. Write me and I will gladly give you some of the details.

BUT IN the meantime be sure to see your Reo dealer—or call him up—so that you yourself may drive *the car without a gear-shift lever* and understand what a revolutionary invention it really is!



BE SURE to ask for copy of our interesting booklet "PROOF" containing unbiased accounts of owners' experiences with the SELF-SHIFTER. Also detailed explanation of its easy operation.

Prices at factory, $795 upward

REO MOTOR CAR CO.
LANSING, MICHIGAN

Cow Pasture Pool

Continued from page 21

about to putt; about how he had to hold up the game at the sixth for ten minutes because of a sudden sand storm that had come on the wings of an east wind that had roared out of Indian Canyon. Just two golfers talking the same language that golfers talk in the locker room at St. Andrew's or Merion or Singapore or Long Island or Beverly Hills.

That was ten years ago in Carrizozo when there were only two sets of clubs in the town but it might have been yesterday—although now there are perhaps thirty sets of clubs in the town and on the ranches of Lincoln County. Now the story of the Carrizozo golf course is a strange story of a strange course, and perhaps it is worth the telling, for it is also a story of old New Mexico—a state which refuses to grow up.

It is a nine-hole golf course and the fairways are studded with ocatilla cactus and greasewood and mesquite and Spanish dagger. The course is in a valley but the valley is 6,500 feet above sea level and if you aren't accustomed to exercise at that altitude your arms become very heavy after three holes and your legs are leaden weights and your eyes hurt and your throat is thick with dust and that is why you usually carry two caddies with you—one to carry your clubs and the other . . . but later we'll explain the duties of the second caddy.

Doctor's Orders

Suppose we go back twelve years. . . . Doctor Frank Johnson was born and raised in Tennessee but one day he looked around and said to himself: "Hell, there's no room here for a big man," and Johnson *was* a big man too. He bought himself a covered wagon, loaded it with his medical kit and headed for the Southwest. He stayed awhile in Amarillo and he touched Capitan and White Oaks and then he came to Carrizozo and he liked it and he stayed there—and people for a hundred miles around have thanked God ever since.

One hot afternoon Doc walked into Art Rolland's drug store and he and Art had a chocolate soda, together with Willie Gallagher, Jim Beck and Merritt Finley.

"You boys been working too hard and worrying too much," Johnson said, looking at them with eyes that held the shrewd gaze of the trained physician as well as the concern of an old and privileged friend.

"Well, Doc," Finley said dryly, "when it hasn't rained for seven months and you've got 6,000 head of cattle growing thin from lack of feed and water, you naturally worry a little."

"It's no fun to watch your horses die on your range and you not be able to do anything about it," Gallagher said grimly.

"You boys got to take your minds off the drought," Johnson insisted. "You got to forget the poor price of beef. You need . . . I'll tell you what you need—you need something like golf."

"Golf!" Finley exclaimed in amazement.

"Cow pasture pool," Gallagher snorted.

"There ain't a set of clubs in Lincoln County," Jim Beck said.

"We can send for some," Art Rolland told them. "The Doc is right. Golf would be better for you men than all of our pills. We got lots of land here. It would be easy to lay out a course."

"We'll do it," Johnson said. "That's doctor's orders."

That afternoon when the 3:30 from El Paso came in Billy Randall, conductor of the train, dropped into Art's drug store. He found a half dozen ranchers and cowboys talking about golf.

"If only any of us had ever played," Art was saying, "we'd know how to build a course, but I don't guess that anyone in Carrizozo ever saw a golf course, much less played on one."

"I played a little golf when I was younger," Billy Randall said, and everyone in the drug store looked at Billy with amazement. "It ought to be easy to build a course."

Truman Spencer, owner of the Bar-W Ranch said, "We can use that bit of property of mine over by Coyote Spring."

"Give me a pencil and a piece of paper," Randall said, and there on the marble slab of the drug store soda fountain he drew a rough plan of what was to be the Carrizozo golf course.

"There was one drawback to the course," Art Rolland says now. "We'd go there to play and we'd find maybe fifty antelope who'd come down from the mountains to water at the spring. We'd find cattle and horses wandering over the course. We fenced in all the greens with barbed wire but every time we drove a ball we'd like as not hit a bull on the buttocks. So after a couple of years we decided to make a new course. There were ten of us who were owner-members of the club. Will Ed Harris owned the old Gunn homestead just adjoining the town and we thought that would be a good site. So we bought the 120 acres from Will Ed."

The cowboys and the ranchers and the few local merchants got together and built the new course. Its total cost was $225 and they probably have the best sand greens in the world. New Mexico sand is fine and pure and when it's mixed with heavy oil and rolled and pounded you've got a smooth, flat green.

Now today the whole course is fenced in and cattle and horses peer through the strands of the wire and wonder what is going on.

Some ten thousand years ago a volcano erupted a few miles to the west and poured a molten stream of lava down the Carrizozo Flat. It's there now, a black, ugly-looking ribbon eighty miles long and half a mile wide. The Mexicans call it Mal Pais (Bad Country). When lava cools it forms caves and crevices and this is breeding ground for rattlesnakes. When it is dry the snakes emerge in search of water and they find the golf course and they like to bask in the comparative coolness of the oil-soaked greens. Not a week goes by that a dozen or so rattlers are not killed by golfers.

Golf Isn't Religion Here

Now the twenty owner-members of the club and the forty associate members (cowboys mostly) pay six dollars a year dues. During the past four years the money mounted up, for the expenses for the upkeep of the course are negligible. The officers of the club were embarrassed to find nearly a thousand dollars in the treasury. They got together at Art's drug store for a conference.

Art is president of the club now. Merritt Finley is vice president and Louis Bacot (he's superintendent of the railroad roundhouse in Carrizozo) is secretary. Doc Johnson (he's Mayor Johnson now but he's still "Doc" to every man, woman and child in this part of the country) is a sort of president emeritus.

"Let's build a clubhouse," Doc suggested, and by golly they did and I'll tell you it's the prettiest little adobe-type one-room clubhouse you ever saw. Tom James, manager of the O-Bar-O Ranch over in Bernado Gap, designed it and he got a couple of Mexicans to build it. It has thick walls to keep out the heat and its rafters are thick-barked heavy cedar trunks which came from Mount Baxter. And it has a bar and, as in golf clubs all over the world, an awful lot of golf is played at its bar. I've seen men come in after a round and they'll order tall beers and they'll laugh and they'll cry joyously, "Golly, but aren't we lousy golfers!" and they'll never get worried about their game as most golfers do.

It's a Lot of Fun

Next I played the course for the first time on a blistering hot day and I played with three cowmen and I was surprised to discover that we each had two caddies.

"It's pretty hot for golf today," I suggested, looking yearningly toward that cool clubhouse.

"Well, I'll tell you how we play on hot days," one of the ranchers said. "We each have two Mexican boys to caddy for us. One boy carries the golf bag, the other carries a pitcher of beer. We have a couple of cool drinks before we start and then at the end of each hole we have maybe a couple more. The kid who carries the beer runs back to the clubhouse after each hole to fill up his pitcher. That's how we play. And if it gets too hot, why, we just go back to the clubhouse. It really doesn't matter whether we finish the whole nine holes. If we do, all right. If we don't, all right. It's a lot of fun either way."

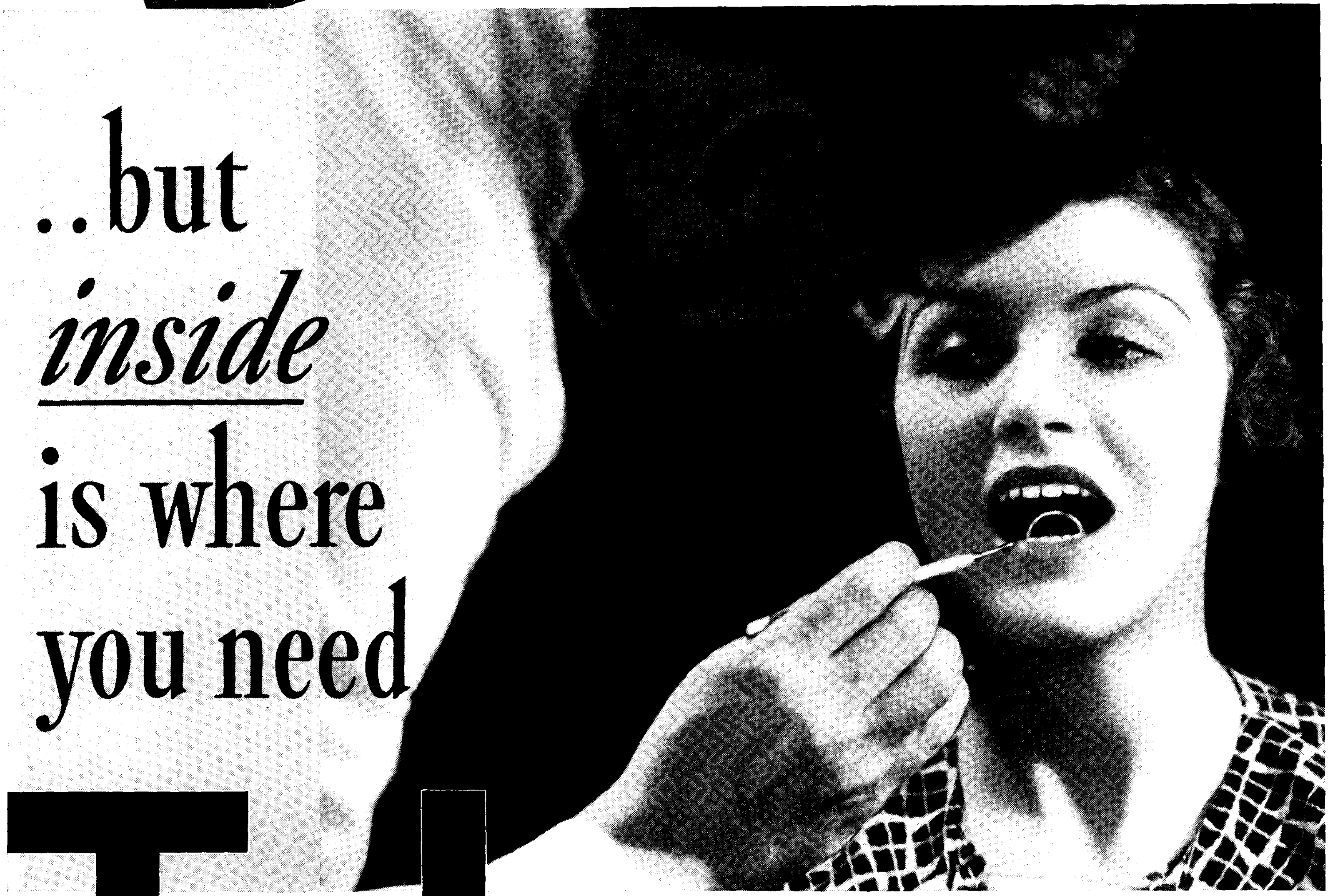
This will sound like rank heresy to most golfers. The idea of golf being played sheerly for fun is indeed a new and startling idea. Most men play golf for score. But not in Carrizozo. In Carrizozo golf is a riotous, joyful game; it's an antidote for the agony of mind which cattlemen carry in a drought year. Men play golf in the afternoon at Carrizozo so they can forget that in the morning they killed a thousand head of cattle—cattle that had been three years in the rearing. They are courageous men in Lincoln County—just as courageous as Billy the Kid and Sheriff Garrett of yesterday—and they are never more courageous than when they are laughing at their bad shots on the Carrizozo golf course with a sun burning down and making the thermometer climb to 110 degrees.

They don't see the sun. Instead they see and point out a dark cloud that hangs high over the mountain that is known as El Capitan and which gives promise of a cool evening. And they don't see the bones of their cattle whitening on the plains. Instead they are looking into the future and trusting in a benevolent hand that will some day drench the plains and the valleys with rain so that the arroyos will roar with the gurgling sound of water and life will again return to Carrizozo and to Lincoln County and to young, lusty, rugged New Mexico.

When men can look back and laugh at the dark year of 1934 and when they wonder how it was they ever were able to hang on and keep their heads up—they will have to give some credit to that little nine-hole golf course with the sagebrush fairways and the oil-soaked sand greens.

Any good tooth brush

including Tek, of course, can clean the outside surfaces of your teeth



..but *inside* is where you need Tek

• An old story to the dentist's mirror. Tartar *behind* the front teeth where misfit brushes fail to clean.

I*nside* . . . back of your front teeth is where *tartar* forms. *Inside* is where old-fashioned brushes fail to clean because they don't fit. *Inside* is where Tek cleans with outside ease and efficiency.

GUARANTEE:—If Tek does not fit and clean your teeth *inside* and outside, return the brush to us and your money will be refunded. Tek bristles are laboratory selected for purity, resiliency and long life. Better Shape, Better Bristles . . . yet Tek costs no more than old-fashioned brushes. Remember—Tek Jr. for the children.

Guaranteed... to fit and clean your teeth INSIDE and outside

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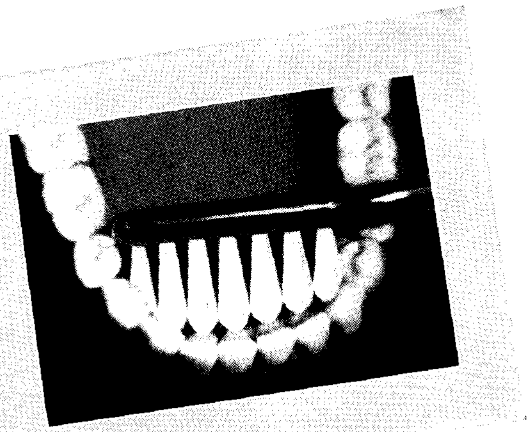


Actual size dental arch and Tek

The Tyranny of Greed

Continued from page 8

to see records kept of large speculative transactions in cotton enabled this particular devil to jump over the fence and escape for the time being.

One of the most popular of the personal devils from the standpoint of people who run for office is the Middleman devil. What happens to food from the time it leaves the farmer's hands until it reaches the consumer's plate? The railroads, commission men, processors, wholesalers and retailers now take twice as much for their services as they did before the war. The farmer may get bankruptcy prices or be unable to sell at all, at a time when consumers feel that prices are so high they are unable to buy. Therefore it is said that the middleman is a devil, that he profiteers, that he destroys food to keep up prices, and that he enters into collusive arrangements. Some of these things are occasionally true and as both farmers and consumers like to hear the story there are always plenty of politicians and newspapers ready to denounce this Middleman devil.

The Old Reliable Red Devil

During the past ten or fifteen years the Red devil has been the outstanding favorite among business men. The Red devil came from Russia and carries the brand of Marx and Lenin. If anyone in government service says anything which business men do not like they hold up the Red devil to scare the people.

Some business men and certain congressmen really believe in the Red devil but most of them use him because they think this is an easy way to scare people so that they will not give real thought to social and economic problems.

Most of us abhor the bitterness and violence which characterize the Communistic approach to economic problems. The whole devil business interferes with hard thinking and clean-cut action. Devil-shouting may be useful in gaining votes or increasing the circulation of a newspaper or tightening the hold of an unscrupulous leader on his organization, but it is of very little help in cleaning up the mess. The devil-shouters are dynamic speech-makers and sometimes are excellent writers of magazine articles. They sometimes arouse the public about abuses, but beyond that their usefulness ends.

It is necessary eventually to get beyond name-calling, which arouses human passions but prevents thinking and delays action. Modern democracy cannot be effective until our people are willing to support leaders capable of going beyond calling each other names.

When we treat the money power as a devil and try to put him in jail and torture him we all too often hurt ourselves tenfold. The evils in our faulty money system have caused us great harm; but in order to get rid of the evils we must be able to go beyond righteous indignation. We must go on to a definite, careful, measured understanding of one problem. It will not do us a particle of good to assume that the bankers and speculators are trying to suck our life blood and that therefore we should destroy them and their works. In this direction lies either futility or a revolution which will destroy many things, but which will eventually build up another system with probably even greater abuses. Devil-baiting does not lead to an understanding of economic forces any more than the ducking of witches improved the morals of the early colonists.

Those who in the past have sought a change in the rules have not limited themselves to wishing for it nor to passing fervent resolutions. They have worked for the change sometimes openly and fairly, sometimes secretly and deviously. It seems to me essential that we understand how these things are done. We may reject the bad and make use of the good technique, but we ought to be aware of the existence of both.

Congressmen, senators and the people who are in administrative positions are fully familiar with the technique of what we may call hot spots, pressure groups and news drives. Ninety-nine per cent of the people who depend for their understanding on what they read would be amazed if they could see the method at first hand. Energetic, selfish people, thinking solely about short-time or regional objectives, put on drive after drive.

One of the most interesting political thunderstorms I ever watched was that which precipitated the five Western governors upon Washington in November, 1933. Farm prices after the sky-rocket speculative advance in midsummer, 1933, had sagged back during the fall so that there was tremendous dissatisfaction among the farmers who, a few months earlier, had thought that their troubles had suddenly and miraculously come to an end. The NRA had increased the cost of the things the farmers purchase at the very time their own products had gone down greatly in price. There was great indignation in many communities and this was capitalized by the leaders of the Farm Holiday movement. They preached far and wide that it was the duty of the government to fix farm products prices at a high level. They were so energetic that certain of the governors of the West thought there ought to be a farm meeting.

When the governors arrived in Washington, it was apparent that at least four of them were sincerely anxious to do something for agriculture. They really thought that an agricultural code should be adopted which would enable farmers to get cost of production in the same way that the lumber manufacturers were getting cost of production out of their code. When this matter was looked into, it was discovered that in the National Recovery Act there is a provision known as the Huey Long Amendment which makes it impossible to interfere with the free marketing rights of the individual farmer or laboring man.

The Government on the Spot

The governors then suggested that we move at once under the Agricultural Adjustment Act to fix prices. They wanted us to license the packers to pay at least $8 a hundred for hogs and everything else in proportion. They wanted us to double and treble farm products prices at once by the simple method of licensing all processors and dealers so that they could not purchase farm products except at a very much higher price.

It was suggested that this might be illegal or unconstitutional, but one governor spoke up with the brusque statement, "Hell, what's the Constitution between friends?"

It was then suggested that only half as many pounds of hog products could be passed into consumption at $8 a hundred as at the price then prevailing and it would therefore be necessary in order to carry out the program of licensing the dealers and processors to determine a quota for every individual farmer. We asked the governors if they were ready to stand for compulsory control of the quotas of each individual farmer. Then they began to doubt whether they wanted to regiment the entire range of agriculture all at once.

The governors had been put on the spot by certain farm spellbinders who had an opening because of the increase in prices under the NRA at a time when farm products prices were dropping. Instead of trying to think the problem through, for the country as a whole, they had allowed themselves to be persuaded of the practicability of price fixing and they came down to Washington to put the Administration on the spot instead of themselves.

Politically they were in a much stronger position than we were. Their program sounded reasonable to the farmers who had been suffering most unfairly for many years. They came from five farm states; we had to take a national view. We knew absolutely that we would get into a mess if we attempted to go along with the governors. If they had had something which was really practical and well thought out the answer might have been much different.

A Bottom for the Cotton Market

One of the most beneficial pressure drives was that led by the Southern senators and congressmen in an effort to get a higher price for cotton in the late summer of 1933. Cotton prices, like all others, had gone down suddenly during the late summer and early fall of 1933, and the Southerners were determined that something should be done about it. A group of about thirty of them came to my office to make speeches. They wanted the price of cotton fixed at once by the government at 15 cents a pound. They wanted the government to buy cotton at 15 cents a pound or to lend money on cotton at 15 cents a pound.

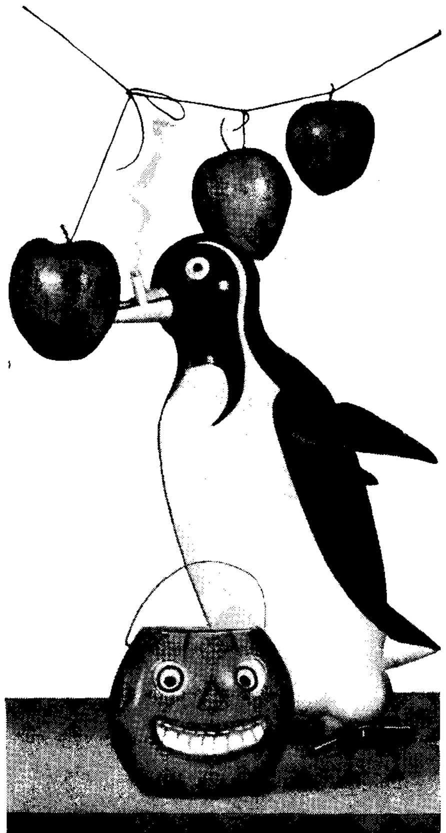
We didn't want to lend 15 cents a pound on cotton because we believed this would encourage foreign cotton-growing countries to expand their acreage. Under the adjustment program we were selling cotton abroad on a world basis without any processing tax included. This meant that the American cotton farmer was getting for his crop the world's price plus about four cents a pound on the domestically consumed portion of the crop. As 60 per cent of the cotton is normally exported, we didn't like to see the government take action which would limit exports. We still had a carry-over nearly three times normal and we felt that this had to be whittled down by exporting as much cotton as possible.

At the same time we recognized that there had been altogether too great a drop in farm products prices during the late summer and fall of 1933 and that so far as possible we should do something about it. We believed, furthermore, that the prices would be higher by the summer of 1934 and we therefore suggested that we would take up with the President the desirability of lending without recourse ten cents a pound on cotton on the farm, thus putting an effective peg under the cotton market.

As a result of the stimulus furnished to the Administration by the Southern senators, congressmen and farm leaders, the Commodity Credit Corporation was formed and loans without recourse

(Continued on page 40)

KOOL
MILDLY MENTHOLATED
Cigarettes
[CORK TIPPED]



WORTH GOING FOR!

An apple a day may keep the doctor away, but a carton of KOOLS is a sure way to keep a comfortable smoking throat always on tap! KOOLS are *mildly* mentholated to cool the smoke, to bring out the full flavor of the choice tobaccos used. Cork-tipped to save lips. B & W coupon in each pack of KOOLS good for attractive nationally advertised merchandise. (Offer good in U.S.A. only.) Send for latest illustrated premium booklet.

SAVE COUPONS *for* HANDSOME MERCHANDISE

SAVE THIS VALUABLE B&W COUPON
REDEEMABLE
KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
CORK TIPPED

15¢ *for* TWENTY 25¢ *in* CANADA

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

WHO IS THE BOSS...YOU OR YOUR FOUNTAIN PEN?

If you're not using an Eversharp Adjustable—you're taking orders from your fountain pen. Your pen is telling *you* how to write—makes you write *its* way—robs you of your ease and comfort in writing.

Here is the way to end all that. Use the new fountain pen that will take orders from *you*—that will write the way *you* want it to write. Use an Eversharp Adjustable.

The Pen that Adapts Itself to You

You simply adjust the Eversharp Adjustable to the exact thickness of line *you* like, to the exact pressure that suits *you* best, the "feel" that makes writing easier and most natural for you. You don't have to make even a hair-line compromise. You get exactly what *you* want. Only the Eversharp Adjustable offers you this sensational performance.

The Smoothest Writing Pen

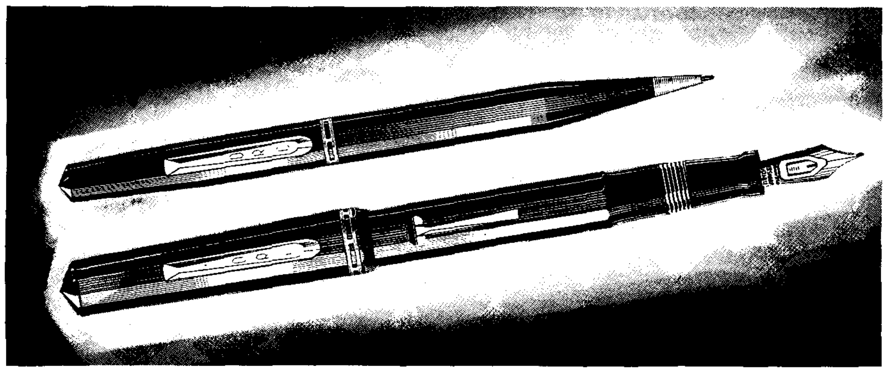
Because of this exact adjustment to your way of writing, the Eversharp Adjustable writes smoother than any other pen. Thousands who thought their pens were "good writers" have exclaimed in amazement, "This pen is much easier to write with." It is because it writes *your* way. And it's the only pen that does.

The Pen that does all Kinds of Writing

And, here is an extra service the Eversharp Adjustable gives you. To the right you'll find examples of some of the many different kinds of writing jobs the Eversharp Adjustable will do for you—all with one point. This is a service you will appreciate many times over, because these and many other writing jobs like them are constantly necessary.

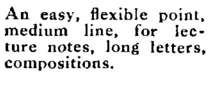
You be the Supreme Court

Stop at any good store where fountain pens are sold and get a free demonstration of the Eversharp Adjustable Pen. Give this pen the toughest test you can think of. And, if you buy one, it is guaranteed to give you the smoothest, easiest writing you've ever had. Have your dealer give you that Eversharp Adjustable demonstration today. The Wahl Co., Chicago, New York, San Francisco and Toronto.

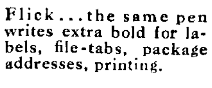


THE PEN THAT IS SAFEST TO GIVE—The ideal gift pen; the "givee" can adjust it to conform to personal writing style. Its adjustable point makes it a better writing pen for *anyone!* Its graceful, smart Doric lines make it the most beautiful pen ever designed. In attractive gift boxes, at all good stationery, jewelry, department and drug stores; from $3.75 to $10.00. Matching Eversharp Pencils, beautiful and practical, $2.00 to $4.00. Buy them together in sets, and save money! Matched sets, $5.00 to $12.50. Prices slightly higher in Canada.

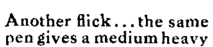
***Look!* The only pen that will do every kind of writing—with one point.**


Miss you v
get back h

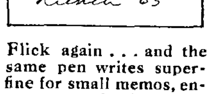
An easy, flexible point, medium line, for lecture notes, long letters, compositions.


MR. J. B. RUS
118 CARV

Flick...the same pen writes extra bold for labels, file-tabs, package addresses, printing.


Yours very truly,
Allen Sn

Another flick...the same pen gives a medium heavy line for signature work, shaded writing, etc.

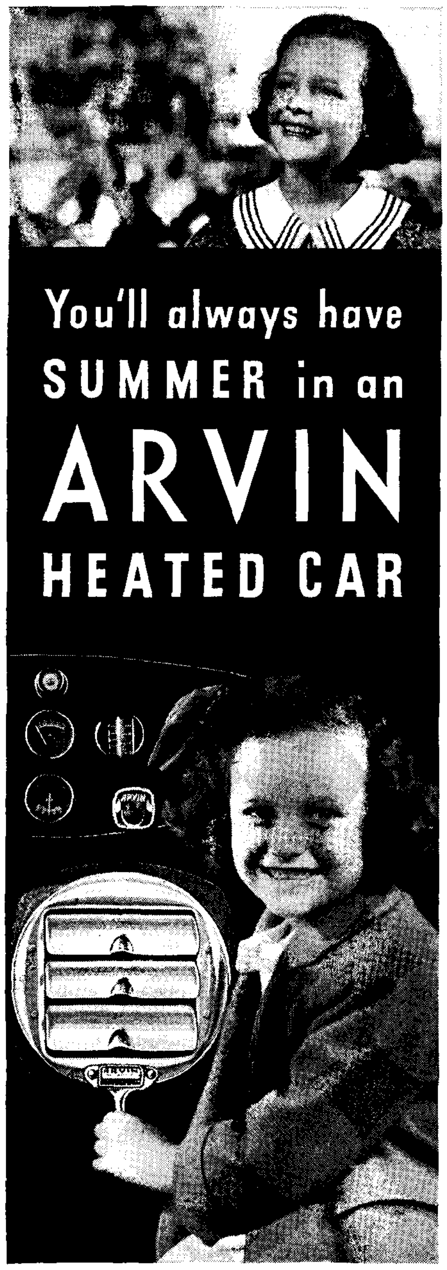

Tape 50
Lunch 65

Flick again . . . and the same pen writes superfine for small memos, engagement calendars.

Remember, only Eversharp makes Square Lead—the lead that can't slip, twist, or turn—the only lead that fits all regular-size mechanical pencils. Highest quality known.

EVERSHARP

ADJUSTABLE POINT FOUNTAIN PENS



SCIENTIFIC FACT: *Any car owner can make summer weather out of winter weather if he has the right equipment.*

. . . For example, if you have an Arvin Hot Water Heater, you can hop in your car and cruise around on a snowy, blowy day—yet all the while you'll have summer weather inside your car. You enjoy all the beauties of winter driving without feeling its bite. In short, you make winter seem just like *summer* in an Arvin heated car . . . You can get an Arvin for as little as $12.95—with beautiful, indirectly lighted variable-speed control switch, revolving heat deflector front, and many other improved features. You can tell an Arvin by the way it heats and by its distinctive appearance . . . Arvin Heaters are sold and installed by garages, car dealers and service stations everywhere. *Noblitt-Sparks Industries, Inc., Columbus, Ind.*

4 MODELS PRICED AS LOW AS $12.95

ARVIN
HOT WATER CAR HEATER
For Winter Driving Comfort

ARVIN CAR RADIO
For Year 'round Driving Pleasure

The Tyranny of Greed

Continued from page 38

were made, not only on cotton but also on corn, to producers who agreed to participate in the 1934 adjustment program.

This radical and seemingly unbusinesslike procedure was, in my opinion, abundantly justified in the fall of 1933 by the special conditions prevailing at that time. This particular pressure drive which resulted in the lending of more than $240,000,000 to corn and cotton farmers has probably saved them over the past year more than $40,000,000 which otherwise would have gone to speculators and others less entitled to the money. Undoubtedly prices during the past winter would have gone much lower if it had not been for these loans. We kept corn and cotton in farmers' hands so they would get the benefit of any increase instead of the speculators. With the monetary policy as it was in the fall of 1933 and with our production control program just getting started, it seemed to us that we were safe in endeavoring to put a bottom under the market of these fundamental crops. The fact that we did not make the loans except to those farmers who agreed to engage in a production control program made the loans economically sound.

The tremendous danger of special pressure groups is that they will persuade sympathetic governmental officials to do things which are fundamentally unsound. Almost invariably a pressure group asks for far more than it is entitled to. It is thinking about the political implications of the headlines in the newspapers the following morning.

Short Crops and Large Loans

The old Farm Board was put terribly on the spot with special drives of this sort. The economists with the Farm Board knew better than to get mixed up with the purchase of millions of bushels of wheat by the government at over a dollar a bushel as long as they had no mechanism for controlling the size of the subsequent crops. They tried to avoid it, but the political pressure of falling prices was too great. Millions of dollars of government money were thus wasted in a completely fruitless endeavor, even though prices were held up for the time being.

The Agricultural Adjustment Administration will, undoubtedly, find itself up against many similar drives during the next year. As the lending of forty-five cents a bushel on corn in the fall of 1933 turned out to be so satisfactory, certain groups will probably put on a drive to lend seventy-five cents a bushel this fall. Such a drive would be very popular politically, and those leading it might gain votes for themselves, although they would stand convicted in the eyes of those who understand the economics of the situation this fall as weak, ignorant or unscrupulous.

I can also imagine that efforts will be made to have loans without recourse on the basis of a dollar a bushel for wheat. Frankly, I am skeptical about loans this high on wheat and corn this particular year because both crops are short and the chances are they will be much larger next year. I don't like to see the government lose a lot of money on loans of this sort. I am afraid that it will discredit the whole procedure.

Many of us are interested in a sound agricultural program from a long-time point of view and not merely from the point of view of the headlines in the newspapers tomorrow morning. I decidedly question, therefore, the advisability of lending above the market price in years of short crops.

The sugar lobby in Washington has always been one of the most skillful of the pressure groups. When I declined to recommend to the President the signing of the sugar agreement in October, 1933, there was launched a powerful attack from many different angles. The agreement they had proposed was especially designed to increase the profits of American sugar refiners and had practically nothing to do, in my opinion, with the growers of sugar beets.

The merits of the case did not enter into their drive. Both Republican and Democratic politicians were turned loose on the Department of Agriculture. Representatives of growers whose minds had been seduced with the most astounding stories made numerous statements.

I was pictured as conspiring with rich Cuban planters.

It was said that I had sold out to Cuban sugar interests and was conspiring with Wall Street to destroy the American sugar farmer, so that the corn and hog farmers of Iowa could have a better market in Cuba for their pork. A high-priced publicity man was engaged to place advertising where it would do the most good. Strong Western newspapers entered into a concerted drive.

I had been forewarned about the campaign funds which had been gathered for the purpose, so this particular political thundercloud had much the same effect on me as the thunder and lightning that you see on the stage. We worked steadily ahead on what we believed to be a fundamentally sound sugar program which would do justice to the American producers of sugar but would not permit them to expand their business further at the expense of one hundred and twenty-five million people and which would not confer on the American refiners a special privilege for which the Agricultural Adjustment Act was not designed.

There are certain people living in Washington who have learned to make a specialty out of what might almost be called political blackmail. Some of them are representatives of well organized associations. They have been in Washington so long that they call the congressmen by their first names. They are acquainted with all the special cliques and know how to start a flock of telegrams rolling upon Washington at the right time. They can get close friends on the floor of the House or Senate to interpose an objection in committee meetings or on the floor at a time when it will cause embarrassment.

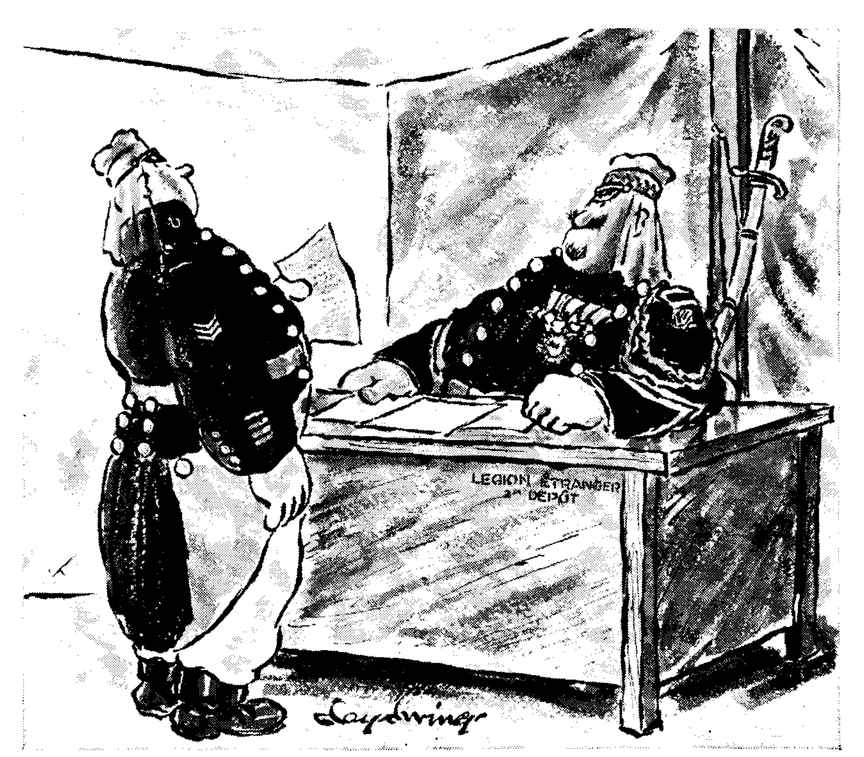
Many Axes to Grind

These lobbyists and legislative representatives are usually very pleasant and well-liked, but all too often they have their minds fixed on a special regional short-time objective and they are often more ruthless and unfair than the people who employ them. They feel that they must make a special showing of having done things in the interest of a particular small group in order that that small group will feel warranted in continuing their salaries for the following year.

The alarming thing in Washington is not that there are so many special pressure groups but that there are so few people who are concerned solely with looking at the picture from a broad national angle. Most congressmen and senators, it seems, are of necessity special pleaders for a particular region. It is, therefore, up to the executive branch of the government to consider the national interest. This is difficult at times because many officials in the executive branch owe their positions to representations made by particular congressmen or senators at the behest of special groups.

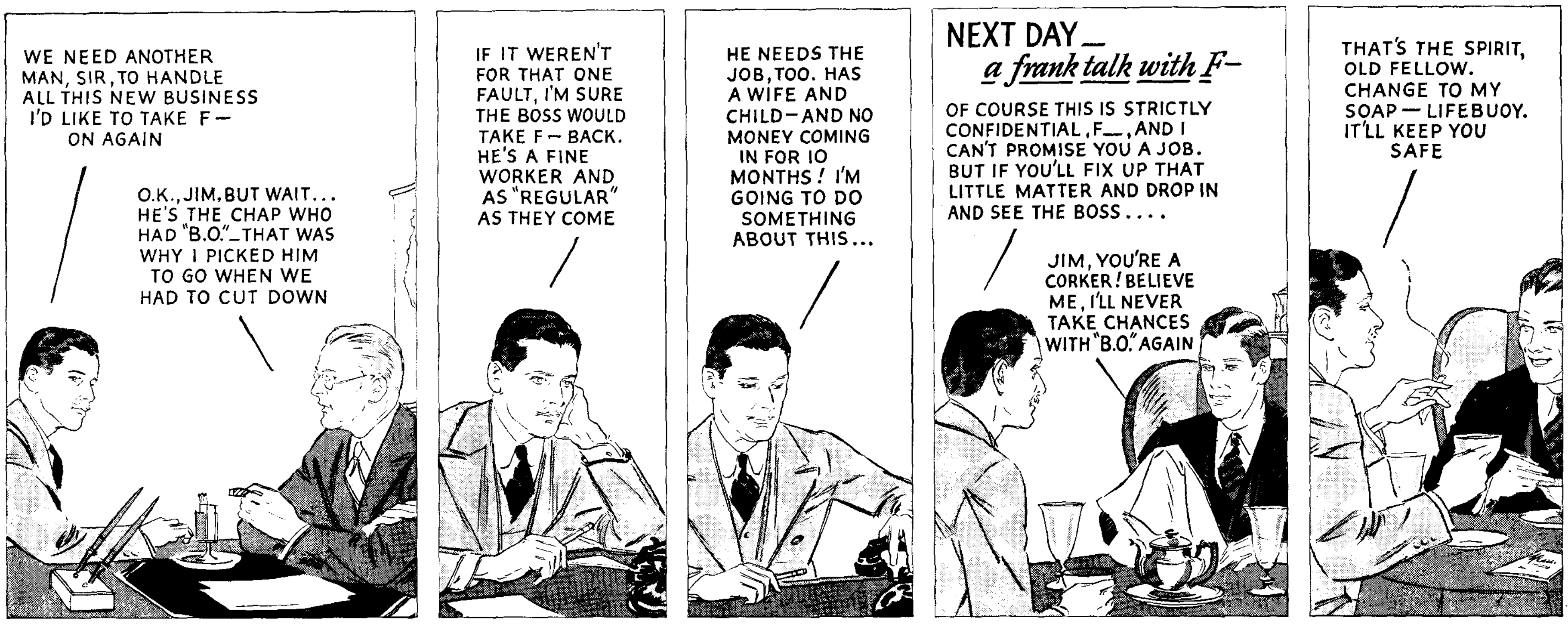
The rise and fall of political pressure is something like the weather. When economic conditions are bad the political situation will be hot and sultry. In boom time there is no thought of changing the fundamental rules. After 1929, it ought to be clear that we shall never advance to a better world on the crest of a speculative boom.

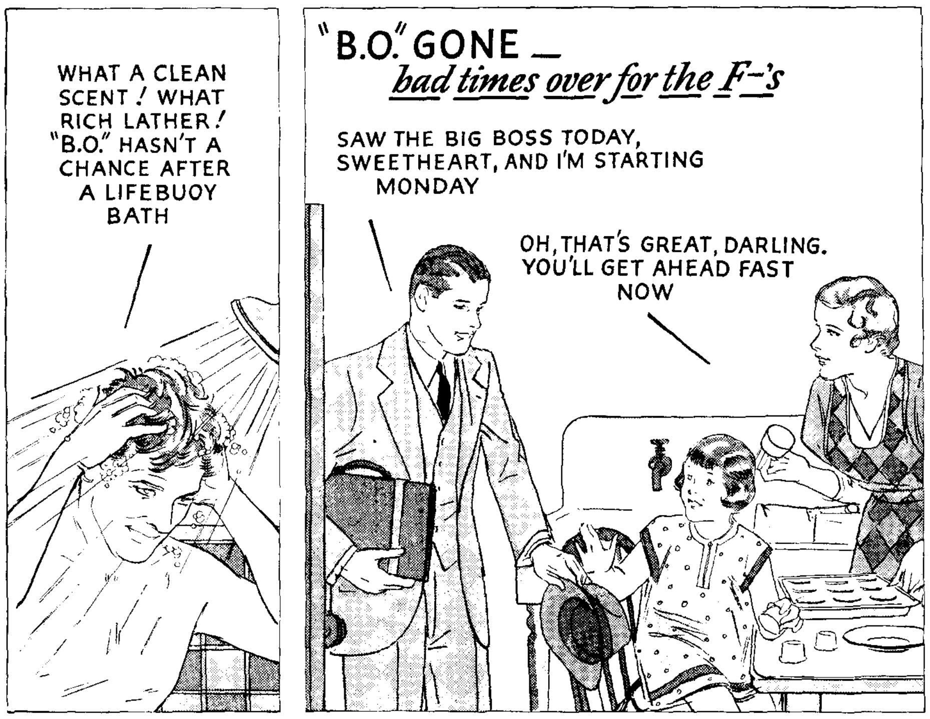
(Continued on page 43)

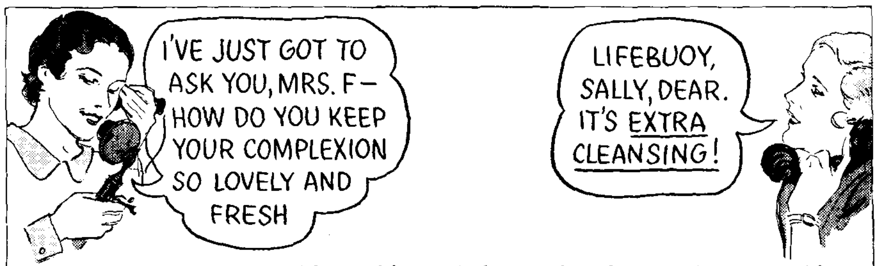


". . . and she never used to leave me alone, but now I hear she got married to another feller, so can I go home now?" JAY IRVING

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL....

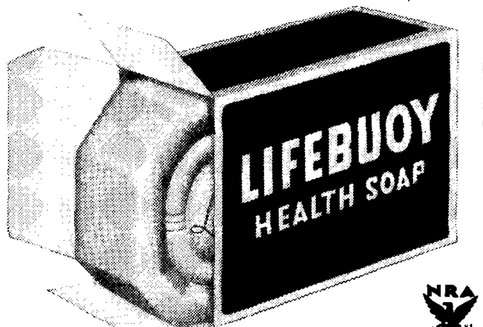

WE NEED ANOTHER MAN, SIR, TO HANDLE ALL THIS NEW BUSINESS I'D LIKE TO TAKE F— ON AGAIN
O.K., JIM, BUT WAIT... HE'S THE CHAP WHO HAD "B.O."—THAT WAS WHY I PICKED HIM TO GO WHEN WE HAD TO CUT DOWN
IF IT WEREN'T FOR THAT ONE FAULT, I'M SURE THE BOSS WOULD TAKE F— BACK. HE'S A FINE WORKER AND AS "REGULAR" AS THEY COME
HE NEEDS THE JOB, TOO. HAS A WIFE AND CHILD—AND NO MONEY COMING IN FOR 10 MONTHS! I'M GOING TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS...
NEXT DAY— a frank talk with F—
OF COURSE THIS IS STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL, F—, AND I CAN'T PROMISE YOU A JOB. BUT IF YOU'LL FIX UP THAT LITTLE MATTER AND DROP IN AND SEE THE BOSS....
JIM, YOU'RE A CORKER! BELIEVE ME, I'LL NEVER TAKE CHANCES WITH "B.O." AGAIN
THAT'S THE SPIRIT, OLD FELLOW. CHANGE TO MY SOAP — LIFEBUOY. IT'LL KEEP YOU SAFE


WHAT A CLEAN SCENT! WHAT RICH LATHER! "B.O." HASN'T A CHANCE AFTER A LIFEBUOY BATH
"B.O." GONE — bad times over for the F—'s
SAW THE BIG BOSS TODAY, SWEETHEART, AND I'M STARTING MONDAY
OH, THAT'S GREAT, DARLING. YOU'LL GET AHEAD FAST NOW


I'VE JUST GOT TO ASK YOU, MRS. F— HOW DO YOU KEEP YOUR COMPLEXION SO LOVELY AND FRESH
LIFEBUOY, SALLY, DEAR. IT'S EXTRA CLEANSING!

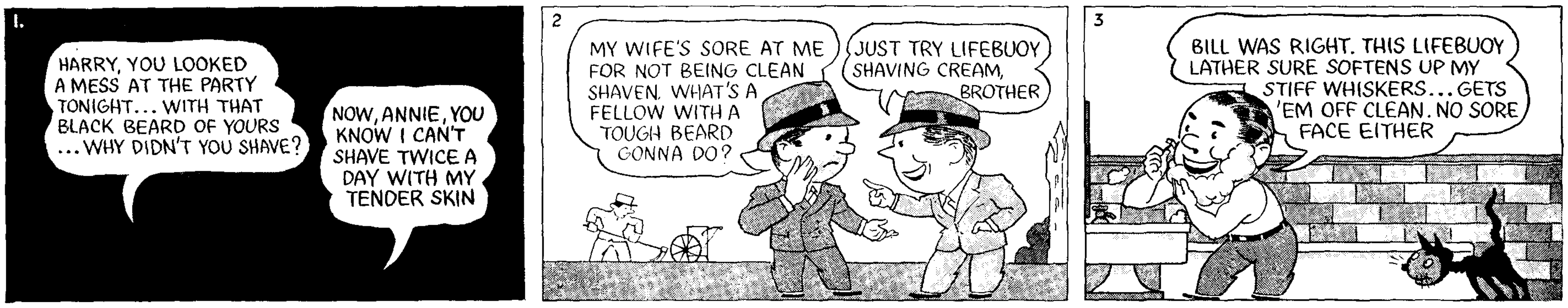
NOTHING quite like Lifebuoy lather! Abundant in hot or cold water, hard or soft—it penetrates and purifies both face and body pores. Brings to dull, tired-looking complexions new, fresh, glowing radiance. Ends that common yet never forgiven fault "B.O." (*body odor*). Lifebuoy's clean, quickly-vanishing scent is your assurance of *extra* protection. Follow the example of intelligent, value-seeking people everywhere. Wash and bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Enjoy clear, healthy skin—"B.O." safety!

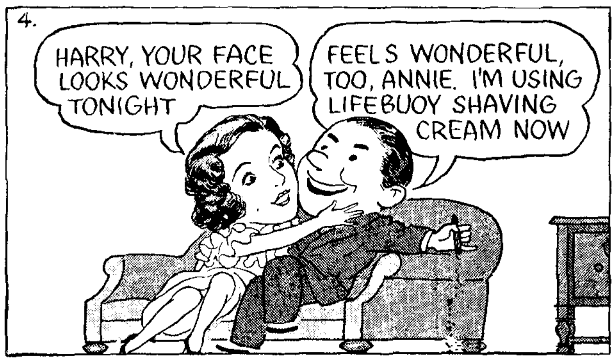
Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.


LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

NRA CODE

ANNIE DOESN'T SCOLD HIM ANY MORE


1.
HARRY, YOU LOOKED A MESS AT THE PARTY TONIGHT... WITH THAT BLACK BEARD OF YOURS ...WHY DIDN'T YOU SHAVE?
NOW, ANNIE, YOU KNOW I CAN'T SHAVE TWICE A DAY WITH MY TENDER SKIN
2
MY WIFE'S SORE AT ME FOR NOT BEING CLEAN SHAVEN. WHAT'S A FELLOW WITH A TOUGH BEARD GONNA DO?
JUST TRY LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM, BROTHER
3
BILL WAS RIGHT. THIS LIFEBUOY LATHER SURE SOFTENS UP MY STIFF WHISKERS... GETS 'EM OFF CLEAN. NO SORE FACE EITHER

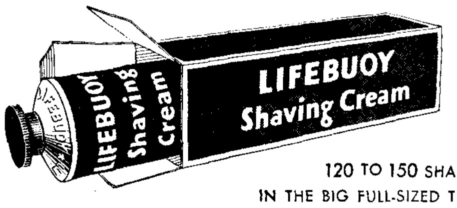

4.
HARRY, YOUR FACE LOOKS WONDERFUL TONIGHT
FEELS WONDERFUL, TOO, ANNIE. I'M USING LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM NOW

Snappy shaves — happy shaves with this extra-moist lather

A tough beard and tender skin won't bother you a bit when you use Lifebuoy Shaving Cream. Its lather holds 52% more moisture—quickly soaks wiry whiskers soft. Soothes and protects tender skin. That's why Lifebuoy gives the world's cleanest shave—leaves the skin soft and smooth. Try it.

Get the big red tube at your druggist. Or write Lever Brothers Co., Dept. A1110, Cambridge, Mass., for a free 12-day tube. (*This offer is good in U. S. and Canada only.*)

NRA CODE


LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream

120 TO 150 SHAVES IN THE BIG FULL-SIZED TUBE

To the fisherman it is the barb on his hook. To the advertising man it is editorial influence. In either case it is Holding Power. A thing so rare that only a few publications have it. But so necessary for advertising results!

THE American MAGAZINE

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY... *Publishers of* Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, *and* The Country Home

The Tyranny of Greed

Continued from page 40

With this view of speculative sprees I think most men would agree today. But will they five or ten years hence? Will those who were youngsters in 1929 and who will be in the saddle a few years hence be capable of profiting by our experiences and keep their eyes on the fundamental rules even in times of greater prosperity?

The Making of a Boom

One of the most unfortunate things in economic and social life is the failure of the youth of one generation to profit by the experiences of the preceding generation. Again and again this country has gone through speculative sprees, each followed by a national headache worse than the one before. Little did the aspiring millionaires of 1928-29 know of the sad experiences that were buried with get-rich-quick schemers of the past. They found the game exciting, the New Era theory of everlasting prosperity had been well drilled in, and the ease with which many stepped into the millionaire class in 1925 to 1929 made the pursuit of a quiet profession or a moderate way of life exceedingly old-fashioned.

Our readiness to continue lending abroad during 1920-23 helped shorten the life of the industrial depression of that period, but farmers continued to press the product of their wartime acres on the foreign markets where they were no longer needed. While this served to prolong the farm depression, the city man, with food costs relatively low and employment expanding, enjoyed a larger share of the national income.

The building industry revived to make up for homes not built during our preoccupation with the war. The automobile industry received another boost and the radio and airplane industries were expanded rapidly. Our preference for European gold in place of foreign goods as payment for the debts owed to us brought an inflow of gold and paved the way toward the 1929 boom—for the abundance of credit at low interest rates growing out of the ample gold supplies made for further industrial expansion, rising stock prices and easy money-making opportunities. Our cupidity was further fanned by the winds that made for small world crops of wheat in 1924. In our wheat markets prices bounded from less than a dollar a bushel to over two dollars and we had a few more millionaires at the expense of the unusually large number of "lambs."

By 1925 we were well on our way upon the exciting road that eventually leads to destruction. More and more joined the procession as promoters began to spread their enticements far and wide into town and hamlet. In the industrial booms of 1919 and 1923 we had managed pretty well with no more than seventy-five millionaires. By 1925 we had nearly three times as many. The speculative mood was upon us.

We saw security values rise higher and higher under the direction of men in control of wealth. All we needed was faith in the continued prosperity of the country. The old slogan, "Never sell America short," was revived; young men then entering business were given the solemn injunction to seek lucrative opportunities in private pursuits and to avoid the clammy hand of bureaucracy. It was considered silly to go into public office when brains were so handsomely rewarded in industry, commerce and speculation. Many a youth, to his later sorrow, found it easy to accept this attitude, for the number of successful business men was growing apace. By 1928-29 we had ten times as many millionaires as in the period 1919-23. To the youth these stood out as shrewd, successful business men. As a matter of fact they were merely riding a wave, shakily supported by forces they did not understand.

What we needed in 1925 was not more millionaires but a way of directing a larger share of the national purchasing power into rural areas to balance agricultural with industrial progress. We needed a transfer of some of the business geniuses from their excessive concern over taller skyscrapers to an interest in rural rehabilitation. More purchasing power in the country and an effort to raise the farmer's standard of physical surroundings might have prevented the excessive overbuilding in the cities. We would not have had such a complete collapse in a major industry, the revival of which is so essential to prosperity.

I am not so much concerned with the number of millionaires and the size of their individual wealth as I am with their power to influence the minds and aspirations of the young and to shape or misshape our industrial progress. I am concerned over the power that heretofore we have placed in the hands of the large-salaried executives and the large stockholders to determine the kind of progress we are to have. The toll that the distributor, or manufacturer, or banker takes out of the dollar of millions of consumers to build his fortune may be pretty small, but with this privilege of collecting a little from millions has been exercised a power over legislation, over farm programs, over the course of industrial activity that often has done a great deal of harm.

The Responsibilities of Wealth

Two hundred of our large corporations control through their managers the jobs of about half the industrial employees of this country. You can easily see what hindrance to progress, what economic and social chaos we can be subject to if, in a moment of fear, these few industrial leaders and managers turn their backs on the common good in order to preserve property earnings and high salaries.

Out of this power, which grows when wealth accumulates, spring many of our difficulties in launching programs for the benefit of distressed farmers, laborers and merchants, and many of the delays in the aims of the New Deal are traceable to this misused power.

The possession of wealth is not an iniquity. We have many examples of the way in which wealth has been used by individual millionaires as a public trust to be redistributed for the benefit of all. But when the possession of wealth is used to rig markets for private gain at the expense of many, when the infectious success of one manipulator stirs the greed of a multitude of the rising business generation, when the heedless, narrow visioned actions of these misguided ones then spread their influence over the populace until millions are engaged in a speculative carouse such as we indulged in in 1928 and 1929, when our daily speech in the East begins and ends with the price of U. S. Steel Common and in the West with Bank of Italy Common, to the exclusion of the fundamental things in life, then we have chaos and calamity

Instead of an equitable distribution of the products of industry, we had the growth of cash reserves and surpluses in the hands of stockholders who used them to fan the fires of speculation. Instead of a coördinated advance in all sections of industry and agriculture that might have made for stability, we had distortions that clogged our industrial arteries. The building industry had overreached itself in 1925; the automobile industry had overreached itself in 1928; the wheat farmers were piling up surpluses that kept them poor. But none of these unbalanced situations was visible to the eyes glued on the daily advances in the speculative markets where the writing-up of paper values was taken for real substance.

Our True Objectives

The financial gods that we worshiped before the 1929 crash have disappeared. They fell with the collapse of the fantastic financial structure they built out of the swapping of dollars and paper certificates. Perhaps we needed that experience so that the truer gods and values may now receive our whole-hearted allegiance.

There is nothing new or sensational about the rules we should follow. They have to do with such things as the tariff, the balance of international payments, monetary policy, subsidies, taxation, prices and production policies and railroad-rate regulations. Their significance lies in the fact that by their manipulation it is possible to direct, stimulate, restrain and balance those forces which have to do with proportioning the national income. All governments which have advanced beyond the pioneer stage find it necessary to promulgate such rules, in lieu of free competition. And in promulgating them, a democracy worthy of the name must be guided by social justice and social charity—in other words, the greatest good for the greatest number.

Reliance upon such rules is not the way of Socialism, of Communism, nor of Fascism. But neither is it the way of the freebooter capitalists with their devotion to unlimited competition.

Competition was limited by several types of rules—public and private—long before the World War, but to an increasing degree since the World War. The vital question is: In whose behalf is the competition being limited? Is the limitation making the rich richer and the poor poorer? If so, there is danger that the day may come when the extreme left will join hands with the extreme right to bring about that most dangerous of all forms of government—a corrupt oligarchy, maintaining itself in power by pandering to the vices and prejudices of a bitter, materialistic, perennially unemployed multitude.

It is necessary in a modern democracy to furnish the red and green lights to guide the traffic but not to supply drivers for every car on the road. Reactionaries who hark back to the lush days of freebooter capitalism are really anarchists who think the traffic lights should be removed so motorists and pedestrians might illustrate the doctrine of the survival of the fittest.

With the situation that exists today and is likely to exist in the United States for the next ten years, the true objective of our democracy should be so to manage the tariff, the money system, control of railroad and interest rates, and to encourage such price and production policies that there will be a continually balanced relationship between the income of agriculture, labor and industry.

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The Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry of the American Medical Association approves the use of our Baking Soda under the conditions described in the following statement—

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An artist friend volunteers a message

Gentlemen:

For twenty-five years, I suffered with shrinkosis (medical term for hatred-of-ill-fitting shirts).

My neck spent its days, and a part of each night, in collars that would have strangled a swan. In fact, one day I persuaded a gullible swan to try on one of my shirts, and it did strangle him!

This was a lesson to me -- I gave up shirts altogether. I coated myself with white lead, painted buttons down the front; and, thus regaled, started out to get recruits for my own little "League for the Suppression of Shrinking Shirts." I made stirring talks to the members of other Leagues -- the League of American Voters, League for Prison Reform, Three-I League, and Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea. It was War -- Perelman vs. The Shirt-makers!

Then, one day a few months ago, a messenger arrived from Cluett, Peabody & Co., under a flag of truce. In his saddlebags, he bore three Sanforized Shrunk Arrow Trump Shirts. "Ah-ha," said I. "Don't be a fool, Perelman -- these shirts look too good to be true."

So, suspecting foul play, I held the messenger hostage till I had a chance to launder and wear the shirts. Just to make sure, I also had the messenger laundered. He shrank slightly, but the shirts didn't!

Thus came peace. Today, there is a stuffed dove in my study to signify that peace, and a stuffed shirt to commemorate its origin. The League has abandoned belligerence in favor of enlightenment . . . through the land it spreads its gospel of Arrow Shirts, chanting its now famous marching song, "Trump, Trump, Trump, the boys are marching."

Sincerely,

Perelman

NRA

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Irish Rules

Continued from page 13

"You'll find it doesn't pay to guess on scores, old man."

"Think it's bad luck?" inquired a fullback, as deferentially as a two-hundred-and-twenty-five-pound line-crusher could ask a question of an upstart whom he hated.

"There's no such thing as luck. You make your own luck."

"Right, Mr. Marr," returned the fullback, grimly. "You do."

Billy was stripped now. He crossed to the rubbing-room to have his wrists taped. It helped him use his straight-arm, when he carried the ball.

"That guy gets in my hair," growled a varsity end. "If he couldn't punt sixty yards, and place the kicks where you can cover them, I'd swing on his jaw. I'd bust his nose and dust his pants for him. But, cripes. By the Saturday before Thanksgiving, we'll be needing a guy who can kick like that."

"Pipe down, Toughy. He'll hear you. We won't have to stand it much longer. He's begged for it. And he's going to get it. Today's the day, kid."

"Irish rules," someone chuckled. "I nearly died when the coach sprung that one."

"It's lucky for him that the coach is taking it up," announced a tackle. "A dozen times, I've been going to spoil his looks. But whenever I doubled up my fist, I'd think of the way he tosses a ball forty yards and hits a spittoon with it. And I didn't think it was right to put him in the infirmary."

"Squad, *attention!*" The room quieted down. Chesty Billy Marr had returned from the rubbing-room.

"At ease, men. Rest." From his locker, the sophomore took his numbered jersey and silk football pants, with the sponge-rubber hip and kidney pads. In the hushed dressing-room he whistled The Flying Trapeze somewhat off key, unaware of the ominous silence.

"Everybody out," shouted an assistant manager. "On the run now." Shoe cleats scraped upon the floor.

AS WAS customary at opening games, the State U band played badly. The bass horns—it seemed to the bandmaster that all bass horns were new every year—were bellowing like the registered bulls in the Ag college barn. One trumpet was answering them like a lonesome cow.

The music annoyed Chesty Billy almost as much as it bothered the bandmaster. It sounded like something at a county fair. Here he was, making his first appearance in a varsity jersey. Chesty Billy Marr deserved better entrance music from his Alma Mater.

"We're kicking off. Against the wind," announced the team captain. He had lost the coin toss and choice.

With the feeling that, had he called heads or tails, he would have won, Billy placed himself behind the ball.

"Ready, State?" called the referee. The captain raised his arm above his head. "Ready, Rutland?"

For the second of silence before the whistle blast started him forward, Billy concentrated upon the ball. The kick made, he halted at the center line.

Seated up high, at the end of the bowl behind the State goal posts, were three men and a girl. Eddie Dearholt, the head coach, chose this position as the best point from which to see his backs and blockers work. Beside him was the backfield coach, with pencil and pad to make notes. Louise Hugo and her father were there too, because they wanted to know what Dearholt thought about it all.

The girl, straining her eyes down the field, shrieked with sudden excitement. "Look. Look," she pointed. "They've begun on Billy."

Instead of running forward, straight down the sideline, as an end is supposed to do, and turning the play into the center alley where there are plenty of tacklers, Toughy Sasso cut in toward the Rutland halfback who had received the kick-off. This left Sasso's territory unguarded. Rutland was alert. Three scarlet jerseys butted into him like so many billy goats. The side-line alley was open and the Rutland halfback flashed down it. From nowhere, another scarlet jersey appeared as an interferer ahead of the ball carrier.

Billy Marr, loafing back of the center line, suddenly became the only defender left between the Rutland back and the State U goal line. If he missed this tackle, most of the cash customers would blame him for the resulting score, although the fault was really Sasso's.

IN HIS seat high behind the goal posts the State U coach grinned. His instructions to the line coach upon the bench and to the team captain had been explicit. Chesty Billy was to be allowed to make three spectacular errors. The team was to see that he did make them, as soon as possible after the kick-off.

Then the conceited boy was to be called in to the bench, publicly criticized, demoted to the scrubs and razzed by everyone until an important game came along when they needed him. By that time, the coach reckoned, Chesty Billy would be sufficiently humbled and could be transformed into a useful and agreeable cog in the football machine. In other words, Billy was to have a dose of Irish rules. He was contending against his team mates as well as the opposing eleven. Irish rules have broken the most obstinate cases of football ego and taught the all-important lesson that football is essentially a team game.

Facing both an interferer and the Rutland ball carrier, Billy retreated to his thirty-yard line. Then, as the interferer pounded toward him, he feinted to the right. The Rutland boy catapulted himself toward Billy's legs in a rolling block that should have flattened him. Billy dived to the left and clutched the ball carrier's leg with his outstretched hands. It was a nice piece of timing, muscular coördination and quick thinking. But Rutland had a first down on State's twenty-six-yard line.

"Coach," gasped the red-headed girl, "did you see—"

"Yes," Eddie Dearholt interrupted her in a disgusted tone, "of course I saw. I could almost like the kid for that. It's the smartest open-field tackle I've seen in twenty years."

"Where'd he learn how to—"

"He doesn't have to learn, Louise. He does it instinctively. That's the trouble with him. He's a natural and he knows it."

The teams lined up.

"Look at him." The coach pointed. "He's called for a seven-man line to stop a buck and a box defense against a pass. He knows he can outrun their receivers. It's what I'd use myself, but I've never told him so."

"They are passing!" exclaimed the girl.

They saw Billy follow the end who had come through. They saw him leap in the air for the ball. But instead of intercepting the forward when his hands touched it, he deliberately batted the ball over into the end zone. A forward pass falling in the end zone automatically becomes the property of the defending team on their twenty-yard line. Billy had gained possession of the ball and shrewdly saved his team a second time from a threatening score.

Louise sighed. "Pretty lucky."

"Lucky nothing," returned Dearholt. "He played it that way."

State U huddled. Billy Marr's voice, barking signals, came loud and clear: "Kick formation. Four. One."

"Signals!" another voice interrupted him.

Across the circle of helmets, Billy faced his fullback. They were evidently arguing over the play that Billy had called. A green quarterback can usually be driven to the showers, if the veteran players question his judgment every time he chooses a play.

Again Billy's voice reached the girl's ears. He was angry. "Signals. Kick formation. Four. One. Hep!"

"Signals!" The fullback interrupted again.

The referee blew his whistle. "Five yards. Delaying the game. First and fifteen to go." He moved the ball back nearer the threatened goal line.

"No huddle," raged Billy Marr, with a roar like a lion. It is harder for a team to argue with a quarterback when they are lined up for scrimmage. "No debates. Hep. Kick formation. Signals. Kick formation. Four! One! Thirteen! Five! Nine!" He backed away until he was almost on his goal line. "Six."

He opened his hands as a signal to the center to snap the ball back to him. The ball came back. But, for the first time in two seasons of intercollegiate competition, Dud Norby's pass to the kicker was high and wide. A center can ruin the best punter who ever lived by snapping back the ball in such a way that the kicker is off balance when he receives it.

Marr leaped sideways, picked the ball from the air and started to run it. It was his only chance. Had he stopped to kick, the attempt would inevitably have been blocked by the Rutland linemen who were crashing through. He got back to his eleven-yard line before he was downed.

"Second. Nineteen yards to go," chanted the referee.

"Signals. No huddle," Billy shouted, and the whole stadium could hear him. "Kick formation. Four." He was calling for the same play again.

DUD NORBY bent over with the ball between his legs. Billy Marr took a few quick steps forward and deliberately kicked his center's rear elevation. He kicked him three times, as a warning to make this snap good. Way up in the stands, the customers could see Norby wince. Chesty Billy was not fooling. "One. Thirteen. Five. Nine. Six!" He backed across his goal line and opened his hands again.

The ball came back, a perfect snap, into Billy Marr's outstretched hands. Norby's undefended rear was still stinging. He had decided to let someone else show up the sophomore.

Billy's leg swung like a pendulum. He kicked out of bounds on Rutland's forty-yard line.

Eddie Dearholt and the backfield coach looked at each other. "I expected he'd blow up like a firecracker, when they had him in the hole."

"Boss," said the assistant solemnly, "that boy's most as good as he claims to be. And he admits he's an all-time all-America."

"Do you mean it?" demanded Louise Hugo.

The coaches turned to her. "Didn't you see for yourself?"

Back in Rutland's territory now, the teams were lining up again. Billy Marr ran along behind his tackles, guards and ends, booting their rumps with more vigor than is commonly used to encourage a team mate. "Get in there. Get in there and fight!" he barked. Either the fear of his toe, or a sense of shame for their failure before the crowd, drove them through to stop the first Rutland play behind the line of scrimmage.

"Darned if he hasn't got them cowed," gasped Eddie Dearholt.

"They'll hate him worse than ever," protested the girl.

"Sure. But they'll play good football for him, if they're afraid of his toe. That's called the art of leadership and—" He stopped in mid-sentence, as the Rutland team tried a quick, short kick.

BILLY MARR raced backward, picked the ball from the air, circled and started for the Rutland goal. He dodged a tackler, reversed his field, sidestepped, straight-armed an opponent and was away. In spite of themselves, because they had been taught to block and not to think about the runner, an end and a halfback cleared a path for him. Norby sheared the legs from beneath the Rutland kicker. Chesty Billy had an open road to a touchdown.

The toy cannon in front of the cheering section boomed. The sophomore had made the first score of State U's new season.

Dearholt turned to his assistant. "Go down to the bench. Send in Pete Ames for Marr. If he scores more than once, we'll never be able to live with him."

Louise was waiting for the referee, umpire and head linesman to finish a round of highballs in the fieldhouse with her father, when Billy Marr sauntered out of the dressing-room.

"Hello, Mr. Merriwell," said she.

"Hi-ya, Louise."

"How do you feel?"

"Just the same." He leaned against the fender of her car. "I aways feel the same."

"Yes," she agreed. "Yes, Billy, I believe you do."

"Too bad you're stuck here," he suggested. "Because, if you didn't have to wait for your father, we might go down to the Inn and dance."

"Well," she said, stepping on the starter, "he's heard of taxis." Billy got in.

"I think it's nicer driving on than it would be inside the Inn."

"Driving down the Cove road, I suppose?" she asked sarcastically.

"Why not?"

After all, Louise reflected, there wasn't anything wrong about driving down the Cove road. It was one of the prettiest places anywhere around. It wasn't the road's fault that undergraduates drove down there to park.

"When we get along by the inlet, you'd better get off the pavement before you stop the car."

"Wait a minute. What's this stop-over idea?" inquired the girl, taking her foot off the throttle as she spoke.

"Stop here, then. I don't mind."

"What should I stop for?" she asked, turning out upon the shoulder of the road.

"Because I'm going to kiss you."

She was so angry that she put on the brakes and killed the motor. "Some boys ask."

"Not me. I just kiss. This way."

She made a slight move of independence. But she remembered how he had treated his team mates who thwarted him.

There was an interval as a car rolled past. Then Billy's voice: "Say, honey, what did you mean this afternoon? What are these Irish rules?"

A muffled voice from his shoulder replied: "Never mind, Billy. You wouldn't understand. It was just a joke."

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"HOW do *you* figure out the following: Some shaving cream fellows are telling the world that the first thing to learn about shaving is to throw away the brush. Others tell you there's nothing whatsoever to this brushless idea. What's the answer? Have either of these groups a sound argument? I think not. I think all they have is an axe—an axe they want to grind.

"If a fellow makes only one kind of cream, he's quite likely to tell you his kind is the *only* kind. And I guess he believes it.

"But don't be confused. There isn't any *one best* type of shave. For Ted, brushless may be the thing; for Ned, lather may be better.

"I make both kinds, and the real purpose of this talk is to offer you a way to find out which kind is best for *you*. Both Mennen Lather and Mennen Brushless are whisker-wilters. I've never heard of either of them losing a bout with even the scrappiest beard. But they are different from one another.

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"For those men who really want to find out what type of shave suits them best, I've made up a 'Skin-Tester Kit'—containing good size tubes of both Mennen Lather and Mennen Brushless. Use up both. Then decide for yourself.

"In the 'Skin-Tester Kit' I've also included trial sizes of Talcum for Men, Skin Bracer and a new Mennen Double-edge Blade. I'm offering you this kit for only 10c! But please send for it only if you will make the test. No professional sample hounds wanted!"

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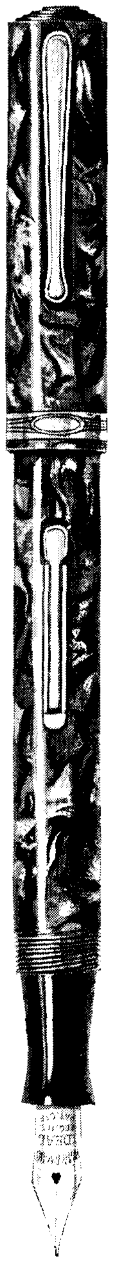

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Out of Print

Continued from page 12

pamphlets would never be missed if they were scrapped. By restricting free distribution, and establishing a system of advertising, salesmanship and post-office stores, money could be made instead of thrown away. Recent Public Printers have proposed this reform. Although Director Augustus E. Giegengack may be too new to the job to have formed an opinion, he will undoubtedly reach the same conclusion.

As the worst offender, Congress has always blocked or neglected these suggestions for reducing official wordage. The Government Printing Office is the members' first-aid station, where wounds suffered in debate are swathed in a soothing liniment of non-partisan ink, and grammatical weaknesses are patched up. The Public Printer sets their stuff and asks no questions. Their accounts with him are as sacred as their affairs of the heart, even though sometimes they excite public curiosity.

The Queerest Document

A few years ago, for instance, some member thought well enough of himself or his speech to frank out 200,000 copies. He paid for the reprints, but the charge against the people's till for free envelopes and other expenses which his check did not cover ran into the thousands. Government bookkeeping on congressional costs is notoriously lenient.

There are even more provocative aspects. Only a very few members can afford such an outlay even for the best speech ever heard on Capitol Hill. It must have been worth a lot to somebody to warrant such a tremendous expenditure. But who made the speech, what the subject was, and who put up the money for the printing bill is a private matter between the Public Printer and his congressional customer. Only the member's consent or congressional curiosity voiced in a formal resolution can pry open the accounts.

As the best customer of the printing office, Congress does not want these accounts opened to public scrutiny. The congressional output is so staggering that it supplies one quarter of the business in a normal year. In 1929, a typical pre-depression, pre-New Deal period, the Public Printer published about 12,000,000 congressional documents, not to mention 4,000,000 copies of the Congressional Record. Committee hearings and reports rolled up a bill of more than $500.000. Debates and testimony on the 1930 Tariff Act alone cost $500,000, and the Federal Trade Commission's power inquiry ate up $250,000. Many of these speeches and reports filled their makers with such pride that they grew up to be part of the 65,000 unnecessary and unwanted bulletins.

The queerest document the Public Printer handles is the Congressional Record. He can never plan it in advance, for he doesn't know whether it will run forty or three hundred pages. He can never tell when some member will explode with a speech requiring extra type and extra printers. Unlike the ordinary editor, he can't warn the boys who pay his salary and expenses to "hold down." Although publication could begin soon after the gavel falls at noon, he rarely receives any copy until evening. The members cannot let their journalistic duties interfere with their cocktail and dinner hours.

Having until one A. M. as a deadline at the printing office, the members take plenty of time to polish foolish and soften bitter remarks, to adorn their figures of speech and to consult the dictionary for big words. Sometimes the flowery and scholarly speech which shines in the Record bears no resemblance to the one delivered so pathetically and so haltingly in House or Senate.

Then, whether the Record runs forty or three hundred pages, each member must read his printed stuff as he sips his orange juice the next morning. Although the Record carries no headlines, no pictures, no sports and no comic stuff except unconscious contributions, it has a circulation, mostly give-away, of 35,500. It could be pruned to 5,000, which would satisfy all legitimate needs, without provoking any letters to the Public Printer.

The contributors refuse to listen to proposals to economize on the Record, which costs from $1,000,000 to $1,500,000 a year. Even treasury watchdogs on both sides of the aisle surrender to twitching colleagues' wistful appeals for "leave to print this as a public document" and "permission to extend and revise my remarks." Of all the expressions on Capitol Hill, these are the most expensive to the taxpayer. All it takes for an oration to go to the Public Printer and become a bulletin when it dies is congressional acquiescence to the plea that it be published as a "public document." Nobody ever says "No."

The printers could tell some juicy tales of congressional foibles if they did not regard their clients' public papers and orations as confidential. Many would be revealed as woeful spellers. Others would be marked down as vessels of vanity and conceit. Although many send their speeches to the printing office in advance, some sixth sense enables them to insert "applause," "loud applause" and "cheers" at proper and improper intervals.

Presidents make comparatively few calls on the printing establishment, but when they do, the ink flies and flows. Sometimes the men of the fourth-and-a-half estate snap into it, not wisely, but too well, as they did with Woodrow Wilson's first message to Congress. When they got his dainty copy and found that he had stuck a "u" in such words as "labour," and used other strange forms of spelling and punctuation, they carefully changed these forms, attributing them to some careless White House stenographer. Instead of thanking them for Americanizing his handiwork, he informed them sharply that he had typed it out on his own pet typewriter. "I know what I want and what I wrote," he told them. "Please follow copy." Thereafter they set whatever was on his manuscript, including flyspecks and dust marks. "But he was a grand scholar," they add, intimating delicately that they still think his spelling and punctuation were all wet.

Competition at the White House

President Roosevelt does not send his messages or speeches to the Public Printer for advance printing. His first pronouncements were born of emergency, and there was no time to spare. They were prepared and distributed in mimeograph form at the White House, and he still continues that system. He is the first Chief Executive in modern times not to take advantage of a layout so elaborate that it has a regular working force of five thousand people, covers twenty-two acres of floor space and boasts enough equipment to set up, print and bind a book as large as the Bible in twenty-four hours.

The Man who Saved the World

Continued from page 17

The Prime Minister crumpled up his last piece of biscuit and swallowed it, finished his whisky-and-soda and stretched himself out with the air of a man refreshed.

"What is all this trouble down south, Burns?" he asked.

The general smiled sardonically.

"We leave it to you others to discover that, sir," he replied. "We only pass on the externals to you. I don't like the look of things myself but there may be nothing in it."

"You started the scare," the Prime Minister reminded him reproachfully.

"I beg your pardon, sir, I would not call it that," the other protested. "What I did was to send in a report to the Foreign Office, as it was my duty to do, that there were at the present moment in Monte Carlo and Nice a larger number of secret service men of various nationalities than I have ever known drawn towards one spot since 1914."

"WHO are they? Is there any report of their activities further than these formal chits and dispatches?" Willoughby Johns asked.

"They scarcely exist by name, sir. There have been seven men from the eastern section of the newly established Italian Secret Service staying in Monte Carlo at once. They mingled freely with everyone and gambled at the tables but recently five of them are said to have disappeared completely. There have been various reports about them but nothing authentic."

"What do you imagine yourself has happened to them?" the Prime Minister inquired.

The general shrugged his shoulders.

"My opinion, sir, is," he said, "that they got lost in the mountains and fell into the hands of people who have an ugly way with strangers. They take their risks, of course, but no one has complained. Then there is a Frenchman there, Marquet. One of the cleverest agents who ever breathed. He sits in an easy-chair in the Hôtel de France lounge practically the whole of the day but somehow or other he gets to know things. Then there were two Germans—Krust, the great industrialist, who is supposed to be a supporter of the Crown Prince, and another one whom I do not know. We have our own two men. One of them has a villa and never leaves Monte Carlo, and the other resides in Nice. Finally, if I may mention his name, there is the American, Major Fawley, who is reported to have been drowned at the entrance to the harbor but whom we have heard of since in Germany. He would be a useful man to talk to if we could get hold of him."

"Ah yes, Major Fawley," the Prime Minister reflected.

"Fawley's report about affairs in Berlin, if he ever got there, would be extraordinarily interesting," the general remarked.

The Prime Minister stroked his chin.

"I suppose you know that he is in London, Burns?" he asked.

"Only half an hour ago. We were not, as a matter of fact, looking out for him. We were interested in the wanderings of the Princess di Vasena and we tracked her down to Major Fawley's rooms at the Albany."

"Your men are good workers," the Prime Minister approved.

"Espionage in London is easy enough. You must appreciate the fact, though, sir, that to have a man like Fawley working outside the department, who insists upon maintaining this isolation, makes it rather difficult for us."

"That is all very well, General," the Prime Minister declared impatiently. "Fawley is invaluable to us but you know the situation. We are under great obligations to him and he has done as much, without the slightest reward or encouragement, to bring about a mutual understanding between Washington and Downing Street as was possible for any human being. He works for the love of the work. He will accept no form of reward. All that he asks is freedom from surveillance, so that he can work in his own fashion. I admit that the position must seem strange to you others but I am afraid that we cannot alter it."

The general rose thoughtfully to his feet. The Prime Minister, whose nerves were a little on edge, waved him back again.

"It is no good taking this matter the wrong way, Burns," he said. "We are having far more trouble with M. 2 XX at Scotland Yard than with you. There was a fight of some sort in Major Fawley's rooms at the Albany last night. His young brother got rather badly wounded. Fawley simply insists upon it that the whole affair be hushed up, yet we know that in that room were the Princess Elida di Vasena, Prince Patoni, her cousin, the private secretary of Berati, mark you, and Fawley. To add to the complications the young man, who was third secretary at Rome, has resigned from the service and is going back to New York tomorrow if he is well enough to travel. The Sub-Commissioner is furious with the Home Secretary and the Home Secretary complains to us. Nothing matters. We have given our word to Fawley and we have to keep it."

"Why?" the general asked calmly.

The Prime Minister smiled.

"I don't blame you for asking that question, General," he went on, "and I will give you an honest reply. Because I myself and the two others who have to bear the brunt of affairs during these days of fierce anxiety have come to one definite conclusion. Fawley is the only man in Europe today who can save us from war."

Malcolm made hurried entrance.

"The call to Washington is through, sir, in your private cabinet," he announced.

General Burns saluted and took his leave. The Prime Minister hurried to the telephone.

IT WAS ten minutes later when a furious ringing of the bell in the small room sent Malcolm hurrying in to his chief. The Prime Minister was restlessly pacing up and down the room. There seemed to be new lines in his face. He was haggard as though with a sense of fresh responsibilities. Yet with it all there was a glow of exaltation.

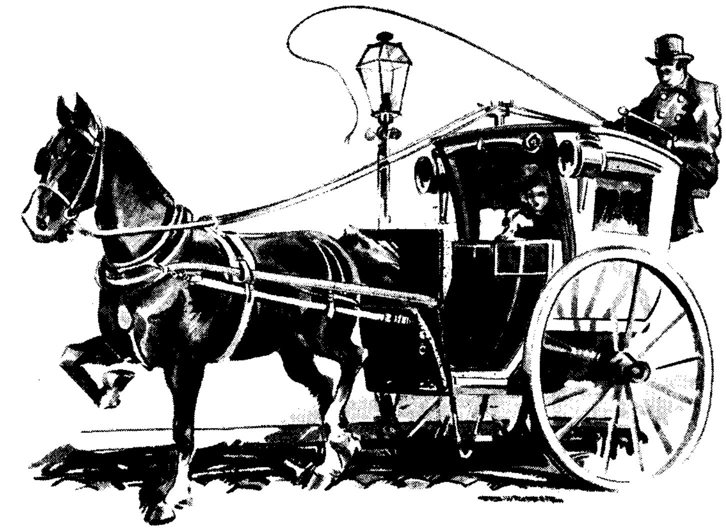
"Malcolm," he instructed his secretary, "I want Fawley here within half an hour. If an armed escort is necessary provide it. Do you think that you can find him?"

"There will be no difficulty about that, sir," the young man replied doubtfully. "He keeps us informed of his movements from hour to hour. If this Prince Patoni, the envoy from Italy, discovers that Fawley is in direct communication with you, though, sir, it might lead to any sort of trouble," Malcolm said gravely.

"It is worth the risk," was the dogged reply. "Have a squad of police if you want them and clear the street."

(*Continued on page 48*)

No battery trouble in those days



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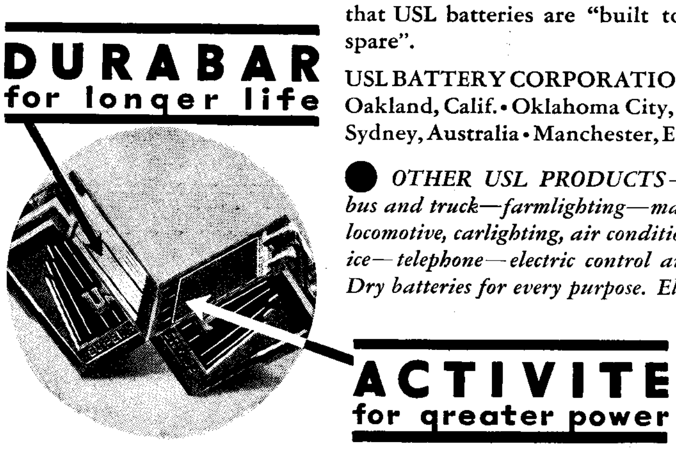

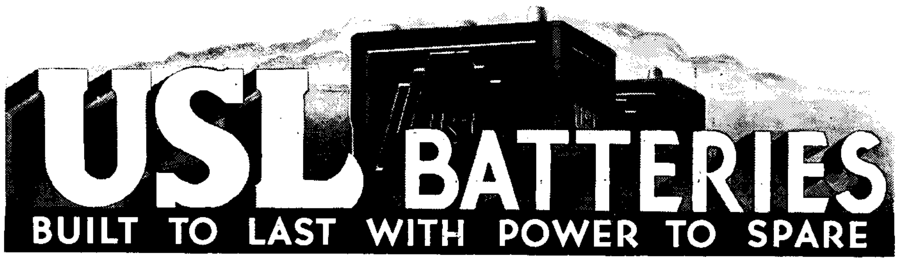
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IN TOMATO SAUCE WITH CHEESE
MADE BY H.J. HEINZ

HEINZ
COOKED SPAGHETTI

(Continued from page 47)

"It shall be arranged, sir," Malcolm promised.

After all, it seemed as though a great deal of fuss had been made about nothing. There were certainly half a dozen curious strollers in Downing Street but the small cordon of policemen around the entrance to Number Ten awakened no more than ordinary comment. People of international importance were passing through those portals by day and by night and in these disturbed times an escort was not unusual. Fawley himself, dressed in the club man's easy garb of short jacket and black tie, with a black slouch hat pulled over his eyes and a scarf around his throat, was quite unrecognizable as he jumped lightly from the taxi, passed the fare up to the driver and stepped swiftly across the pavement and through the already opened door. He was ushered at once into Malcolm's room. The two men, who were old friends, shook hands.

"Any idea what's wrong?" Fawley asked.

"Very likely nothing at all," Malcolm replied. "I have spoken to Washington twice today and I gather there was something stirring in our Department. They wanted the Prime Minister himself at seven o'clock. The chief spoke and came out from the box looking rather like a man who had had a shock and yet who had found something exciting at the back of it all. He insisted upon breaking all rules and seeing you here himself at once."

There was a knock at the door. The butler entered.

"The Prime Minister asks if you have dined, sir," he said, addressing Fawley. "If not, will you join him in a simple dinner in ten minutes?"

"Delighted," Fawley assented.

"I was to ask you to entertain Major Fawley for that time, sir," the man went on, turning to Malcolm.

"You and I will do the entertaining together, Philpott," the secretary replied with a smile.

"Dry Martinis, sir?" the man asked.

"A couple each and strong," Malcolm specified. "This has been a wearing day."

"This sounds like good news," Fawley remarked, installing himself in an armchair. "The cocktails, I mean. Any late news from Berlin?"

"We had a message through half an hour ago," Malcolm confided. "The city is still in a turmoil but Behrling seems to have got them going. I think the chief hit it on the nail at the luncheon today when he remarked that he could not make up his mind whether a weak and disrupted Germany for a time or a strong and united country gave us the best hope of peace."

FAWLEY sipped his cocktail appreciatively. He made no comment on the other's remarks. Just at the moment he had nothing to say about Germany even to the secretary of the British Prime Minister.

"Good show at the American Embassy last night," he observed.

"I didn't go," Malcolm regretted. "The chief just now is too restless for me to get away anywhere and feel comfortable. I cannot help feeling that there is something of terrific importance in the air, of which even I know nothing."

The two men smoked on for a minute or two in silence. Then Fawley asked his host a question:

"Are those fellows outside waiting to ride home with me?"

"I'm afraid so," Malcolm assented. "They didn't annoy you in any way, I hope?"

"Not in the least. I dare say, as a matter of fact, they were very useful. I don't take much notice of threats as a rule but I had word on the telephone that they were laying for me."

"Official?"

"I think not. I think it was a private warning."

The butler reopened the door.

"The Prime Minister is down, sir," he announced. "If you will allow me I will show you the way to the small dining-room."

Fawley had the rare honor of dining alone with the Prime Minister. As between two men of the world their conversation could scarcely be called brilliant but, when dinner was over and at the host's orders coffee and port simultaneously placed upon the table, the Prime Minister unburdened himself.

"You are a man of experience, Fawley," he began. "You would call things on the Continent pretty critical, wouldn't you?"

"Never more so," Fawley assented. "If any one of five men whom Italy sent out to the frontier had got back to Rome alive there would have been war at the present moment."

THE Prime Minister was allowing himself a glass of port and he sipped it thoughtfully.

"It's a funny thing," he went on. "We have ambassadors in every country of Europe and never, by any chance, do they make any reports to us which are of the slightest interest. When anything goes wrong they are the most surprised men in the world. They seem always the last to foresee danger."

"You must remember," Fawley pointed out, "they are not allowed a Secret Service Department. The last person to hear of trouble as a rule is, as you say, the ambassador to the country concerned. What can you do about it, though?"

"Not much, I'm afraid," the other sighed. "Take our friend at Rome. It was only last night we had a long rigmarole from the embassy there. Lord Rollins said he had never been more deeply impressed with the earnest desire of a certain great man for European peace. All the time we know that Berati has the draft of a treaty ready for the signature of whichever party in Germany comes out on top."

"Berati very nearly made a mistake there," Fawley remarked. "Still, I don't know that he was to be blamed. There were a few hours when I was in Berlin when the chances were all in favor of a monarchy. Von Salzenburg and his puppet played the game badly or they would have won all right."

"Shall I tell you why I sent for you tonight?" the Prime Minister asked abruptly.

"I wish you would," was the very truthful and earnest response.

"You have your finger upon the situation in Germany and in Rome. You are not so well informed about the Quai d'Orsay, perhaps, but you know something about that. You know that war is simmering. Can you think of any means by which trouble can be postponed for, say, one week?"

"And after that week?"

"Rawson is on his way over. He is coming on the new fast liner and there is a question of sending a plane to meet him. You know what this means, Fawley."

"My God!"

There was a brief and curious silence. Fawley, the man of unchanging expression, the man whose thoughts no one could ever divine, was suddenly agitated. The light of the visionary so often somnolent in his eyes was back again. His face was transfigured.

"I know what this must mean to you, Fawley," the Prime Minister said. "The long and short of it is—so far as I could gather—the President is coming in. He is going to adopt your scheme. What we have to do now is to keep things going until Rawson arrives."

"How much of this can be told to—say—three men in Europe?" Fawley asked.

"I have thought of that," the Prime Minister replied. "You know that I am not an optimist. Yet I tell you that from a single word the President let fall this evening they have made up their minds. America is *going* to make a great sacrifice. She is going to depart from her principles. She is going to join hands with us. It will be the launching of your scheme, Fawley . . . Don't think that your labors are over, though. It is up to you to stop trouble until Rawson arrives. On that day we shall communicate simultaneously with France, Italy and Germany. Until that day what has to be done must be done unofficially."

"It shall be done," Fawley murmured stubbornly, and the light was flaming once more in his eyes. "For one week I shall be free from all the bullets in the world."

"I shall ask you nothing of your plans," the Prime Minister continued. "In years to come—on my deathbed, I think—these few minutes we are spending together will be one of the great memories of my life. . . . I have been reading my history lately. It is not the first time that the future of the world has been changed by subterranean workings."

"You can call me a spy if you like," Fawley observed with a smile. "I don't mind."

"You shouldn't mind," the Prime Minister replied. "They tell me that you are a millionaire and I know myself that you accept no decoration or honors except from your own country. What a reward, though, your own conscience will bring you if we succeed. Think of the millions of lives that will be saved and lived out to their natural end. Think of the great sum of unhappiness which will be avoided—the broken hearts of the women, the ugliness of a ruined and blasted world. Fawley, sometimes the thought of another war and one's responsibilities concerning it comes to me like a hideous nightmare. Twice I have suffered from what they called a nervous breakdown. It was from the fear that war might come again in my days. Think of being in your place!"

FAWLEY rose to his feet.

"I shall be no more than a cog in the wheels, sir," he sighed. "I just had the idea. Directly it has been put on paper the sheer simplicity of it will amaze everyone. I am going to gamble on Rawson."

"I will back you," the Prime Minister declared. "I tell you I know for a certainty that he brings the President's signature."

Fawley glanced at the clock.

"Very good, sir," he said. "Will you allow me to arrange with Malcolm for the most powerful government plane that can be spared? I shall want it ready at Heston tomorrow morning at six o'clock."

"Where are you off to first?"

"I am afraid I shall have to go to Paris, where I am not very popular, and on to Rome, where they have sworn to have my blood. Something I saw in Germany, though, will help me there. If my scheme comes off, there will be no war."

The Prime Minister held out both his hands. Afterwards he took his guest by the arm.

"We will go in to Malcolm together, Fawley," he proposed. "Paris and Rome, eh? And Germany afterwards. Well, you are a brave man."

(To be continued next week)

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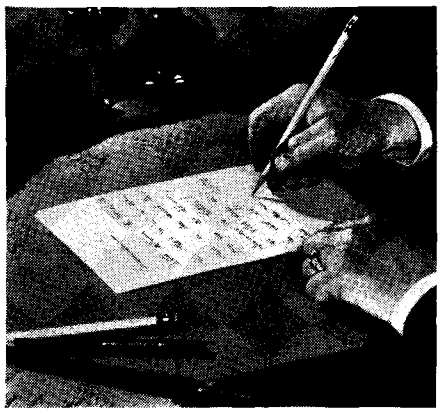

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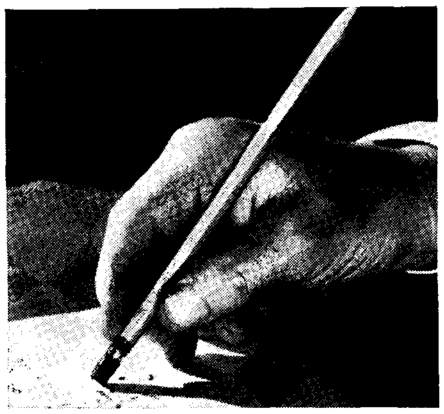

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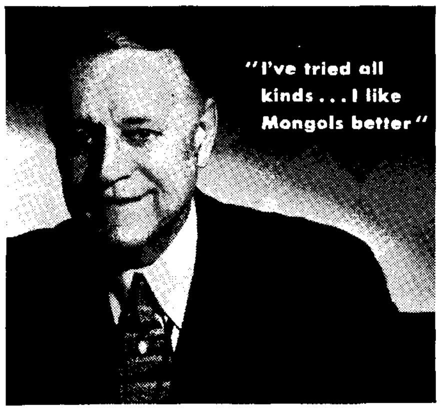
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The Ladies are Speechless

Continued from page 9

lobby displays, window cards, and cards for coming moving attractions. After five years of that he decided to try New York. His sister in Hannibal knew Neysa McMein's sister in Moline and he came bearing a letter of introduction to the New York artist. He had bundled up his pictures and shipped them, obviously by ox-cart, because at the time of his appointment with Miss McMein they hadn't arrived and he had nothing more important to show her than one of the little figures he had been carving out of soap for his own amusement.

After the proper amount of chit-chat about the folks back on the Mississippi, Miss McMein looked at the little guy in soap and said "*Ah*-h!" and gave Mr. Gaba a letter to an art director in an advertising agency. By the time he got the appointment arranged, the pictures had unfortunately arrived and he dragged them down to show the art director. After Mr. Gaba had turned over the ninety-fifth sketch, the gentleman from the agency became a little blanched around the gills and sank lower in his chair and said he would take Mr. Gaba's name and let him know. When Gaba got back to the hotel he had a phone call from Miss McMein. Would Mr. Gaba take that little soap figure and hop in a taxi and go right back and see the art director? asked Miss McMein tartly. Being a lady, she said nothing about what he should do with the art sketches.

He went back with the soap figure and the art director looked at it and began to break out around the edges of the mouth with wrinkles, which is as near as an art director ever comes to expressing satisfaction, and Gaba came away with an order for some work. From that he went on to magazine covers, doing a series for Life which attracted a lot of attention. Still later he tried window displays in miniature, doing his little soapish ladies and gentlemen, making them on the scale of Singer Midgets of the junior size and installing them under glass bells, like the stuffed canaries of a better day.

On the Assembly Line

The window manikin business was forced on him by a young lady in a New York store who had acquired a complex about wax figures and wanted a novelty for her own windows. Prior to that there had been an attempt to give the wax ladies a decent burial and more modern manikins appeared—those with the sloping necks and the heads set at an unbelievable angle and the bodies looking like a cross between a faun and Harpo Marx in flight. They were a great advance as far as imagination and attractiveness went but when you tried to put clothes on them, you spent most of the day hiking up the back and sticking pins in the middle sections.

The Gaba models, on the contrary, are perfect 14's or 16's or 38's and they walk right into ready-to-wear clothes and feel at home. The original models are made of clay. Gaba works on them in his apartment. He studies the pictures of society girls, taking the hair of one, the neck of another, the head of a third. As remarked earlier, they come out looking like somebody you've seen somewhere before and this can be pleasant or otherwise, as the case may be. Before proceeding to the finished figure, Gaba models the heads, paints them up to look like real people and then shows them to his customers. After that he finishes the complete manikin, which is so much more perfect than any human being that it would put ideas into your head.

What makes the Gaba models outstanding is their naturalness. He gives them the smartest faces and the latest coiffures and then allows them to stand around as if they belonged there. At this point, there can be dispute. To the man of the house, any model, other than a human model, can look very dumb. But the ladies assert that the Gaba products look natural as anything and wear their clothes like a million dollars. There is really no going behind the ballot box in a case like that. The gentlemen may consider themselves licked.

Capturing Fifth Avenue

But even Gaba has had a battle about some of his people. He had to force the stores to use one of a woman who stood in a contemplative mood with her arms folded. The basis of the argument was never very clear. It was admitted that the lady had a perfect right to her thoughts if she had any thoughts and it was agreed that it might be the normal thing in her set to stand with her arms in a knot, but somehow it didn't seem proper. Mr. Gaba insisted and they finally used it and it turned out to be their best selling model. Other creations of his showed the ladies looking thoughtfully at their nails or just standing around pigeon-toed in a bathing suit. Contrary to what you might think, the pigeon-toed girls are entirely right and proper. When they want to look nonchalant that is exactly how they stand and short of federal legislation there is little that can be done about it.

But what drives the Gaba ménage insane is the hair. The head of the model has to be twenty-one inches around whether the lady is bald or looks like Mae West. If it isn't that size, and that size exactly, the hats don't fit. And when the hats don't fit, the millinery department won't speak to the window-dressing department and there is a great deal of subdued anguish behind the scenes. Whether you know it or not, selling goods is a serious matter. The old days when the manikins stood in the window and held out their hands plaintively are over. Unless the gals in the windows can make the gals on the sidewalk dash in and ask for that dress, they soon find themselves suffering either from axe-contusions or from loneliness in the cellar.

Anyhow, all is well with Mr. Gaba. His models not only look like human beings but they sell like sideshow barkers. His manikins have practically captured Fifth Avenue, New York, and are now starting to hitch-hike out around the country. The thing has reached such a point that the manufacturers of men's clothes have bothered Mr. Gaba into doing a model for them. The man manikin has been completed and is resting in a window and spectators coming upon it suddenly have been moved to wave "h'ye" and then drop the hand in confusion.

I have neglected to say that Mr. Gaba has also done a great deal with children and they look exactly like little boys and girls, which can be accepted as horrible or otherwise according to your experience with the little tots. All in all it has been a profitable venture for Mr. Gaba and the stores seem pleased and I don't suppose anybody is caring too greatly about me and the wooden Indians.

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Woman in Love

Continued from page 20

"Nobody'd ever laugh about this. And I come to your Christmas party and spoil everything, Ellen," she said apologetically. "I'm so ashamed of myself! But as time goes by, and I work hard and never seem to get anywhere, and I think of my life—everything gone—no home, no husband, no children, nothing but one-night stands and morning rehearsals and dirty dressing-rooms, and George not with me—no one to plan with or talk to—"

"It won't be forever!" Ellen reminded her in the pause.

"No, it won't be forever!" said Tam, with an effort to speak steadily and naturally that made her words sound abrupt and broken. "Let's go downstairs and make ourselves useful! Come on, I'm all right and it's Christmas Eve, and this is ridiculous!"

BUT on the stairway landing she had another bad minute. Billy Martell chanced to arrive home at that exact moment and to come in breathless and cold and rosy and laden with packages, and there was a general rush of children to meet him; Ellen, who had preceded Tam, in the midst of them for his first kiss.

"Whew!" he gasped, "it's cold! Let go, Ann; you're throttling me. Hello, Jane; mother here? Here's Uncle Max!" Tamara went down no farther; she could not make herself move toward the riotous, young, happy group; she could not face tonight the long dinner table, the chatter, the joyous expectations and surprises.

When Billy Martell came upstairs panting a few minutes later, she was standing in her bedroom door, with her hat and coat on.

"Hello, Tam! Where you going?" he demanded in a tone of alarm.

"I thought I'd get some fresh air."

"This house is hot. But Ellen said you were tired—you look tired! Hadn't you better lie down for a while?"

"I *am* tired," Tamara said thickly. "But I want to speak to you a minute." She gestured toward a wide cushioned seat in the hall. "Billy, did you see Coates?" Tamara demanded.

"Well, I saw him last week—I saw Whittell, that is," Billy said, rumpling his hair with a troubled gesture. "He said that the Davis plea had reached him with the others, and that was all until we got the letter the other night."

"No hope?" Tam asked quietly.

"He won't do anything now," Billy said, shaking his head.

"You think not?"

"Not now."

"Billy," Tamara said, "this is what I want to ask you: If—if we represented a new angle on the whole thing—if we told them the real truth, would it make a difference?"

The man's round eyes moved to hers in a very consternation of amazement.

"My God, Tam, *didn't* we tell 'em the truth?"

"Suppose we told them," she said, in a light, frightened voice, "that it was because of something Mayne Mallory said of *me* that George knocked him down?"

"Tam, was that it?"

"That was it. He said something insulting—something insufferable—of me."

"But why, in the name of all that's holy, didn't you say so?"

"It would have made a difference?"

"Mayne got mad—let me understand you—and said that you were a what's-this and a how-d'ye-call-it; was that it?"

"Something like that. He said that he and I had known each other years ago—and that—that—! And George knocked him down."

"Yes, but you're George's wife, Tam; George had a damn' good right to knock him down—that's—holy Nelly!" Billy said under his breath, "would it make a difference? You asses! Why didn't George tell that?"

Tamara laid a small hand lightly on the man's hand as they sat together in the dimly lighted hall.

"Because it happened to be true," she said.

There was a silence.

Billy moved his hand and put it over hers and patted it.

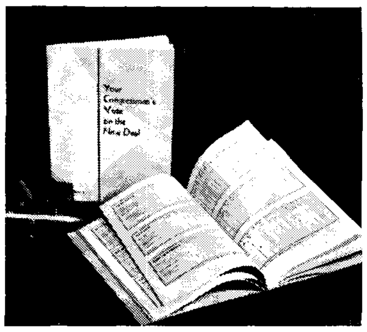
"George know?" he said, clearing his throat.

"Oh, yes, *months* before we were married."

"Know it was Mallory?"

"Not until Mayne got mixed up in the Florice Fanette thing."

"Ha!" Billy said, and fell thoughtful. "That explains the whole thing. I knew there was something getting away from me," he muttered. "Blackmail, hey? That's what he was pulling?"



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"You mean to say you never thought of that, Billy?"

"Thought of—? No," he said, "I never thought of that."

"It seemed to me so—so obvious that he was saving me."

"It explains it," Billy said, still amazed.

"It explains me, too. It explains why I can't bear this any longer," Tamara said, trembling. "It's *getting* me. It's gotten him, and it's getting me. I can't bear it!"

"No, no, no, don't say that," Billy murmured soothingly, patting her hand again. "Don't say that, Tam. Take it easy. Mallory was blackmailing you, was he? Ha! Well, George certainly shut him up, didn't he?"

"George shut him up." Tam laughed a brief, unhappy laugh. "But he shut himself up too," she said.

Billy stood up, planted himself before her, his hands in his coat pocket.

"You go dress for Christmas dinner," he said, "and don't worry yourself any more about it."

Tamara went back to her room and walked to one of the darkening windows. It was after five o'clock; in another half hour the outside world would be black. She stood perfectly still, hardly conscious of emotion or thought; everything seemed dulled within her heart and brain; nothing mattered.

Again there came to her the memory of the jail, of George's face. She sighed and turned back into the room.

Quite suddenly, as if propelled by a force outside of herself, she was at the desk, scribbling a note on Ellen's handsome writing paper.

"Ellen darling," she wrote, "I'm a death's-head at your party and I'll only spoil it for you and everyone else. I'm sorry, but the children and the fun and the presents seem more than I can bear tonight; I'm going up to the city, where I'll see a movie and eat a large, unromantic steak, and I'll surely drive over and see you all tomorrow, or at the latest Wednesday. I'm not sure where I'll be but I'll telephone. Merry Christmas to you all! Do forgive me."

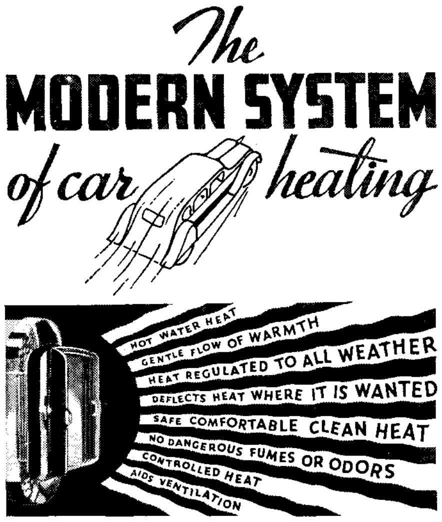
She scratched a crooked, tear-splashed "Tam" at the end, and put the note in a conspicuous position against the lamp. Within a few seconds she had crammed back into her bag everything she had taken from it, had pulled on her hat and slipped into her heavy coat. She crossed the upper hall noiselessly, opened a door upon a back staircase, noiselessly descended and let herself out at the side door without encountering a soul or hearing any sound except the joyous racket of Christmas Eve.

The dusk outside was cool and silent; a gush of light from the library windows crossed the gravel drive in two neat blocks; even as Tam stood looking at it, dubious as to the safety of crossing it, Lizzie came to the inside window and crisply jerked curtains across the escaping brilliance. Then everything outside was dark, and Tam began to see the shapes of shrubs and evergreens looming up against blacker black.

She went along the drive to the fork, reached the garage and found the service car of Billy junior blocking her car. Tam moved it as quietly as she could, freed her own car and was in it and driving out of the gate into the road before her breath would begin to come naturally or her heart stop its frightened beat. She thought of George, of all prisoners, and that to escape from jail must feel like this, this sense of panic and fear and elation.

THE road to San Francisco was lighted and punctuated by flying smaller lights that came roaring toward her, blinded her and went rushing south. But she did not follow this highway far. Some seven or eight miles north of Menlo Park she turned westward at a sign that said "Halfmoon Bay. Fifteen miles." Now she had the winding, rising grades almost to herself; there were black, tall eucalyptus framing the road; the roadside was bordered with the packed, discolored sickles of their leaves. There was no wind; no fog tonight; the Christmas Eve was cold and sparkling with early stars.

Tamara drove on steadily, hardly thinking, only bent upon covering the miles. The way was so circuitous and the night so dark that she could make only slow progress. It did not matter; when she got to the farmhouse there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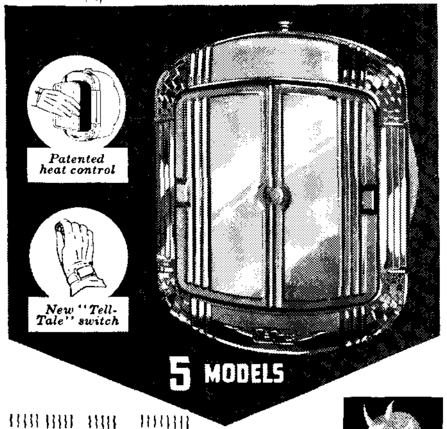

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would be plenty of time. In Halfmoon Bay the clocks said a quarter before seven, and she was conscious of feeling weary and cold and hungry. But it was so good to be alone!

She stopped at the glaringly hospitable general store. The last of the holiday rush was boiling about inside; the toy counter crowded with bundled women and dirty, unshaven men carrying small children; the butcher was busy with late orders. Tam had to wait for butter and bread, bacon and rice and prunes, oatmeal and tinned chicken. She addressed the salesman familiarly: "Carlos, if you see Antone Moretti will you tell him I'm down for Christmas and to leave milk tomorrow, and to come see me about the chickens?"

"This is the thing I wanted to do!" she exulted, when her packages were safe in the car, and she was upon her way again. "I'm alone—and when I'm alone I can think about George—"

THERE was a lane leading west toward the sea, a lonely lane full tonight of frozen ruts. It was unlighted, and after the bright, hot Christmas excitement of the village, Tam found the two miles of highway lonely enough, and the lane itself rather formidable. Mrs. Moretti had long ago departed to join her family in The Dalles; Carlos lived up the shore two miles away and only came to Tam's place once a day to feed the chickens. There was nobody near but herself; the roar and surge of the sea in the dark, the clatter of a sudden gust of wind over the porch roof were strangely unreassuring sounds.

Tam unlocked her door, carried her groceries in to the kitchen table; locked up again. The house was dankly cold and smelled stuffily of old meals and old wood. She had forgotten the simple detail of the electric lights being disconnected somewhere. She had to grope for candles in the inky dark; it was nervous work finding them in the big old-fashioned pantry, and imagining that hands were groping and faces grimacing at her in the fearfully silent place.

The feeble little flames of the candles dispersed the worst gloom. Tam knew the crotchets of the stove and speedily with weary, stiff fingers had filled it with wood, shaken coal down over it, poured kerosene, in the approved Moretti fashion, over all. In one second there was a heartening roar of blaze against the closed stove plates; in exactly seven minutes the kettle began to sing.

Tam found an enveloping apron in the icy adjoining bedroom, laid aside her hat and coat, set about dinner preparations courageously. She had owned this place now for two years; she had been here often before, with carpenters and painters and paper-hangers and gardeners. But she realized now suddenly that she had never been quite alone before; Molly had been with her, or Carlos' wife, or a kitchen girl from one of the village families.

Well, it did not matter. In an hour she would be snugly asleep in the blue blankets that were already warming in the kitchen, and tomorrow there would be sunlight and sanity and time to reflect upon what she wanted to do. The main thing was that she was here, and alone, and that she did not have to put on her velvet dress for Christmas Eve and sit at the long Martell table pretending that her heart had not been changed to a lump of lead.

But the little sense of uneasiness persisted—persisted. Tam reminded herself that one's fears and the action of robbers, murderers, maniacs rarely struck upon the same instant; it would be absurd for her to be afraid tonight and for some evil man coincidentally to have chosen tonight for a robbery.

Poaching eggs, she wished that she had not thought of such words as robbers, murderers, maniacs. Maniacs of course were the worst; one might—if one could speak at all for terror—reason with murderers and thieves.

"I wonder how many women have poached eggs in lonely country kitchens for Christmas suppers?" Tam said aloud conversationally. Sometimes women talked to themselves, she reflected uneasily, or called "Tom!" or "John!" to make marauders think men were about. Perhaps there were men hiding in this house at this exact minute. The telephone was there, of course. But the service stopped at six. Too bad to have remembered that; a telephone was almost like a person!

Her heart leaped into her throat at the sound of a voice. But it was only a black cat, as welcome almost as a friend in this silent, dark hour. Tamara welcomed the cat effusively, fed him when she ate her own supper, and when she went to sleep an hour later on a cot dragged into the kitchen for warmth, the cat was settled on her feet. The sound of the sea was friendlier now, and the stove's red eye had a protective, comforting aspect in the warm kitchen. Tam, tired by the long full day, was almost immediately asleep.

Voices. She started up from a very abysm of unconsciousness to the fearful realization of voices. Someone outside saying "Sh-s-h-h!"

Where was she? What was this? Tam sat up in the dark, her heart thundering. With a sudden lessening of warm weight on her feet the cat leaped to the floor. There was utter silence everywhere, except the tick of dying ashes in the stove and the faraway sound of the sea. Nothing.

Nothing. It had been her imagination. But her heart would not stop its suffocating quick beat, nor her muscles obey her fluttered reason when her mind told her that she must simply lie down quietly again, and draw the blankets over her shoulders, and go back to sleep. Instead she sat in motionless terror, fright creeping like cold water up her spine, her mouth filled with salt water.

She remembered buying groceries in the big general store, and that there had been new twenties in her purse—clean, crisp twenties—who had seen them? And if desperate men had seen them what would they do? They would never leave her alive to talk about it; it would be much too easy to carry her to the cliff and fling her into the churning ocean that was always bubbling over the rocks, never to tell any tales—

A slow fan of light went over the ceiling; the motor stopped. There was a fearful interval of silence. Then a voice, shouting:

"Tam!"

LIFE came back into her veins. In the dark she sprang from her blankets, sobbing, calling back madly in answer:

"Oh, George, George, George!"

Somehow in the black cold and dark she was across the kitchen floor, and fumbling at the lock, and then the sky and the wheeling stars showed in the opened doorway, above the dim silhouette of the farm buildings, and the lights of a motor car cut a tunnel of light through them, and a figure was there, coming at her; arms were warm and strong about her, and George's cold, hard face was against her warm one, and she was crying, crying bitterly, with her arm about his neck.

"Tam, you poor darling, you poor little idiot! My sweetheart—my darling sweetheart!"

He was half-leading, half-carrying her back into the kitchen; there was only black darkness there, and, laughing and crying, she groped for a light, and the dim spurt of a match sent the shad-

(Continued on page 52)

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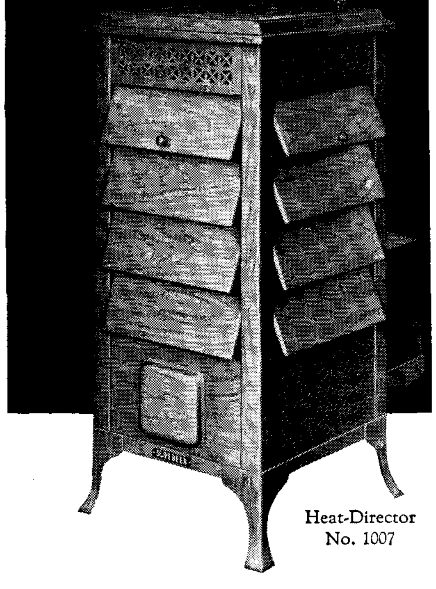

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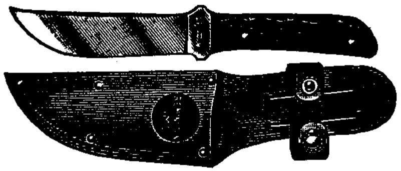

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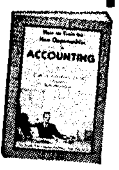

(Continued from page 51)

ows reeling, and showed the tumbled blankets and the cat again settled peaceably in warmth and comfort. Tam found a candle and set it on the sink; turned and was in George's arms again.

"You've escaped! You got away! You found me!" she breathed. And then, with shaky laughter, "Oh, George, what a place to come to, and so cold, and you're freezing!"

"I don't care!" he mumbled, lips at her hair.

And Tamara clung to him hungrily, her wet cheek against his, and echoed his words dreamily, in utmost content: "No, and I don't care. Tomorrow we'll run away—we'll go somewhere they can't ever find you! But I don't care about anything else now except that you're back!"

JUST to look at him was enough; she could look at him forever. George. George with her again, nothing else mattered. He and she blessedly, exquisitely alone in this cold-bound, winter-bound little farmhouse, with the snapping frost of Christmas Eve lying on the bare fields outside, and the wind whining high up between the roof and the stars, and the sea roaring on the rocks—rushing smoothly in, breaking into foam and spray, dragging its way out again.

But somehow she felt weak and tired, and whenever she started to talk she started to cry and to laugh too. It was enough to watch George bringing in wood, dragging things about, carrying a candle down cellar to do something mysterious to the electricity, driving shadows before him, tramping about with a heartening noise that seemed to make the house the safest, sanest, coziest place in all the world.

Every few minutes he stopped what he was doing and came to kneel down beside her and kiss her. Tam would put up a hand to stroke his hair, smile at him shakily, but she could not speak.

"Frightened you, did I?"

"It was silly. But I'd been nervous, anyway."

"You ought to have someone with you, Tam."

"I know. And I usually do. But since Molly married, and I gave up the Taylor Street place—" Tam's voice died out weakly. "George," she whispered, dragging his head down to hers again. "Love me?"

"Oh, too much!"

"But darling, you shouldn't have run away down here! You frightened them all."

"The Martells?" she asked lazily.

"Surely. They were terribly upset."

"I don't care," she murmured. "I don't care about anything now."

She lay on the couch before the hearth; the big sitting-room was warm in the winter night. George had built up a fire of enormous logs; the electricity was on again, and one of the lamps was softly lighted. George, or Hills, the Martells' chauffeur who had driven him down, had carried her in to the couch and put pillows and blankets all about her. Now Hills was gone, and the memory of the fright was no more than a bad dream; Tamara lay lapped in utter peace and content.

But even now whenever she thought of George or looked at George the tears came up, flooding her face and choking her, and she could not speak. So she lay warm and quiet and completely comfortable, like a baby, and with a baby's serenely unquestioning eyes, watched him going about the room, and was in no hurry to begin to talk.

George brought in two cups of hot soup.

"No milk out there, and I was afraid of coffee."

"I told Carlos to tell Antone to bring some early in the morning."

Hot pea soup; it was reviving. Tamara put down the empty and still steaming cup, reached a hand to cling to George's hand as he sat beside her. She had felt that energy—life would never come back. But she was better now.

"What possessed you to run away? Want to talk about it?"

"Not yet," Tam whispered, closing her eyes. "I was an idiot to be so frightened," she breathed.

"What on earth have you done to this room?" George demanded, taking the conversation to safer channels.

Tam opened her eyes, smiled.

"Do you like it?"

"Like it? It's stunning."

"It is a darling room. It's the three old rooms all cut into one, you know, and we had to leave that pillar in. But I rather like it, don't you?—with the books all around it."

"When did you buy this place?"

"Oh, more than a year ago. I had carpenters in here, and a gardener. You won't know the place tomorrow, George." Her fingers tightened on his hand, her voice trembled. "You'll—you'll be here tomorrow, won't you?" she faltered.

George patted her hand.

"I'll be here tomorrow, darling; we'll have Christmas breakfast together. I'm—out, Tam."

"Out?" she repeated, trying to smile over a rush of tears.

"For always—it was to be a surprise for you, Tam. Billy and I fixed it up, fools that we were. I got my pardon yesterday—today, was it? Only this afternoon, it was. But Billy and Ellen had an idea that it would be wonderful to surprise you!"

"PARDONED! You knew when I saw you—when was it, yesterday?"

"No, I didn't. My God, Tam, you don't think I could have let you go away from the prison not knowing, if I had known!"

"Billy knew."

"Not until today. I'll tell you how it was. Billy was in Sacramento yesterday and he ran into Whittell—Coates' right-hand man. He and Whittell began talking about my case, and Whittell said that he wished that certain facts about it had been brought to Governor Coates' notice. Billy said the whole thing had been gone over a hundred times, but Whittell said no, he didn't believe Coates understood the whole story. He said there had been literally hundreds of applications this year and they had had a hard time. Billy went out to dinner and to a movie last night—that was in Sacramento—and when he got back to the hotel he found a message there from Whittell asking him to get in touch with Governor Coates at once. Billy felt pretty sick at missing it; it was too late then. But he took a chance and went over the first thing in the morning, and he and Coates talked. At noon Billy was on his way driving down to San Quentin, and he missed you by about ten minutes. If he'd driven just a little faster he'd have seen your car in the yard. We fixed it all up in about an hour, and then he telephoned Ellen. Ellen said, 'Tamara's coming down here for dinner and we'll keep it for a Christmas surprise!' "

Tamara's wondering eyes broke over his reproachfully.

"Oh, no, George, for I was there when Billy got home!"

"So was I, darling!"

"Not—not right there in Billy's house!"

"Right there, within a few feet of you, shaving and bathing and getting into decent clothes. And perhaps you think it didn't all feel good! You see we had to stop in San Francisco and get

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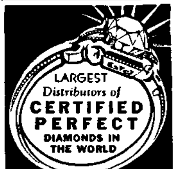

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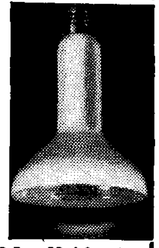

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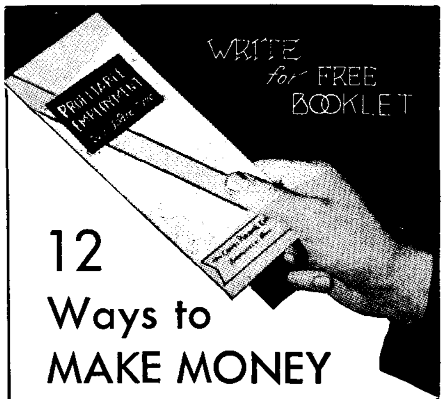

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clothes, Tam, and on Christmas Eve it all takes time."

"Free?" she whispered.

"Free."

"It's what we've always dreamed."

"It seems to me a dream."

"George, you're not home again for always?"

"Ah, but I am, darling."

"I can't believe it."

She shut her eyes again; the long lashes wet against her cheek. After a moment she opened them.

"You were right there in Ellen's house?"

"Bill brought me and Max down at—well, when was it? At about five, I guess. I couldn't see you or anyone else as I looked then; they sneaked me in the back way and up to young Bill's bedroom. I said to Billy, 'Is she really in the house?' and he said, 'Yes, but hold your horses! You've got to clean up, and take it easy. I'll have her get downstairs early, and you two can have half an hour before dinner in the library. No good spoiling it now!' So he went down to talk to you, and I got started dressing. After a while he came upstairs again and said, 'My God, George, I came near spilling the beans! Tam's just about at the end of her rope!' It made me feel a little sick—I thought it wasn't quite fair to play with it that way—and I got downstairs about seven, and waited—and waited—and after a while Billy came down and said, 'Great Scott, isn't she here?' and he ran upstairs and Ellen was just coming out of your room. She said, 'Billy, she's gone to San Francisco!' She brought down your note. You'd been gone more than an hour."

"Oh, George, George, George!" Tam wailed. "What a fool I was!"

"What fools we all were!"

"Then what, George?"

"Then I took Hills and the car—I'd not driven for two years and I kind of—well, I was all shaken up—and I didn't know where you were, and Hills offered—so we went in to the Fairmont. You weren't there! I knew your mother was down south, and my mother in Europe. I thought, 'Where the hell has that girl gone to?'"

Tam's laughter held a note it had not known for long years. George was on the couch beside her now with his arm about her, her head on his shoulder in the old way.

"Then suddenly I remembered that word 'over,'" George said.

"Over?"

"In your note. You said you'd surely come over tomorrow or Wednesday. You see I didn't know you'd bought this place, Tam, but even when Ellen first read it I thought that word was funny. I asked Hills if he knew any place from which you could come 'over,' and he said, 'She wouldn't go to the Halfmoon Bay place at this time of night, I should think, sir!' I said, 'What Halfmoon Bay place?' and he said, 'She bought a place there quite a while back, sir. I've often driven Mrs. Martell and the children there in summer. She's done quite a bit of work there in the garden.' Then of course I knew, and I said we must get right down here, to be here before you went to bed, so as not to frighten you. But I thought of course someone was with you."

"But then what took you so long?"

"We came right down, dear. It's only a quarter to ten now."

"ONLY a *what?*" Tam exclaimed, sitting upright.

"It isn't quite ten, Tam. I thought of course you'd be up, although it does seem later."

"Later! I thought it was the middle of the night. I must have gone to bed at about eight. I was tired."

"You *are* tired, you poor little thing!"

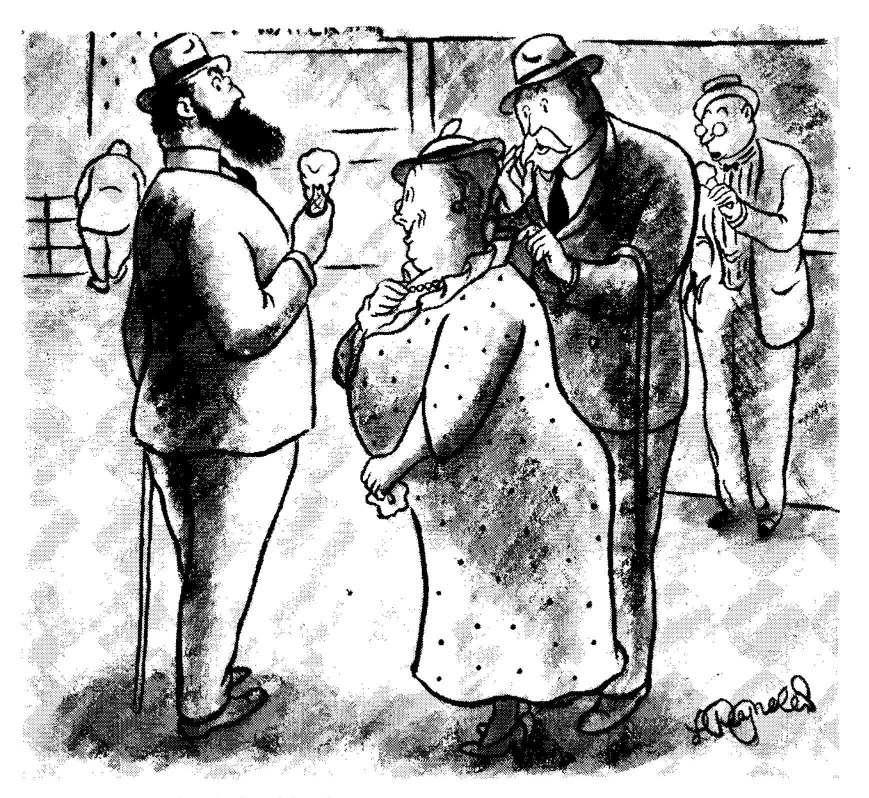
"Tired? *Now?* I'm on wings. George, is it really all over—is the way really clear?" Tam murmured, rubbing a small thumb back and forth on his big hand. "Are you and I just one more married couple, at last?"

"Just exactly that. Free to do what everyone else is doing—but doesn't it seem like Heaven when you've lost it for a while! To read the morning papers, and walk down on the shore, and talk—" He stopped on a long, contented sigh.

"Nightmare!" she said in an undertone, remembering.

"Not so bad. Nothing's so bad when it's over. D'you know, Tam," George said, luxuriating in safety, his cheek against her hair, "as I drove down here, remembering your note, I was afraid you might have ended it all?"

(Continued on page 54)



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23	1140	34	840	45	559
24	1112	35	813	46	535
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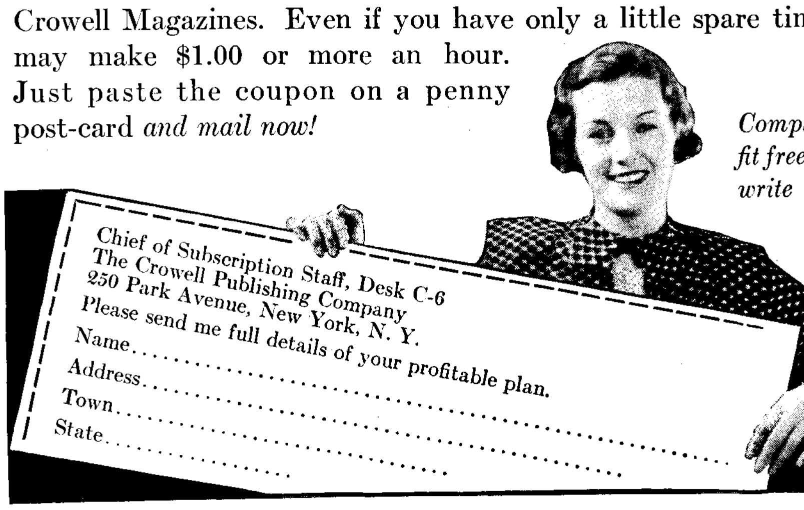

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(Continued from page 53)

"Oh, no," she said, shocked. "I wouldn't do that. That wouldn't have helped. But—but it's been—quite a pull."

"Funny to think it's over. Funny to think how much more it means to the fellow who gets pardoned than it does to the people who just read a couple of lines in the paper. Funny to realize that I'm not going back tomorrow to that long table, and the beans, and cell 'Five-five-nine.' "

"Don't!"

"We'll forget it all."

"No," she said. "We'll never forget it. I don't want to. It makes this—our being together again, so heavenly! It makes just this one Christmas such a miracle. George, even if you did have to go back on Wednesday and I had to go back to stock engagements it would all be worth while!"

"IT WOULD all be worth while," he agreed, brushing his cheek again against the top of her soft hair. "I've dreamed a thousand times of this—you, all soft and warm and sweet, in my arms again. Tam, just our breakfast tomorrow, on a winter Christmas morning, eggs and coffee and a fire, will be enough to make up for it all. To be together and after breakfast to clean the house and make everything shipshape, and then to—then to—"

"Then, if it's clear, to take buns and chops and coffee down on the shore," she said, her happy voice trembling.

"Yes, but can we get the chops?"

"Oh, yes, the store's going to be open between ten and twelve, and we need lots of things. Coffee and salt and things like that we have," Tamara told him. She halted, and tears came into her smiling eyes. "It's a dream—talking to you, having you, nobody ever to separate us again!" she whispered.

"It's a true dream, Tam, to be out on the rocks down on the shore here with you, my own master!"

Tamara was silent a while, her head safe on his shoulder, her thumb rubbing against his hand.

"All the days ahead, all the mornings and evenings, and breakfasts and suppers?" she murmured dreamily.

"All ours."

"It's better," she said, "than being a bride of eighteen marrying the handsomest bachelor in all the British nobility!"

"It's better than anything ever was, for anyone. Better than never having been parted, or anxious, or worried!"

"Oh, it is. And I thought—only tonight I thought that life never would be anything else but one long heartbreak! And we know each other, George," Tam pursued, in a lazy voice. "There aren't going to be any surprises or disillusions; we know each other through and through! I know you're going to like your eggs poached tomorrow morning, and that you like the top of the milk bottle better than regular cream. I—" Her voice dropped; she whispered: "I love you so, George," she breathed. And again their lips were together.

"I don't know why anyone does," George said simply. "But oh, Lord, Tam, it all feels so good to me!" he presently added. "A hot bath, and a decent shave, and lights and fires—you don't know how good they are! And tomorrow just to loaf—to go over to the store for you, and then to dig a while, or have a bonfire, or read—Lord, look at my books! And you have had the floor done."

"Oh, yes, and the fireplace put in, and the windows cut and everything. George, let's just stay here forever; we have money enough for that."

"I'd like to stay here forever," he said. And for a long while there was no sound in the room but the occasional dropping of ashes in the fire and an occasional flurry of wind in the chimney. From outside they could hear the steady rush and back surge of the sea.

"Here's our plan," George presently said. "Do you want to hear our plan?"

"Have we a plan, darling?" Tam asked on a long, sleepy sigh.

"We have. In about a month you and I are driving south to San Pedro. We stop in Los Angeles to buy clothes, to go on to San Pedro and board a Swedish boat."

"Oh, no, George!"

"Yep. We have a four-weeks trip, reading and talking and playing cribbage, and then we land in Stockholm. We go over to Germany— Ever been to Germany?"

"You know very well I've never been to Germany."

"Well, we go to Germany and to Munich, and there we join—"

"Oh, George, not really! Oh, George, and I've not seen Mary for a year!"

"She and Mother came to New York—when was it?"

"Last January. I had two weeks of her, and got her shoes and a coat. She's growing to be such a sweet child, George, so gay and so sure of herself—with that same old mane of hair—and of course jabbering German with the chambermaid like a native! But go on—go on," Tam urged, her eyes shining. "Are we really going to get on a steamer and find our room and have dinner at the captain's table? Oh, I can't believe it! I've always wanted so terribly to travel!"

"It's all captain's table. There are only about eighteen passengers on those boats. There's a stewardess who's a trained nurse, too, but you may be the only woman passenger."

"And a whole month!"

"A whole month. So then we go to Germany and have another month with Mother and the kid. They may be coming back later in the year, but Mother said in her last letter that Mary ought to finish out some work she's doing; I don't know what it's all about. Well, then we come back here. I have to be in Mexico May first, and it'll be hot! But we can get into the mountains off and on—"

"We come home on a North Atlantic liner, and have a few days in New York?"

"Yep, or Boston, or Washington. Then we drive to Mexico."

"Drive? Will we have the car?"

"We'll have the car right along."

"Oh, George, George, George, I'm asleep and dreaming all this!"

"WELL, that's the way I feel. The boys have got a big will case in Cuernavaca—it's in the mountains, and not far from Mexico City; that's all I know about it—and they want me to look it up. So that's our plot for the new year."

"Oh, and I can use my Spanish!" Tam said eagerly.

"You bet your life you can. And now how about turning in? You must be dead, and I feel as if it was three years since I ate my breakfast this morning over at San Quentin."

"And tomorrow's Christmas."

"Tomorrow's Christmas. We'll cable the Germans."

"George," Tamara said thoughtfully, not stirring from her comfortable position in his arms, "I think I'll love Salamanca. I love white clothes and siestas and shutters and pineapples and people playing the guitar in the moonlight."

"Love what?"

"Saskatchewan, was it? Wherever we're going."

"Cuernavaca, you idiot!"

"Cuernavaca?" Tam echoed dreamily. "It's all the same to me!"

THE END

Don't Miss a Trick

Continued from page 22

in which he won top score. His side's cards were:

Dummy: Spades, Q 8; Hearts, A Q 9 3; Diamonds, A J 9 2; Clubs, Q 9 7.
Declarer: Spades, K 4; Hearts, K 5; Diamonds, 10 8 6 5 4 3; Clubs, K 6 4.

A club had been led against his five-diamond contract, East holding up the ace to save it for the queen, and the king winning. At least one club, one diamond and one spade must apparently be lost, but he saved the day by leading a small spade toward the dummy's queen. West, with the ace, held it up to knock off later the king he was convinced the declarer held. When the queen won, the heart king, ace and queen were cashed in turn, producing a discard of the spade king, the fourth heart then being ruffed. The ace of diamonds was now cashed and a small one led, which East had to win, and could do nothing else but take in his club ace and grant the rest of the tricks.

A Dummy Hero

One of the reasons why David Burnstine outstripped everyone in the race for top ranking during the last season was the kind of ruse he used with this deal:

North
S. A Q 9 4 3
H. A 10 7
D. K 6
C. 7 4 3

West
S. 7 6
H. 9 8 4
D. J 9 8 4
C. Q 10 9 8

East
S. K 10 8 5
H. 5 2
D. A Q 10 7 2
C. 6 2

South
S. J 2
H. K Q J 6 3
D. 5 3
C. A K J 5

Playing at four hearts in the South, Mr. Burnstine kept in mind East's diamond bid over North's original spade. So when he saw the dummy, he realized that East must surely hold the spade king in order to be strong enough to make an overcall. After the opponents peeled off two diamond tricks and the club return brought a losing finesse to West's queen, he realized stern measures were necessary to make the contract. West returned a heart to the dummy's ten, and Mr. Burnstine immediately laid down the spade ace, then the spade three. This had to look to East like the start of an effort to ruff-up the suit, so he refused to come up with his king, playing the eight. When the jack won, he could have chewed tacks, for Mr. Burnstine now went on to make his contract, laying down a second trump round and two high clubs, ruffing a third club and then finishing up with the trumps.

Welker Cochran of California, who had held both the world's balk-line and three-cushion billiard championships, is no slouch at bridge. Nobody but a real player could get away with what he did on this hand:

North
S. 7
H. 9 5 2
D. 8 4
C. 10 9 8 6 5 4 2

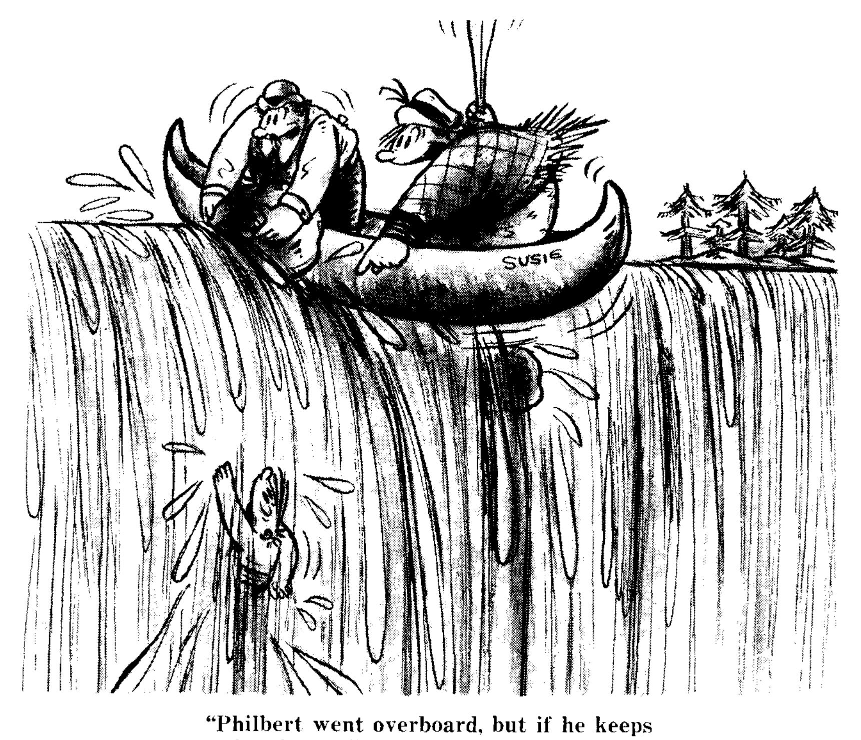
West
S. K J 8 4 3
H. J 8 7 6
D. Q 9 3
C. Q

East
S. 10 6 5 2
H. Q 4 3
D. J 10 7 5
C. K J

South
S. A Q 9
H. A K 10
D. A K 6 2
C. A 7 3

After his two no trump, his partner's three clubs, his own three diamonds and his partner's four clubs, he decided to go gunning for big game and essayed six no trump. At one other table in the same duplicate tournament, the same small slam was bid, but it was made easy when West led a spade. Against Mr. Cochran, the lead was a small heart, on which East played the queen. Not liking to risk a finesse unless necessary, he set out to build up a squeeze play. Laying down the ace and another club, which lost, he won the returned heart. Next he took in the two diamond tops—a double "Vienna coup"—before

(Continued on page 56)



"Philbert went overboard, but if he keeps swimming he'll make it back up again!"

FRANK OWEN

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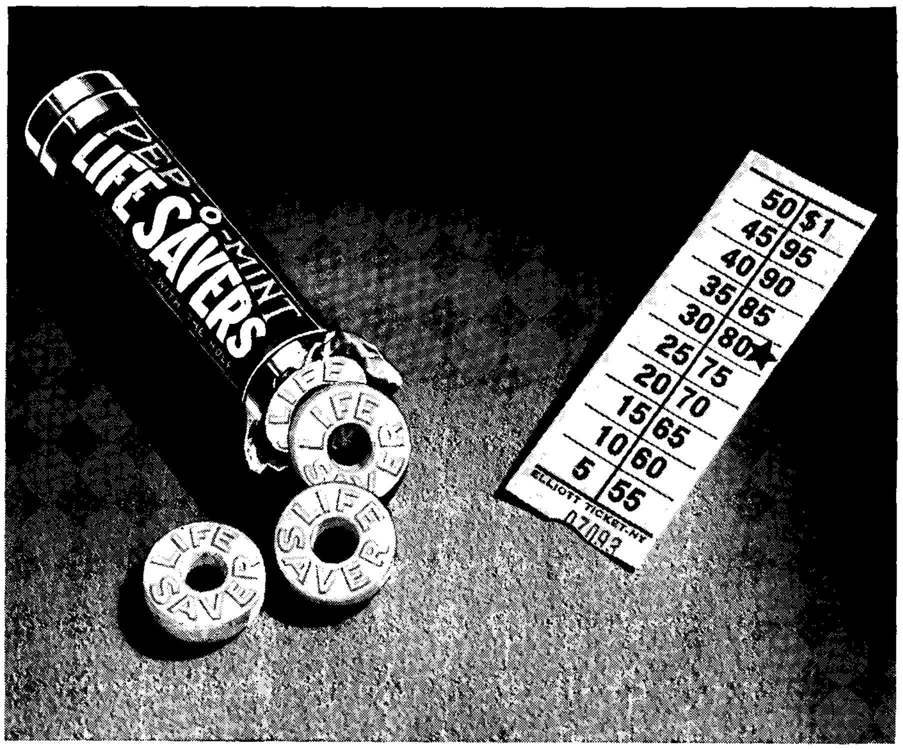

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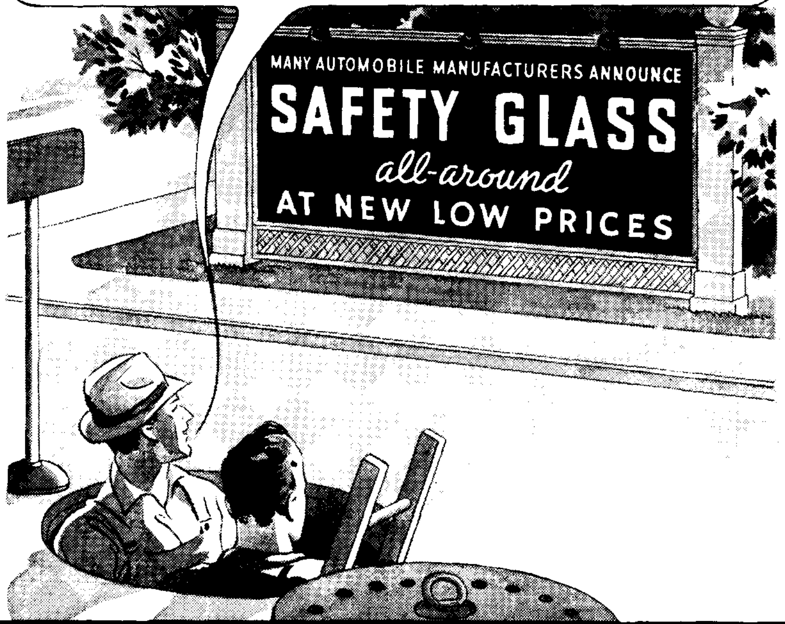

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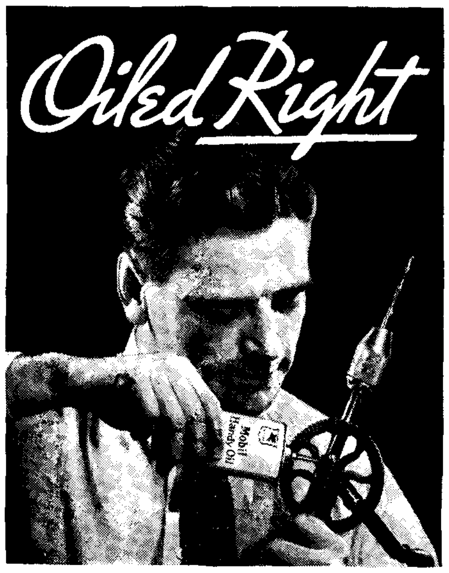

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(Continued from page 55)

proceeding with the run of clubs.

When the last club was led from dummy, this was the situation:

North
S. 7
H. 9
D. None
C. 2

West
S. K J
H. J
D. None
C. None

East
S. 10
H. None
D. J 10
C. None

South
S. A Q
H. None
D. 6
C. None

He discarded the diamond from his own hand, and it was West's turn. The declarer "had him." If he threw away the heart, the nine in dummy would be good. He tossed a spade instead, so the billiard star raked in the spade ace and queen to "run out the game."

Stuyvesant Wainwright, Jr., one of the greatest players of the Racquet and Tennis Club, where contract got its real start in New York, gave a most unusual, almost grotesque, example of turning defeat into victory with this deal:

North
S. K 6 3
H. K 9 2
D. A K 6 5
C. J 5 2

West
S. Q J 9 8 2
H. 7 6 5 4 3
D. Q
C. 10 7

East
S. 10 7 5
H. Q J 10
D. J 10 9 4
C. 9 8 3

South
S. A 4
H. A 8
D. 8 7 3 2
C. A K Q 6 4

The title of this act might well be "The Dummy Becomes the Hero," for that was his rôle when his partner began trying to make a six no trump contract. Upon seeing the dummy after the spade lead, the declarer, none too experienced a player, said: "Too bad, Stuyve, we can take only eleven tricks and will have to go down one." Whereupon he disconsolately took his other spade trick and had cashed two diamonds and two club tricks, when he was called to the telephone.

A Spectacular Coup

"Come over and play the rest of the hand," he asked Mr. Wainwright, and the opponents made no objection. The new declarer did not accept defeat so easily. He saw that, if the high hearts happened to be all in the East Hand, he still had a fighting chance to make the small slam. So he played carefully down to the point where these were the last five cards in each hand:

North
S. None
H. K 9 2
D. 6 5
C. None

West
S. J 9
H. 7 6 5
D. None
C. None

East
S. None
H. Q J 10
D. J 10
C. None

South
S. None
H. A 8
D. 8 7
C. 4

East apparently had a sure winner in each of the red suits, thereby being positive of defeating the small slam. But Mr. Wainwright had planned aright, and when he led the last club, discarding a diamond, the defender had to toss away something. If a heart, then the ace, king and nine would take three of the last four tricks. He discarded a diamond, so then a diamond was led to East, whose obligatory heart return was taken by the king, followed by South's ace and the last diamond.

For the truly spectacular, it would be hard to beat what Walter F. Wyman of Boston did in a tournament with this hand:

North
S. 7 6 4
H. 8
D. Q J 10 6
C. A K 9 8 3

West
S. 5
H. 6 2
D. 9 8 5 4 2
C. 7 6 5 4 2

East
S. K Q 10 2
H. Q J 10 9
D. K 3
C. Q J 10

South
S. A J 9 8 3
H. A K 7 5 4 3
D. A 7
C. None

When East doubled his six spades, he decided to play the latter for all of the outstanding strength. After winning the heart lead, he ruffed a heart, finessed the lowly spade seven, put the diamond queen through, tossed a heart on the club ace and another on the club king, then executed a "coup" by ruffing a club to shorten his trumps to three, the same number that East had left. Following the diamond ace and the heart king, he ruffed his last heart in dummy. The diamond ten was now led, East trumping with the queen. Mr. Wyman, instead of winning this with his ace, made a brilliant under-ruff with the nine, so that East now had to pitch away from his king-ten.

Winning in the Dummy

Veterans say there is no such thing any more as a brand-new play, never made before, but only new examples of old ones.

With so many much older men in the game, it is hard to question that assertion, but we can at least say that we never have heard of the kind of play employed to make a seven heart contract recently with this deal:

North
S. Q
H. 8 7 3 2
D. A Q 7 3
C. 9 4 3 2

West
S. 8 5 3 2
H. J 10
D. J 10 6 2
C. 7 6 5

East
S. 10 9 7 4
H. 6
D. K 9 8 4
C. K Q J 10

South
S. A K J 6
H. A K Q 9 5 4
D. 5
C. A 8

East having made the original third-hand bid of a club, it was fair to count him for probably 100 honors plus the diamond king. The diamond lead being won by the ace, it was possible to see ten consecutive tricks in spades and hearts, on the last of which East would have to toss either his king of diamonds or break up his king-queen of clubs. That would set up either South's club eight or North's diamond queen. But East could choose the diamond with impunity because the dummy would have no entry to use the queen.

The question was how to have the eleventh trick won in dummy. A bit of figuring produced the answer—ruff a couple of diamonds. So after the first trick, a small diamond was trumped, the spade queen used for a reëntry and a second diamond ruffed with the nine. Now the three high trumps and three spades were collected, and the stage was set, like this:

North
S. None
H. 8
D. Q
C. 9

West
S. None
H. None
D. J
C. 7 6

East
S. None
H. None
D. K
C. K Q

South
S. None
H. 5
D. None
C. A 8

When the heart five was led to dummy's eight, East's goose was cooked, for any discard he made would be wrong. If declarer's shortening his trumps by ruffing, in order to throw the lead into dummy on the squeezing trick, is not a new play, we not only want to know it, but never expect to see a new one.

How It Was Done

Playing the hand shown on page 22 at a six diamond contract, West having led the club ace and followed with the nine, Mr. Hall of course had to take it with the dummy's king. He now saw plainly that his problem was how to prevent the loss of another club trick. He must find some way to get rid of the last club in his own hand or both of the remaining clubs in the dummy. It is clear to him that West surely holds all four of the outstanding trumps. If he could discard the dummy's clubs on the hearts, he could ruff his own last club, but West could foil this scheme by merely ruffing hearts and compelling over-ruffs in place of club discards.

Mr. Hall eventually saw that he would have to shorten his own trumps so that he could discard the club from his own hand on the dummy's trumps. He started by trumping the spade five, finessed the diamond ten, ruffed the spade eight, finessed the diamond eight, finessed the diamond queen, then led the diamond ace, discarding his seven of clubs and dropping West's king. The small heart now furnished an entry for him to finish the hand with five heart tricks. As he took the final one, his partner, Richard M. Wildberg, who had been ready to upbraid him for taking out the spade double, congratulated him for one of the best played hands he had ever seen.

Here is why we say the new fall

Penn-Craft Hats

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"It certainly is a grand-looking hat, Bill"

When you have a Penn-Craft, you have a hat that you'll enjoy wearing. It's a good-looking hat on your head. What's more, it has the quality and stamina to stay good-looking after it has been out in all kinds of weather.

Penn-Craft hats are made of fine materials, by master hatters with years of experience. When you feel the texture—smooth and soft, yet firmly resilient—you will have an indication of the workmanship that makes a Penn-Craft hat definitely a leader in its quality field.

We sincerely believe that Penn-Craft hats are the greatest $5 hat values in America. That is why we urge you to drop in at your favorite men's shop selling Stetson and Penn-Craft hats. Ask the salesman to show you the appealing new colors and styles in his fall selection of Penn-Crafts. You'll find the hat that's made for you.

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PHILADELPHIA • A DIVISION OF JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY

The better stores everywhere featuring Stetson hats are now displaying these new Penn-Craft hats. • Stetson hats for fall are priced at $6 (unlined), $6.50, $8, $10, and up. Also the Stetson Bantam and the Stetson Playboy, air-light crushers, at $5.

Collier's

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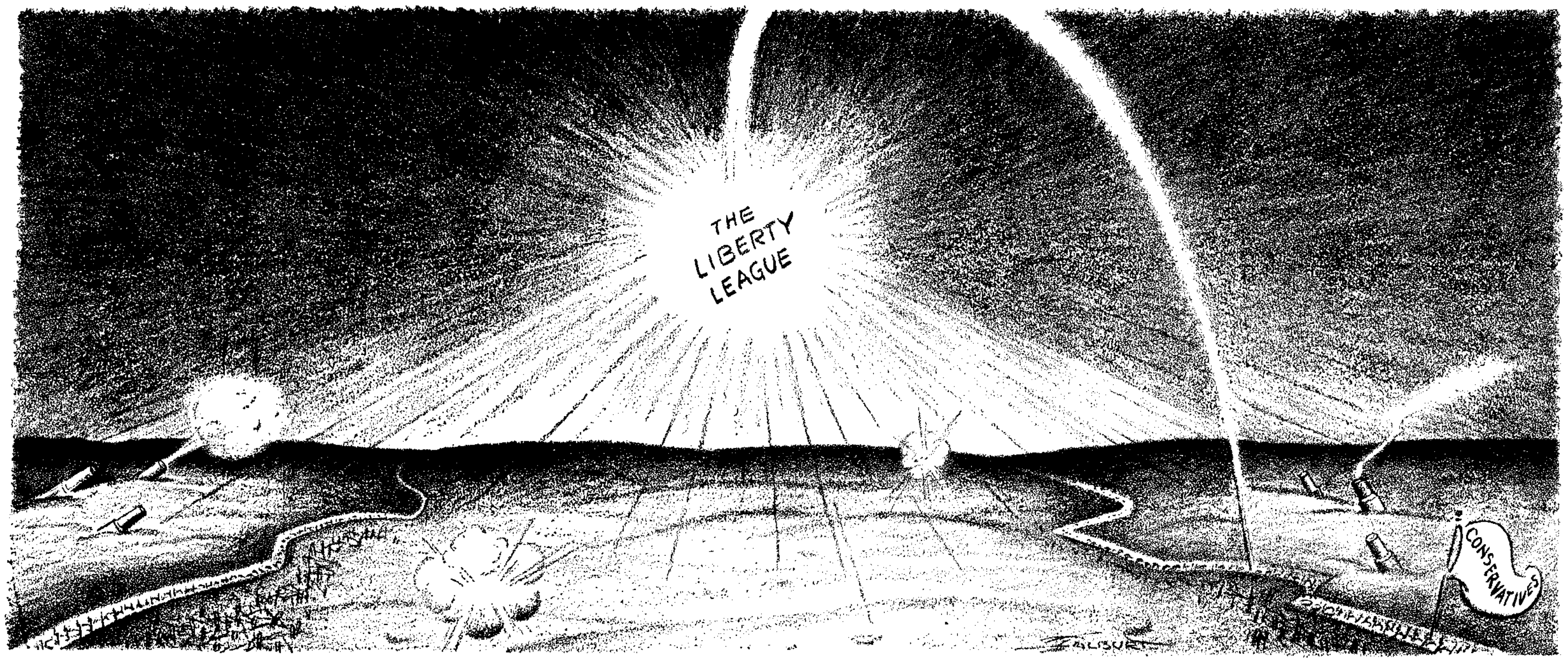

The Lines are Visible

When Harding was elected and later when Coolidge was President constructive plans were unpopular. Herbert Hoover's nomination was opposed by some who suspected him of being too fertile with ideas. Between 1920 and 1929 constructive ideas were excess baggage for any occupant of the White House. Coolidge won fame by not rocking the boat.

Herbert Hoover was actually criticized, not for what he did but for what he hesitated to do. The time for swift action came unexpectedly soon. Even those most opposed to change of any sort a few months previous began overnight to demand fundamental reorganization. Franklin D. Roosevelt captured the imagination of the nation because he was able to act without delay. In a time of danger boldness, not caution, is the quality of successful leadership.

In these facts lies the secret of the feebleness of the opposition to the Administration. President Roosevelt has had plans for dealing with the various emergencies of the past eighteen months. Mere antagonism to what he proposed got no support in Congress or in the country. He at least proposed to do something. It is conceivable that better plans might have been devised. The burden of proof, however, was on the opposition and the opposition had no plans.

We can't expect to continue indefinitely a government by unanimous consent. Under our system a well-organized opposition to the Administration in office is clearly desirable. No product of the human mind comes out perfect. Competent discussion certainly provides the means for improving most proposed legislation.

The Roosevelt administration and the country would have been benefited by an opposition which criticized constructively and forcefully many of the fundamental measures which have been undertaken. The only first-rate criticism encountered came from the veteran Democrat, Senator Carter Glass. His banking suggestions were positive, informed and practical. He was a lonely figure in the Senate.

Now we are in the midst of the first congressional campaign since Mr. Roosevelt was inaugurated. Such a campaign should provide the voters an opportunity to approve or to disapprove what the Administration and Congress have already done. Search the country as you will, however, and it is difficult to find any far-reaching debate on the program summed up in the New Deal. Nowhere are powerful political groups openly challenging the policies with which Franklin D. Roosevelt is identified.

This is the reason the Liberty League, headed by Jouett Shouse and including among its sponsors such men as John W. Davis and Alfred E. Smith, former Democratic candidates for the presidency, as well as such Republican leaders as Nathan L. Miller, a former governor of New York, and Representative James W. Wadsworth, a former senator, attracted so much attention. Nature, even in politics, abhors a vacuum, and the Liberty League promised to fill the empty space which an opposition should occupy.

An opposition to a Democratic administration headed by conspicuous Democrats has obvious comic features. In New York politics "Al" Smith and Nathan L. Miller were rivals. Harsh words were exchanged in other years. "Jimmy" Wadsworth and "Al" Smith crossed swords more than once. Strange bedfellows have come together in the Liberty League.

But the fact that both Democratic and Republican parties have included conservatives and liberals and radicals in their ranks has long been a commonplace observation. Our political alignment would be much more sincere and realistic if conservatives and liberals and radicals could be assembled in parties which actually expressed their opinions.

The Liberty League is expressly not a new political party. Jouett Shouse, its executive, was head of the Association for the Repeal of Prohibition as well as at another time director of the Democratic National Committee. As a leader of the repeal movement he learned the advantages of a nonpartisan organization in the advocacy of political principles.

The League will accordingly fight for its principles rather than for candidates. It seeks to defend the Constitution, to uphold respect for the rights of persons and of property and to "teach the duty of government, to encourage and protect individual and group initiative and enterprise, to foster the right to work, earn, save and acquire property and to preserve the ownership and lawful use of property when acquired."

Nobody in the Administration has criticized the League for what it says. It has been criticized for what it did not say concerning the protection of those who had no property.

At all events, the Liberty League is the nucleus of an opposition, non-partisan in organization but of wide potentiality in affecting the discussion and consideration of measures which may be proposed in Congress or by the Administration. It seeks to organize great groups of property owners—home owners, savings banks' depositors, life insurance policyholders, bondholders, stockholders, farmers and trade unionists.

The League has not actually organized these groups. If they are to be organized there can be little doubt of the political force which would be set in motion.

Meanwhile, an opposition is taking form and a line of cleavage is being drawn. The principles of the Liberty League conflict more with the unexpressed implications of some of the recent legislation than with its avowed purposes. Nevertheless the differences are real and important.

The conservative side ought to present its case. The Liberty League won't itself be a new party but it may provide the arguments which will lead to a more representative division of public opinion. This alone would be an important accomplishment.

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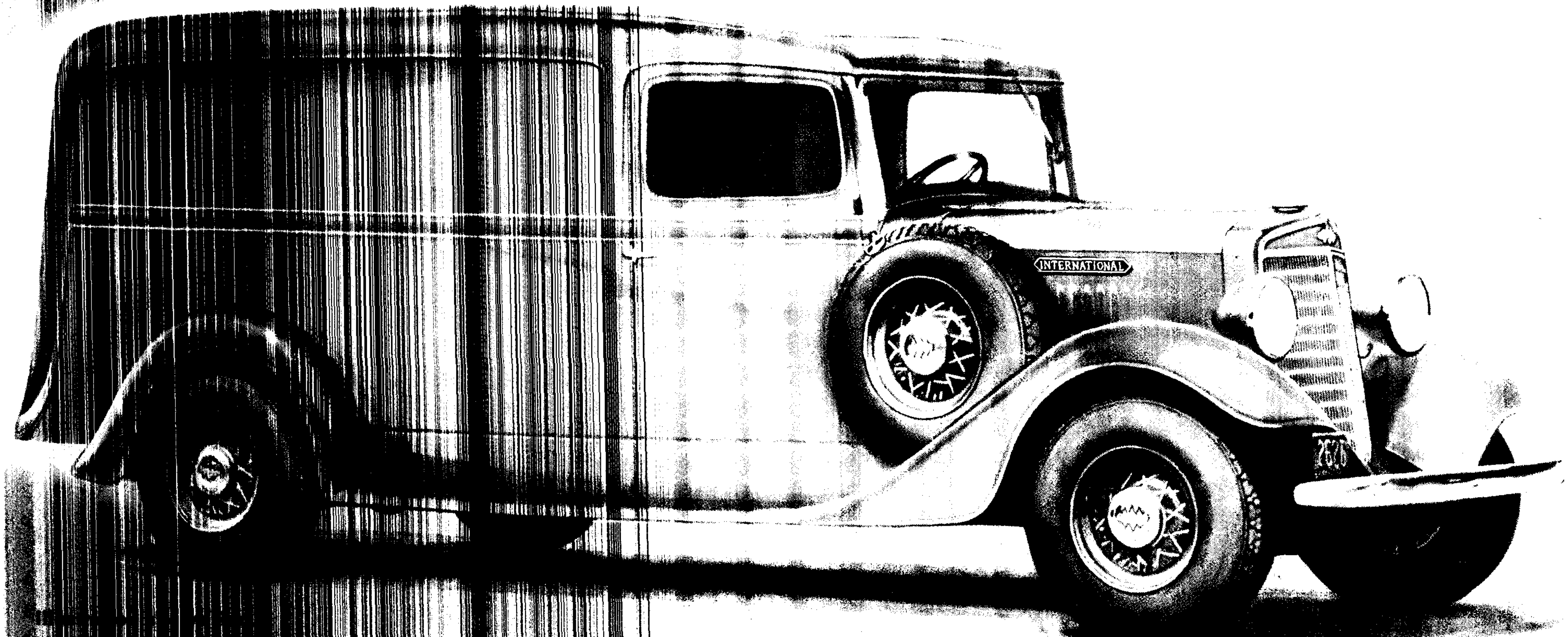
Good looks in a truck are vitally necessary these days. Whether your business is one of national importance . . . or important chiefly to you . . . your truck or trucks should add definitely to your prestige. Internationals do that and more! In an International Truck, beauty is not just body-deep. Anyone who has the knowing eye for mechanical details can find plenty of practical beauty under the hood and underneath the paint to account for economical operation and rugged truck performance. The Harvester Company invites you to subject any International Truck to the most rigid examination, knowing that the deeper you dig the deeper will be your admiration for the truck and its maker. Sizes from ½-ton up, chassis f.o.b. prices from $390 up, at all International branches and dealers. International Harvester Company of America, Inc., 606 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.



See what BOB CRANE and MARY ELLIS AMES have for you!

$10,000.00 IN CASH PRIZES!

BOB CRANE, young lawyer who has endeared himself to thousands who listen to the real life drama, "Today's Children."

MARY ELLIS AMES, famous home economist. Hear her on Pillsbury's "Cooking Close-Ups."

Merely for the best name for Bob Crane's favorite dessert. Simple. Easy. A lot of fun—and a lot of prizes!

FIRST PRIZE $3,000.00. 617 OTHER CASH PRIZES!

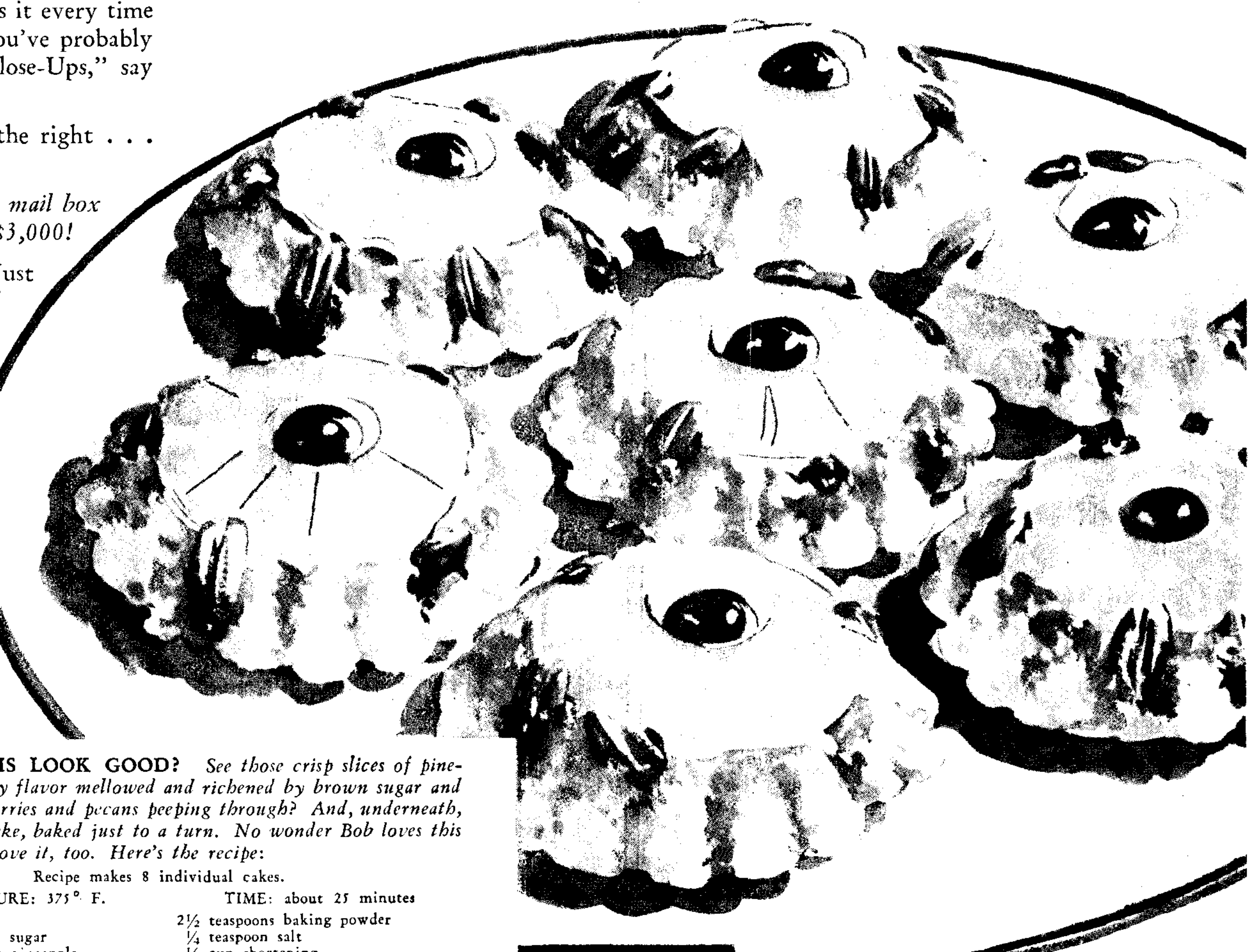
FREE MEMBERSHIP IN PILLSBURY'S COOKERY CLUB TO EVERY ENTRANT WHO REQUESTS IT! CONTEST CLOSES OCTOBER 15, 1934.

YOU all know about Bob Crane's favorite dessert, if you listen to "Today's Children" on your radio—for Bob wants it every time any of Mother Moran's family has a party! And you've probably heard Mary Ellis Ames, in Pillsbury's "Cooking Close-Ups," say she's never tasted anything more delicious!

Here's a picture of this famous dessert, over at the right . . . and the recipe right beneath it.

Give us a name for it . . . and you may open your mail box some morning before long and find a check for $3,000!

It'll be fun to try. It'll be *wonderful* to win. Just think of some simple, easy name. You may think of something which suggests that the recipe has been handed down, such as "Heirloom Dainties" or a name that describes the dessert itself — such as "Pineapple Delight." Or the name of some person, city, or country. Prizes will be awarded for names which can be easily pronounced and remembered, and which will bring to a person's mind the most pleasing idea of the dessert. There are all kinds of good names . . . think how wonderful it would be if the judges should decide that yours were best! Think what you could do with $3,000.00! And don't forget there are 617 other cash prizes.



Here's all you do

Write down the name you pick, together with your name and address, and attach a grocer's sales slip showing the purchase of a bag of Pillsbury's Best Flour. Submit as many names as you like. To assure fairness to all entrants each name submitted must be accompanied by a grocer's sales slip. Mail to Mary Ellis Ames, Pillsbury Flour Mills Company, Contest Dept. B, Minneapolis, Minn., on or before October 15, 1934.

Every entrant can become a member of Pillsbury's Cookery Club—FREE!

As a member, you receive free every month for three months a beautifully illustrated eight-page bulletin, containing the sort of expert cookery help you don't find in ordinary cook books or pamphlets. New, easy recipes. Seasonable, unusual menus. Original ideas for entertaining. All planned to fit any kind of budget. Women who are already members say Pillsbury's Cookery Club is the most helpful idea of its kind they've ever found. When you enter this contest, you are entitled to a special three months' free membership, simply by asking for it! When you send in your entry, simply state that you'd like to join the Cookery Club. It is free, to all entrants who request it.

DOESN'T THIS LOOK GOOD? *See those crisp slices of pineapple, their tangy flavor mellowed and richened by brown sugar and butter? The cherries and pecans peeping through? And, underneath, a rich, tender cake, baked just to a turn. No wonder Bob loves this dessert. You'll love it, too. Here's the recipe:*

Recipe makes 8 individual cakes.

TEMPERATURE: 375° F. TIME: about 25 minutes

¼ cup butter
⅔ cup brown sugar
8 small slices pineapple
8 maraschino cherries
¼ cup pecan nutmeats
1½ cups PILLSBURY'S BEST Flour
2½ teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ cup shortening
¾ cup sugar
1 egg, unbeaten
½ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla extract

1. Melt butter; add brown sugar; stir well. 2. Pour sugar mixture equally in bottoms of eight large, well buttered, fluted moulds. 3. Place slice of pineapple, well drained, over sugar mixture; a whole cherry in center of pineapple; and a few pecan nutmeats around flutes of mould. 4. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together. 5. Cream shortening; add sugar; beat well. 6. Add egg; beat vigorously. 7. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk and flavoring; mix well. 8. Pour batter over prepared fruit in individual pans. Bake in moderate oven. 9. After baking, allow to stand about five minutes before inverting on serving plate. 10. Serve warm with whipped cream, if desired.

Balanced
Pillsbury's
BEST
XXXX
Flour
Bread Biscuits
Cake

RULES OF CONTEST

1. Your entry must be postmarked before midnight of October 15, 1934.
2. When you buy your sack of Pillsbury's Best Flour, get a sales slip from your grocer, and attach it to your entry. Or, attach a reasonably accurate, colored hand-drawn facsimile of the Pillsbury's Best label.
3. Judges are Dorothy Marsh, Good Housekeeping Institute; Beulah V. Gillaspie, McCall's Magazine; Bess M. Rowe, The Farmer's Wife. Their decision is accepted as final by all entrants.
4. All winners agree to permit the use of the winning names together with their own names and addresses and pictures in advertising.
5. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties.
6. Contest is open to everybody except employees of Pillsbury Flour Mills Company and its advertising agency, and professional home economists.
7. Please indicate on your entry if you wish to become a member of Pillsbury's Cookery Club.

618 CASH PRIZES

1st PRIZE, $3000.00
2nd PRIZE, $1000.00
3rd PRIZE, $500.00
4th to 8th PRIZES, $100.00
9th to 18th PRIZES, $50.00
19th to 68th PRIZES, $25.00
69th to 168th PRIZES, $10.00
169th to 618th PRIZES, $5.00